THE EUROPEAN SCRAP BOOK

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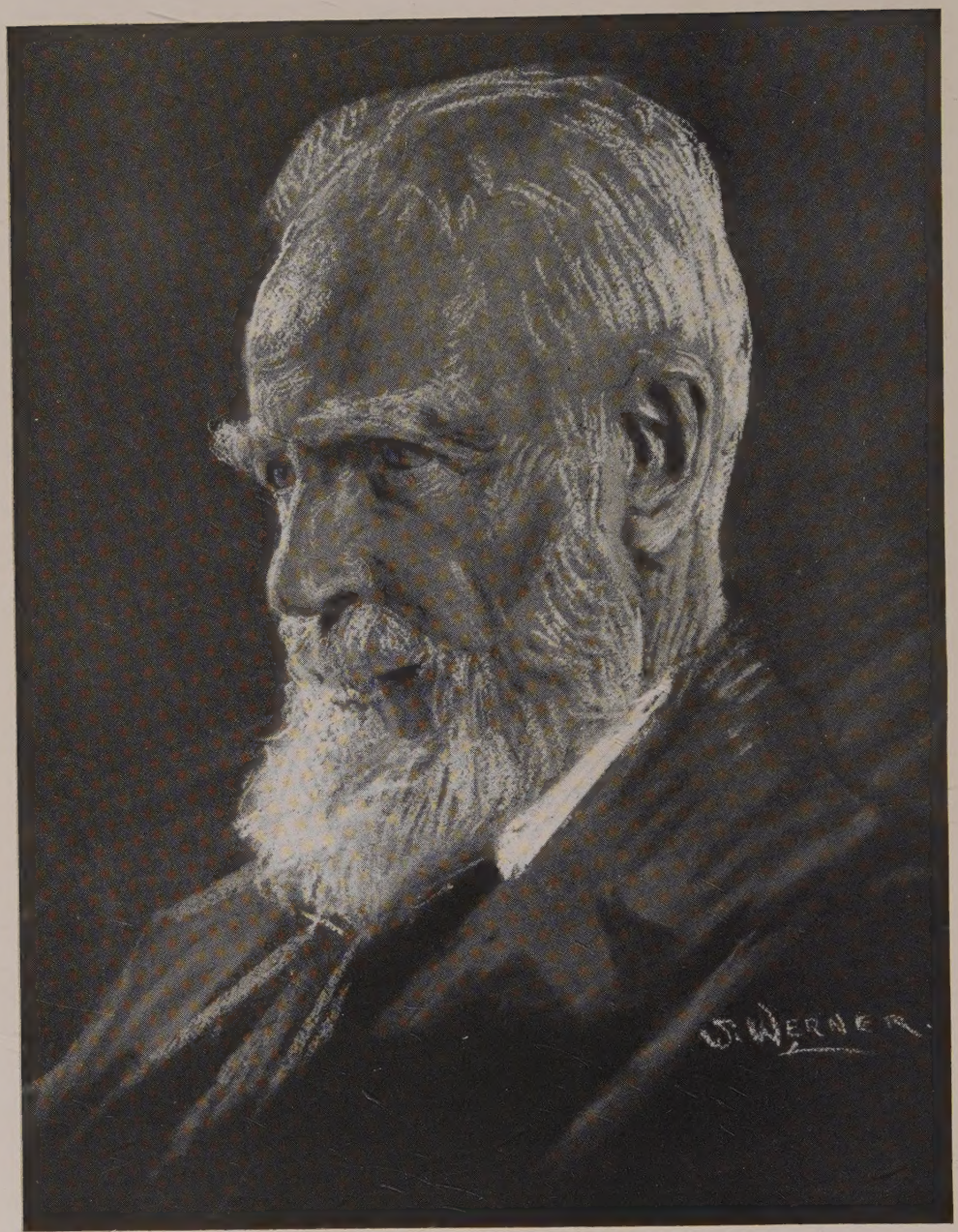
THE exchange of international thought, which alone can save us, is the exchange of thought between *craftsmen*—between the statesmen of the different countries, the lawyers of the different countries; the scientists, the financiers, the writers of the different countries. . . . If they could once realize the supreme nature of that responsibility, the battle of salvation should be half won.

—John Galsworthy


J. WERNER

GEORGES HOWARD WRAY

From a Drawing made by S. Werner for the
New York Herald-Tribune

The author of "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism" says of himself in his autobiography, "I aspire to disappear [illegible] as a man with a small income. But I prefer to be a meddling busybody. That is why I have become a professional author." I have never had the privilege of [illegible] and I have [illegible] the experience of [illegible] and of seeing [illegible] the experience of [illegible] and of seeing." (See Decorated Chair)

Italicized Answers on Quotations Page 10)

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
From a Drawing made by S. Werner for the
New York *Herald-Tribune*

The author of The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism, *says of himself in his seventy-second year:* "*I object to inequality of income not as a man with a small income, but as one with a middling big one. But I know what it is to be a proletarian, and a poor one at that. I have worked in an office; and I have pulled through years of professional unemployment, some of the hardest of them at the expense of my mother. I have known the extremes of failure and of success.*" (*See* Bernard Shaw Exhorts America on Socialism. *Page 16.*)

THE EUROPEAN SCRAP BOOK

THE YEAR'S GOLDEN HARVEST OF THOUGHT AND ACHIEVEMENT

WM. H. WISE & CO.
NEW YORK

THE EUROPEAN SCRAP BOOK

THE SON OF SUCCESS

SUCCESS is not without its penalties. But the penalty of a self-made man's success is often paid for by his son. It is the boy's character which is ruined by too "sheltered" a life or by too much pocket money. Yet, what is to be done about it? The problem is not easy to solve. Arnold Bennett's clear-headed wisdom does much to simplify it. This eminent British writer, author of sixty-five published volumes, has become lately almost as famous for his homely commonsense advice as for his masterpieces of fiction. He is a unique figure in English letters.

FATHER is a successful man. He began with little or nothing—except brains and character. No money; no influence; not much education; and not much luck. He suffered hardship, he fought against odds; but the brains and the character were more powerful than the adverse odds; and father won. He now has a place in the world, and he can wield just the sort of influence which once as a youth he wanted and could not get. He may not be a multi-millionaire or even a millionaire; but relatively to his original position he is rich and he lives in luxury. No need for *him* to look twice at sixpence. Being modern, he is not a person to boast unduly about his early struggles, and his friends are seldom wearied by the recital of them. Nevertheless, all his conversation about careers in life implies a firm belief that the self-made man is the best made man. He is convinced that hardship brings out the true quality of the young, teaches them to rely on themselves, and fosters grit, perseverance, industry and resourcefulness as nothing else can.

> HUMAN nature, as we know it, will tolerate only a certain limited amount of commonsense. Force too much commonsense upon human nature and it will infallibly revolt, and when it does revolt there is nothing to be done but yield as pleasantly as you can to the mutineer.
>
> —Arnold Bennett

But father has a son, and the responsibility is his of launching that son upon the world. At first his course is plain; there can be no argument or uncertainty about it. Son must be educated. Father was not educated; but this is an age of education, and not to have son educated in the finest possible way would be a crime against son and against society. Accordingly, son is educated in what father considers to be the finest possible way. The advantage to son is immense, and father would be more than human if he did not occasionally remark either about son or directly to son: "*I* never had such an advantage."

Well, so far so good. But now, as son's education is approaching completion, comes father's bad time—the time when father hesitates to the point of trembling in his five-guinea boots, blushes at the mere mention of the word "hardship," and wonders secretly what in the dickens he is going to do in regard to son. Shall he put his favorite "hardship" theory of a career into practice, or shall he not? If his convictions are genuine convictions and he has the courage of them, he will say to son: "Listen, son! I have given you the supreme advantage of a first-rate education. I shall do no more for you, because if I did more I should be doing you harm and spoiling your chances of making the best of yourself. In order to make the best of yourself you must depend not on me but on yourself. You must fight your own battle. Do not ask me for influence or for capital. I will give you advice and nothing else. You may think me cruel. But I am only cruel to be kind. One day you will be

grateful to me. Here is fifty pounds for immediate necessities, and there is the front door. Go forth."

Thus and thus should be his attitude to son. But after all father's course is not quite so plain as all that. To begin with father has accustomed son to luxury, whereas father himself when young simply did not know what luxury was. Hardships were naught to father; they would be absolute torture and misery to son. Again, son may not have the fundamental forceful character with which heaven endowed father. Son might founder where father grandly breasted the waves. And in the third place father may well have a business or profession from which he is ready to retire, and which indeed is all ready made and waiting for son. Is the business or profession to be thrown away for lack of a successor? And there are many other considerations. For example, the feelings of mother. . . .

THE MASK

When I complained of April's day,
Her silent birds, her absent Sun;
And how her mist but added tears
Unto the dew's, that had not gone—
Young April heard and, suddenly,
Came leaping from her strange disguise;
Off came her dark-November mask,
And showed the world her laughing eyes.

—W. H. Davies, in *A Poet's Calendar*, by permission of Jonathan Cape (London)

The question arises: What can be done about it? The answer to this question is: Not much. Father, abetted by mother, will nearly always "spoil" son. And if he doesn't the consequences are likely to be just as evil as if he did—evil, in that they will certainly embitter family life. When father inhabits Belgrave Square or even Bedford Square, and keeps two automobiles, while son, either living under father's roof or in lodgings, has to manage on what he earns as a beginner, son will revile father in his heart, and however brilliantly he succeeds by his own unaided efforts, his ire against father will not be lessened one jot. Moreover, the theory that early hardships are an aid to success is only half true. They may be an aid, but they may also be a drawback. Many men have failed utterly under hardships who might have succeeded tolerably well in circumstances less trying and more comfortable. This is well to keep in mind.

Further, it is contrary to the commonsense of mankind that son should be forced back to the point at which father started. The progress of humanity at large will not be achieved by rolling a stone uphill, throwing it back to the bottom, and then once more rolling it up again, and so on ad infinitum. Father himself has probably not reached the summit of Mount Everest. Heights yet remain for son to conquer, and, whatever his unearned advantages, he may find it just as difficult to climb from ten to twenty thousand feet as father found it to climb from ten feet to ten thousand feet. General character and ability "will out." If son possesses them he will somehow demonstrate the fact, despite being "spoiled." If he doesn't—well, then, it is a pity that he should occupy any velvet; but parental affection also "will out"—and parental affection means velvet for children; and who among you would advocate the strangling of parental affection? However, if father cannot do much to nullify the bad effects of bestowing influence, opportunity, or capital on son, he can at any rate do something. And chiefly he ought to measure out the size and the soft thickness of the velvet according to son's keenness and natural gifts. . . .

Father also must fight against son's delusion—a very common one—that the advantages given to him make it unnecessary for him to work as hard as or thoroughly as ordinary folk. The contrary is the case. Sustained laborious effort is the great antidote for the relaxing poison of special advantages at the start of a career. Sustained laborious effort should be insisted upon as part of the price of such advantages. In this connection, I always think of the Swiss hotel proprietor who sends his boy to

another hotel and compels him to pass through the scullery and the kitchen thereof, and so through waiterdom up to the higher stages of hotel management.

Then there is the problem of son's income during the first years when he earns little or naught. Father, of course, provides such income. Nothing is more likely to undermine son's character, and particularly his self-reliance, than the easy feeling that if he wants money he can get it by asking or wheedling. The income should be moderate, and it should be rigidly limited.

Father should say to son: "Here is the total. It must suffice for all your personal expenditure." Son is pretty certain to come along soon and plead, for instance: "A friend of mine is getting married. I must give him a wedding present and I've nothing in hand." Whereupon father will reply: "Your wedding presents are your affair, not mine. What should you do if you were a clerk with a fixed salary and no father?" Says son: "But what am I to *do?*" Says father: "If you have no money you can't scatter presents." Says son: "But I simply must. It would look so odd." Says father: "Let it look odd. This will teach you in your financial arrangements to provide a margin for emergencies." In this manner and in no other manner can son learn "the value of money." By such training alone can son's moral stamina be encouraged and strengthened and the common reproach of being "his father's son" be taken away.—From Arnold Bennett's *The Savour of Life,* by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company

I QUESTION whether the man who lies to a Judge and jury runs a greater risk than the man who falls into the habit of lying to himself. The latter's risk is a different sort of risk; that is all. The second man is certainly not more dishonest than the first. One is a secret sinner who can never be convicted. The other is a public sinner who stands a chance of conviction. Both are guilty of damaging society, and they are equally guilty; for it is just as naughty to do harm to one individual as to another—even if the other individual happens to be yourself.

—Arnold Bennett, in the *Sunday Pictorial*

ONCE upon a time there was a Babylonian whose name was Annini. He lived at a place called Simta-Ha, and in the course of time he bought or hired —it is not quite clear which—a field. And a letter about the transaction was written on a brick of fired clay, and enclosed, after the fashion of letters, in an envelope.

Annini has been dust these seven thousand years, and his field is lost in the shifting desert sands. But that brick remains, the oldest known letter in the world.

Since Annini's day untold millions of letters have been carved and written, baked and waxed, scratched and penned and typed. A myriad mails have been carried over land and sea and through the air. The craft of which that Babylonian brick is the earliest example has been practised by emperors and clowns, poets and peasants, clerks and clergymen. The history of life may, indeed, be largely read in and between the lines of a history of letters—and the art shows no signs of decay as yet.

But there are ominous hints in the air. Will the wireless eventually render letter-writing obsolete? Will what Lord Morley called the most delightful way of wasting time lose its attractions in that Wellsian future when everyone will carry a pocket wireless station? If such a day does dawn, surely only the hardiest of die-hards will cling to his outworn fountain-pen and splutter furiously about "this universal fad of tuning-in"! And the last—possibly telewritten—letter will join Annini's brick in the museum of Dead Arts.—London *Daily Herald*

AN ENGLISH BOUQUET FOR AMERICA

HERE are the high-lights of an article which E. W. Howe, the Kansas journalist-philosopher, pronounces "The most remarkable article I have seen in book, newspaper or magazine in years: A fair estimate of the United States by an Englishman. . . . English critics mainly write of the United States as dramatic critics write of Abie's Irish Rose, *in the hope of discovering some new and more insulting invective. This one . . . should somehow be encouraged. I will give ten dollars toward a gold watch."*

THE American attitude to our war debts is the attitude of a rich man to a poor man who, when he is not frankly borrowing money from him, is sponging on him indirectly. The Americans are so polite that it is quite impossible to discover from their manner whether one is boring them or not, and it is so difficult for an Englishman not to imagine himself among the savages and barbarians on the outskirts of our Empire when he is in America that it is, perhaps, understandable that he never realizes how frequently he bores Americans.

The Englishman who is slightly pompous and stilted in London becomes automatically one hundred per cent more pompous and stilted in New York. He behaves thus because he has swallowed the absurd legend that Americans are less educated, less cultivated, and less intelligent than we are. It would be well for every Englishman visiting New York to assume the contrary; besides, it happens to be nearer the truth. The following story which was told to me represents the typical English attitude which makes us ridiculous.

A well-known English novelist and his wife were staying as guests with a well-known American hostess. At a party given by this lady an American acquaintance of mine was present. After dinner the wife of the English novelist sang, and sang very indifferently, not to say badly. The applause was politely perfunctory, but more songs were proffered unrequested. The applause grew more politely perfunctory; whereupon the famous Englishman of letters, noticing this, remarked loftily: "Those songs are by Hugo Wolf, and they take some understanding." I know the name of the novelist in question, and I am certain that he would never have made such a remark in Paris, Berlin, Rome, or London; but so strongly are some of us under the illusion that Americans are wild and woolly Western barbarians that we become completely fatuous as soon as we step ashore at New York.

My American friends declared that most English authors lecturing in America become so pompous that their voices stick in their throats. Even the most intelligent of English writers are occasionally led astray. One of the most brilliant of our younger novelists remarked to me last year: "The Americans treat Euro-

THE best description of the young American girl in our literature is in a wholly forgotten but excellent novel by Laurence Oliphant, entitled *Altiora Peto,* published more than forty years ago. Laurence Oliphant was the Aldous Huxley of his age, and he saw the American young woman with a fresh, unbiased, but critical eye, and he saw that she was very good. Her chief handicap is her harem. No sound civilization can be built up when one of the two sexes is confined in a harem. "Let the men out of the harem!" should be the slogan of America; and once this is achieved, the possibilities of America for a great cultural future that will surpass that of Egypt, Greece, or the European Renaissance are great indeed. . . .

—W. J. Turner

peans as if they were superior beings, *which indeed they are.*"

Of course, we have not been without excuses for such opinions. Americans have often shown a lamentable lack of discrimination and have rushed after our inferior and ignored our better writers. But does our English public not do this? The mob everywhere is the same; it is only the few who are different —and the ratio of that few to the many.

Judging from what I saw and heard on the other side of the Atlantic, it is England, not America, which is likely in the course of the next fifty years to become a backwater in which the stream of tradition and culture has become lost and stagnant. Numbers of contemporary French, Italian, German, and Spanish books are even now translated directly by American writers and published in New York before they appear in England, if they ever do so. And it is not true to suggest that here people read them in the original language. Far more Americans than English read and talk French and Italian fluently. There are far more Americans than English traveling every year in Europe. The annual pilgrimage from New York to Cherbourg is largely a pilgrimage of young people athirst for knowledge and experience; it is not, as with us, mainly made up of successful old men and rich women acquiring health expensively on the Riviera.

And the conventional idea that American women are either shallow, smart, and devoid of all culture or garrulous bluestockings is wide of the mark. . . .

The great disparity between the circulation of good magazines and reviews in America and in this country is in itself proof of the great intellectual liveliness of the New World. For, even if we allow that a higher percentage of Americans are born fools who by accident, habit, or snobbery read what they don't understand, we are still left with a greater number of intelligent readers in proportion to the population there than here. Nor are the American newspapers worse than ours; they are only different. They exploit sensations with more virtuosity, but they don't try to make everything sensational as our newspapers do. . . .—W. J. Turner, in *The Empire Review* {London}

GEORGE MEREDITH FORGOTTEN?

ON the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Meredith, which fell on Sunday, February 12, 1928, many people raised the question why his books are no longer read. The chief reason, of course, is that he died so recently. There is nothing so injurious to an author's reputation as to have been dead not quite twenty years. When a great writer dies, he ceases to be a great contemporary, and has to begin the struggle to obtain a new reputation as a great immortal. In his lifetime he reaches one hilltop; after his death he descends from the hill of contemporary reputation into the valley of neglect, in order to attempt the higher hill of lasting reputation.

Trollope made this descent within living memory. Browning, Tennyson, and Stevenson made it, and Hardy will make it. Their figures will all reappear in due time, however, on the farther hill, though we need not be surprised if they seem smaller than they seemed during their lives. Meredith will also, we may be sure, emerge in time from the mists of the valley. But it is a valley that it takes more than twenty years to cross.

It is not easy to be sure, however, that he will ever be a popular writer. It is a curious paradox that human beings would far rather be made to cry than laugh. . . .

The truth is, Meredith had not the variety of moods that goes to the making of a popular novelist or a popular poet. He wrote not as a man who shared the common human experiences, but as a man who surveyed them from an eminence. Because of this it is likely that, until ordinary human beings become more philosophically minded, he will remain the novelist and poet of a minority. . . .—Robert Lynd, in the London *News and Westminster Gazette*

BERNARD SHAW EXHORTS AMERICA ON SOCIALISM

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW calls his new book The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism, *"my last will and testament to humanity." It is the product of six years of writing and "a lifetime of feeling and thinking." In his introduction to the American edition which is given here complete, it becomes clear that America is the world's most horrible example of all the evils he is trying to reform. In fact he wonders why his book was not written by an American 50 years ago!*

Here is the famous Irish Socialist-publicist-playwright at the top of his stride. It is a mordantly witty, penetrating, prophetic analysis of society in its present state. Religion, eugenics, education, the press, government, war, politics, marriage, children, culture all pass in review—a passionate and often noble inspection of human existence. Through it there runs a paean in praise of women—one of the most vital and soaring estimates of the sex in literature.

I HAVE never been in America; therefore I am free from the delusion, commonly entertained by the people who happen to have been born there, that they know all about it, and that America is their country in the same sense that Ireland is my country by birth, and England my country by adoption and conquest. You . . . are American in the sense that I am a European, except that the American States have a language in common and are federated, and the European States are still on the tower of Babel and are separated by tariff fortifications.

> MEN shirk political economy as they shirk housekeeping; yet it means nothing more abstruse than the art of managing a country as a housekeeper manages a house. If the men shirk it the women must tackle it. The nation has a certain income to manage on just as a housekeeper has; and the problem is how to spend that income to the greatest general advantage.
>
> —Bernard Shaw

When I hear of people asking why America does not join the League of Nations I have to point out to them that America is a League of Nations, and sealed the covenant of her solidity as such by her blood more than sixty years ago, whereas the affair at Geneva is not a League of Nations at all, but only a so far unsuccessful attempt to coax Europe to form one at the suggestion of a late American President, with the result that the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs makes occasional trips to Geneva, and, on returning, reassures the British House of Commons by declaring that in spite of all Woodrow-Wilsonic temptations to combine with other nations he remains an Englishman first, last, and all the time; that the British Empire comes before everything with him; and that it is on this understanding and this alone that he consents to discuss with foreigners any little matters in which he can oblige them without detriment to the said reserved interests. And this attitude seems to us in England so natural, so obvious, so completely a matter of course, that the newspapers discuss the details of Mr. Chamberlain's report of his trip without a word about the patriotic exordium which reduces England's membership in the League to absurdity.

Now your disadvantage in belonging to a league of nations instead of to a nation is that if you belong to New York or Massachusetts, and know anything beyond the two-mile radius of which you are the center, you probably know much more of England, France, and Italy than you do of Texas or Arizona, though you are expected, as an American, to know all about America. Yet I never

met an American {woman} who knew anything about America except the bits she had actually set eyes on or felt with her boots; and even of that she could hardly see the wood for the trees. By comparison I may be said to know almost all about America. I am far enough off to get a good general view, and, never having assumed, as the natives do, that a knowledge of America is my intuitional birthright, I have made enquiries, read books, availed myself of the fact that I seem to be personally an irresistible magnet for every wandering American, and even gathered something from the recklessly confidential letters which every American lady who has done anything unconventional feels obliged to write me as a testimony to the ruinous efficacy of my books and plays. I could and should have drawn all the instances in this book from American life were it not that America is such a fool's paradise that no American would have believed a word of them, and I should have been held up, in exact proportion to my accuracy and actuality, as a grossly ignorant and prejudiced Britisher, defaming the happy West as ludicrously as the capitalist West defames Russia.

What I tell you of England you will believe. What I could tell you of America might provoke you to call on me with a gun. Also it would lead you to class me as a bitter enemy to America, whereas I assure you that though I do not adore your country with the passion professed by English visitors at public banquets when you have overwhelmed them with your reckless hospitality, I give it a good deal of my best attention as a very interesting if still very doubtful experiment in civilization.

But this much I will permit myself to say. Do not imagine that because at this moment certain classes of American workmen are buying bathtubs and Ford cars, and investing in building societies and the like the money that they formerly spent in the saloons, that America is doing as well as can be expected. If you were at this moment a miner's wife in South Wales you would be half starving; but the wife of a Colorado miner might think you very lucky in having nothing more violent than half starving to endure. The sweated women workers in the tenements of your big cities are told that in America anyone can make a fortune who wants to. Here we spare them that mockery, at least. You must take it from me, without driving me to comparisons that between nations wound as personalities do between individuals, that Capitalism is the same everywhere, and that if you look for its evils at home you will miss nothing of them except perhaps some of the socialistic defences which European States have been forced to set up against their worst extremities.

BETWEEN persons of equal income there is no social distinction except the distinction of merit. Money is nothing; character, conduct and capacity are everything. Instead of all the workers being levelled down to low wage standards, and all the rich levelled up to fashionable income standards, everybody under a system of equal incomes would find her and his own natural level.

There would be great people and ordinary people and little people; but the great would always be those who had done great things, and never the idiots whose mothers had spoiled them and whose fathers had left them £100,000 a year; and the little would be persons of small minds and mean characters, and not poor persons who had never had a chance.

—Bernard Shaw

In truth it is odd that this book {*The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*} should not have been written by an American. Its thesis is the hopelessness of our attempts to build up a stable civilization with units of unequal income; and it was in America that this inequality first became monstrous not only in money but in its complete and avowed dissociation from character, rank, and the public responsibility traditionally attached to rank. On the eastern shore of the Atlantic the money-makers formed a middle class between the proletariat, or manual working class, and the aristocracy, or governing class. Thus labor was provided for; business was provided for; and government was provided for; and it was possible to allow and even encourage the middle class to make money without regard to public interests, as these were the business of the aristocracy.

> THE coveted distinction of lady and gentleman, instead of being the detestable parasitic pretension it is at present . . . will at last take on a simple and noble meaning, and be brought within the reach of every ablebodied person. For then the base woman will be she who takes from her country more than she gives to it; the common person will be she who does no more than replace what she takes; and the lady will be she who, generously overearning her income, leaves the nation in her debt and the world a better world than she found it. By such ladies and their sons can the human race be saved, and not otherwise.
>
> —Bernard Shaw

In America, however, the aristocracy was abolished; and the only controlling and directing force left was business, with nothing to restrain it in its pursuit of money except the business necessity for maintaining property in land and capital and enforcing contracts, the business prudence which perceives that it would be ruinous to kill outright the proletarian goose that lays the golden eggs, and the fear of insurrection. There was no longer a king and an aristocratic governing class to say to the tradesman, "Never mind the public interest: that is our business: yours is to get as rich as you can, incidentally giving employment to the proletariat and increasing our rent rolls." All that remained was the tradition of unscrupuolus irresponsibility in business; and when the American millionaires first began to astonish Europe with their wealth it was possible for the most notorious of them, in the course of an enquiry into the proceedings of a Trust with which he was connected, to reply to a criticism as to the effect of his business policy on the public with a simple "Damn the public!" Had he been a middle class man in a country where there was a governing class outside and above business, or a monarch with a council in the same position, or even a State Church, his answer would have been entirely in order apart from its verbal profanity. Duly bowdlerized it would have run, "I am a man of business, not a ruler and a lawgiver. The public interest is not my job: I do not presume to meddle with it. My sole function is to make as much money as I can." Queen Elizabeth would have applauded such an attitude as socially sound and highly becoming: nothing angered her more than presumptuous attempts on the part of common persons to concern themselves with her business of high politics.

When America got rid of monarchs and prelates and popes and British cabinets and the like, and plunged into the grand republican experiment which has become the rule instead of the exception in Europe since the war swept all the emperors into the dustbin of history, she raised the middle classes to

SIMEON PROPHESYING OVER THE INFANT CHRIST
From the Watercolor by William Blake

This picture recently came to light when the art treasures of an American collector were distributed. It was sold for $6,100. The drawing originally was bought from Blake by his lifelong friend and patron Thomas Butts, of whom the artist-poet's biographer, Gilchrist, writes: "For nearly thirty years he continued a steady buyer at moderate prices of Blake's drawings, temperas, frescoes; the only large buyer the artist ever had. Occasionally he would take of Blake a drawing a week." It was never available for reproduction until this year.

the top of the social structure and thus delivered its civilization into their hands without ennobling their traditions. Naturally they raced for money, for more money, and still more money, and damned the public when they were not doping it with advertisements which were by tacit agreement exempted from the law against obtaining money by false pretences or practising medicine without qualifications.

It is true they were forced to govern as well by the impossibility of maintaining civilization without government; but their government was limited and corrupted by their principle of letting nothing stand in the way of their getting rich quickly. And the ablest of them at that game {which has no attraction for the ability that plays the higher games by which finally civilization must live} soon became rich at a rate that made the European middle classes envious.

In my youth I heard little of great men arising in America—not that America did not produce them, but that her money masters were more apt to persecute than to advertise them—but I heard much of the great fortunes that were being made there. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Carnegie, Rockefeller became famous by bringing our civilization to the point to which Crassus and other millionaire contemporaries of Sulla and Julius Caesar brought the civilization of ancient republican Rome just before it set up Emperor idolatry as a resting place on the road to ruin. Nowadays we have multimillionaires everywhere; but they began in America: and that is why I wonder this book of mine was not written in America by an American fifty years ago.

Henry George had a shot at it: indeed it was his oratory {to which I was exposed for forty-five minutes forty-five years ago by pure chance} that called my attention to it: but though George impressed his generation with the outrageous misdistribution of income resulting from the apparently innocent institution of private property in land, he left untouched the positive problem of how else income was to be distributed, and what the nation was to do with the rent of its land when it was nationalized, thus leaving the question very much where it had been left a century earlier by the controversy between Voltaire and the elder Mirabeau, except for the stupendous series of new illustrations furnished by the growth of the great cities of the United States. Still, America can claim that in this book I am doing no more than finishing Henry George's job.

Finally, I have been asked whether there are any intelligent women in America. There must be; for politically the men there are such futile gossips that the United States could not possibly carry on unless there were some sort of practical intelligence back of them. But I will let you into a secret which bears on this point. By this book I shall get at the American men through the American women. In America as in England every male citizen is supposed to understand politics and economics and finance and diplomacy and all the rest of a democratic voter's business on the strength of a Fundamentalist education that excites the public scorn of the Sioux chiefs who have seen their country taken from them by palefaced lunatics. He is ashamed to expose the depths of his ignorance by asking elementary questions; and I dare not insult him by volunteering the missing information. But he has no objection to my talking to his wife as to one who knows nothing of these matters: quite the contrary. And if he should chance to overhear——!!!—Preface to the American Edition of Bernard Shaw's *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism,* by permission of Brentano's and the author

His life is austere and simple, and he is surprisingly puritanical in his attitude toward what are called "advanced" people. . . .He has become the most admired author of our time because there radiates from him an unquenchable spirit of youth and courage and generosity, of sincerity and strength and kindliness. There is but one Bernard Shaw, and Bernard Shaw has always been his greatest prophet.—St. John Ervine.

CLARE SHERIDAN ENCOUNTERS MUSSOLINI

THIS description of Mussolini, the Fascist chieftain, in Lausanne and in Rome, is unsympathetic and unforgettable. It constitutes a chapter in the journalistic life of its author, whom T. P. O'Connor has characterized as "the most remarkable woman of her time." She is a sculptress as well as a writer. She is a cousin of Winston Churchill, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, and widow of Captain Wilfred Sheridan, who was killed in the World War. As a granddaughter of the late Leonard Jerome, of New York, she is Anglo-American in blood as well as spirit.

THE dullness was enlivened at the moment of my arrival {in Lausanne} by the presence of Mussolini. He had just accomplished his *coup d'etat*, had been much talked of and little seen. It was, so to speak, his public debut. I was awakened my first morning by a shrill feminine voice in the street, conversing with a friend at an upper window. It said:

"I'm waiting about for Mussolini — I must see him—I'd wait hours to see him—I don't feel interested in any others."

> I DO not want the applause of the people. They are stupid and dirty and do not work enough. They are content with their little cinema shows—they must not aspire to take part in the political life of the nation. They must be taken care of and their interests safeguarded, and their duty is to *obey!*
>
> —Mussolini to Clare Sheridan

Inside the Hotel Beau Rivage much the same psychology prevailed. Nobody was interested in anyone but Mussolini. When he appeared in the *foyer* surrounded by his bodyguard of young Fascists there was a flutter of excitement He was obviously conscious of the interest he excited, but he masked it by an expression of pride and disdain. I, like the rest, applied for an interview, and four different Italian friends promised to arrange it. They seemed amused, and were curious perhaps as to the result of my reputed Bolshevism faced with the leader of Fascism.

I was having tea with Rouchen Eschref Bey, the poet friend of Mustapha Kemal, when Mussolini's messenger announced with great ceremony that *Le President du Conseil* would receive me immediately. I left Rouchen, whose Oriental calm was rather surprised by my excited haste. Mussolini had {I learnt afterwards} ordered that we should be alone for this interview. I was ushered into his sitting-room, that contained a huge bunch of flowers tied with Italian colors. He kept me waiting just long enough to make an effect, and then appeared from the adjoining room and looked at me with fierce solemnity and enormous bulgy eyes that showed the whites all round them. My first instinct was to laugh. A sort of levity seized me; what cared I about his international political views, or his attitude to the working classes or any other abstract subject? What interested me was the real nature of the man behind his Napoleonic disguise. He broke the silence first by saying he knew me, and all about me: "You admire the Bolsheviks—a great mistake, but then their glamor blinded you. You should see my glorious Fascisti!"

This cleared the air. He talked forcibly, and at the end of each sentence he snapped his jaw with a cruel and contemptuous finality, looked away from me, tossed his head, closed his eyes; and sat rigid, as though awaiting my turn.

I would have preferred just to sit and watch him and not have to talk, but as the occasion necessitated speech, why not try something provocative and see if he would rise to it? So I referred to the awakening of the people and to the Bolshevik ideal concerning it. He exploded:

"The *people?* What does the word signify? And *what* are the people?

What is this vague herd that I hear about? I only recognize what I can touch, measure with my eye, *bend*"—he repeated the word several times, "*plier,*" with an accompanying gesture to emphasize his meaning. He said it as if it gave him the deepest satisfaction to force, to bend, to break if necessary, people to his will. The masses always had, he said, always would and always must be governed by a strong minority. "Inequality and discipline, these are the substitutes for equality and liberty. The people have been deceived—*le peuple a ete trompe*—but we have started a new world—in the future the people are to be told *the truth* {I thought to myself, this is indeed a new era!} I tell them hard things. . . . Their duty is to *obey!*

"OBEY," he repeated fiercely, and looked at me with a frown. I did not then understand that his pose was always to intimidate. He aroused in me all the militant sensations that had been slumbering so peacefully in the shade of my independence.

"I cannot stand the word," I said, remembering how I had left it out of my marriage vows! "And I cannot stand the way you say it!"

A desire to dominate everyone and everything was evident in his whole attitude; he probably shared the general illusion that women like it. He gave me a comprehensive look. "*Obedience* is a most important thing to learn, but you, well you—are *une revoltee,*" and then with a sudden change of tone and looking at me intently:

"How is it that you, *une artiste,* can uphold the fallacies of equality and democracy, which, if realized, would eliminate all beauty and individuality from life?" And then closing his eyes with an expression of unspeakable horror:

"What an intolerable world it would be!" he ejaculated.

He seemed to have an appreciation of beauty that was typically Latin. How he reconciled force and beauty together I do not know. He mentioned the days of the Borgias as being really magnificent. If the Borgia period were his ideal might I not be justified in grinding down a diamond and adding it to his vermicelli soup? The Borgia game is a game that two can play! When he turned his huge epileptic eyes upon me I could not tell whether he was laughing or scolding.

Finally he said: "You modelled the portraits of *ces gems* in the Kremlin, and they impressed you?"

"Profoundly — they had ideas, big ideas——" I began. He interrupted:

"Come to Rome—come and see my Fascisti in all the *gloire de leur jeunesse.*"

"Willingly," I answered. "When do you start?"

"Tonight——" . . .

We arrived in Rome on November 24th, {1922}. Glorious sunshine and excited crowds welcomed him. He raised his hat in answer to salutations and walked disdainfully, looking neither to the right nor to the left. The crowd had a feminine psychology, the more indifferent he appeared, the more he seemed to be adored. These people who such a short time before had been shouting "*A basso Jesu-Christo, eviva Lenin,*" were metaphorically kissing the large white-spatted feet of the conqueror who had turned upon them their own weapon of violence. No wonder he walked by them so disdainfully. . . .

O BELLA BIONDA,
Sei come l'onda!

Of cool sweet dew and radiance mild
The moon a web of silence weaves
In the still garden where a child
Gathers the simple salad leaves.

A moondew stars her hanging hair
And moonlight kisses her young brow,
And, gathering, she sings an air;
Fair as the wave is, fair, art thou!

Be mine, I pray, a waxen ear
To shield me from her childish croon
And mine a shielded heart for her
Who gathers simples of the moon.

—James Joyce, in *Pomes Penyeach* (Shakespeare and Company, Paris)

He sent a messenger to fetch me at 9 o'clock that evening, but the Roman season was in full swing and I was dancing. The next night he sent for me at half-past seven. He was just finishing a frugal meal that was served on a tray. He apologized for not having invited me, but "one can only work well if one does not eat much," he said, and poured me out a glass of wine and offered me some fruit, which in parenthesis he admired for their beauty of form and color. I looked round the room: it was the ordinary untouched hotel *salon.* There was no trace of the personality of its occupant except a life-sized oil painting of himself. He was in a calm, communicative mood, less theatrical than at Lausanne; tired, perhaps, and inclined to regard me as relaxation rather than a newspaper correspondent. My objective was indeed entirely forgotten by us both. He talked a little of his parentage—his father was a blacksmith, his mother a school teacher. They came of a line of peasants. He likened the peasant strain to a plant that flourishes for years and then suddenly throws up a flower.

His mother was sensitive and refined, and this strangely contrasted mating produced the son whom she very soon began to regard as an elemental. She loved him in spite of his impetuous and tempestuous nature. He was always fighting and invariably returned home with a broken head. She died early in her forties and is buried in some remote village churchyard where her grave is always heaped high with flowers brought by the Fascist youth of the locality, in tribute.

"Why don't you have your wife with you in Rome?" I asked indiscreetly. He made a grimace of horror.

"Never!" and did not explain.

{No one has yet heard of Mussolini appearing anywhere with his wife; she would seem to be as completely hidden as an Arab woman.}

"Women!" and he ground his teeth savagely, "women make one suffer. I do not care for women. And children... are all the same; after the age of eight they become *des petits vicieux!*"

He went on to talk of his detachment from material things, women and children included, and luxury and *comfort.* He reproached the British for inventing the word.

"Comfort of body implies comfort of mind, a deplorable condition!"

"And yet you have settled yourself in the most comfortable hotel in Rome!" I said. He made a sweeping gesture.

"I do not care whether I am here or somewhere else; I do not care whether it is comfortable or not—I care for nothing —neither money nor possessions, nor—"

"Then what do you care for?" I interrupted.

He got up from his place on the sofa next to me and walked across the room, staring Napoleonically before him. His walk, however, struck me as more the shuffling step of a defiant child than the decisive firm step of a man. There was something grotesquely absurd about his feet. They retained their comic character at the very moment when their owner desired to be most impressive.

Suddenly he turned towards me, and in reply to my question, he clenched his teeth:

"Power!" he said slowly and with emphasis.

"Then you've got what you want!"

He nodded. I asked again:

"Do you know what you mean to do with it?"

"Yes," and he proceeded to outline some of his plans. They included first, considerations for the amelioration of the masses.

"But I thought you said that you despised *le peuple,*" I reminded him.

"*Mon amour pour le peuple est mon amour pour le printemps,*" he replied, though what connection there could be between the two to prompt this simile I refrained from asking. But remembering the impatience with which he talked of "the people" at Lausanne, this inconsistency aroused in me for the first time a suspicion of his instability of opinion. He proceeded to tell me that the people should have good wages, an eight-hour work day, decent clothes, food and education facilities, as well as theaters and

cinemas to help to make life tolerable, "but they must in no way interfere in the political life of the nation," he insisted. "The people have confidence in me; those who oppose me are so feeble they can hardly be called an opposition. I guarantee that the people are going to be satisfied. I shall not disappoint them. I do not lie to them. I do not promise them paradise, I only promise them the truth, but . . . " and then he lowered his voice and added: "I am not so sure about the bourgeois, that they are going to be satisfied!". . .

He said that in order to succeed in life one must make one's heart into a desert. In his own heart he said there was no oasis, but desert only. If he loved anything it was youth in the abstract. He had a horror of old age, the mere thought of it made him shudder. He emitted extraordinary animal-like grunts and groans to illustrate his abhorrence of old age.

"But age has dignity," I said.

"There is no dignity except in strength," he answered, and then descending to a personal level he asked with a curious nervousness:

"What age would you suppose I am?"

I hesitated, and was about to give him, as one would to a vain woman, years that I believed considerably less than the accurate number, but he looked at me with such fearful apprehension that I was moved to pity, and finally laughed and declared I could not guess. At this he seemed relieved and did not insist. Meanwhile I remembered that someone had been waiting three-quarters of an hour to take me out to dinner, but I could not induce myself to end this tete-a-tete so long as it remained interesting.

"You are a young woman," he said after a pause, "why do you interest yourself in problems and in politics? Why don't you live your full life and leave the problems to take care of themselves? In the background of your mind, you are always asking about the *pourquoi, dans la vie*, and there is no *pourquoi*."

"I question in order to understand, and I must understand in order to believe," I said.

He looked at me for the first time indulgently:

"And what have you learned from me? Have I not shaken your ideas? {*Est-ce que je ne vous ai pas bouleverse les idees?*}"

"Yes," I answered, as if I were a scholar under examination, "I am learning that there is no such thing as right and wrong. What succeeds is force {he nodded approval} and courage {he nodded again} and individuality."

He patted my arm as though I had learned my lesson well. Then I rose to my feet.

"Someone is waiting for me," I said. Mussolini too was due at the first night of Sarah Bernhardt {he who hated old age!}. He said ironically:

"Of course you are hungry—go and eat. Above all never let your enthusiasm rob you of your appetite."

At the door he kissed my hand like Trotzki without a smile and reminded me grimly: "Above all, keep your heart a desert!". . .

It took me the whole of the next day to collect materials, in spite of the fact that I was in the art center of the world. That evening I again presented myself at the hour indicated. Mussolini was in a fierce and sullen mood. He received me with a set expression on his menacing face and to my dismay bolted the door upon us. I pretended not to notice and hoped it was prompted by a genuine desire that our work should be uninterrupted. He made me sit down on the sofa, next to him, and seemed anxious to talk. He began by saying that hitherto he had treated me *en amie* instead of *en journaliste.*

"*Vous etes une femme pour laquelle on pourrait avoir une grande passion,*" and he blamed himself for having said too much.

"I have thought it over and have decided that whatever happens you are not to write about me ——" {Not write about Mussolini for the New York *World?* Impossible!} He read my rebellion in my eyes.

"If you publish anything about me I shall know it. Even from China the news cuttings would be sent to me, and if

among them I chance to come across anything signed by your name, I shall have you pursued by my Fascist police, and there is not a country in the world in which you will be safe."

This was too much, I laughed.

"I was not afraid of the Bolsheviks, I am certainly not going to be afraid of you."

"The Bolsheviks!" he exclaimed scornfully, "are pacifists. Nobody need be afraid of them, but the Fascisti are people who believe in violence!"

He proceeded to apply the principle, and whatever I *might* have expected in Russia I experienced that night in Rome. To Russia I went prepared for every eventuality, and counted the risk worth while, instead I received only courtesy and kindness. Fascist hospitality however, was bestially transformed. If this were Mussolini's method of preventing me from writing about him, he succeeded. It remains unwritable.

The next morning insult was added to injury. The following note was handed to me:

'Madame,

"Je vous prie instamment de vouloir renvoyer ma premiere pose pour ce buste fameux, que je ne desire pas; je n'aime pas les monuments faits aux vivants. Leur resultat est de vieillir.

"Cordialite sincere,

"Mussolini."

Did he really suppose that I would return to his room to begin that bust? Or did his vanity desire for himself the last word? In which case he won. I would have tolerated a great deal in order to sculpt that head — a great deal, yes, but not *so* much. I shall regret always that I did not manage to reach at least the second sitting.—From Clare Sheridan's *Naked Truth*, by permission of Harper & Brothers through the author

A Cure for Leprosy

THERE are 4,000,000 lepers in the world. At least 416,000 are in the British Empire, and there are 150,000 in our African possessions alone. Already vastly increased numbers are coming for the new treatment, and in Uganda, for example, 2,000 are expected to be under supervision by the end of the year. In Great Britain there are not more than 100 cases — mostly non-infective.

Hydnocarpus trees are being planted in all suitable countries, so that ample supplies of the cure will be at hand. Doses can be had for a year for half-a-crown. Over 1,000 hydnocarpus tree "seeds" have been distributed in Uganda and other places. The tree won't grow in England—it requires a fairly warm climate. It has been established beyond doubt that nearly every case of leprosy can be cleared up and prevented from going on to the infective stage by proper treatment.

In any country with good education and civilization we can reduce leprosy enormously in a few years. In places like Africa, where leprosy is appalling, it will take longer.

Natives are coming in greatly growing numbers to the missionaries for treatment now that the new cure is becoming known. In Nigeria a year ago there were 350 patients; now there are 840. Our Association is supplying hut accommodation and drugs to the missionaries. Ten years ago the great difficulty was that before effective treatment we could do nothing but that wretched segregation, which meant imprisonment for life, with the result that we got only advanced cases. Now that we can treat them as out-patients they are coming forward in the early stages.—Sir Leonard Rogers, secretary of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, in the Manchester *Guardian*

A Tragic Figure of the War

EMIL LUDWIG, author of Napoleon, Bismarck *and other brilliant works of biography, writes this critical estimate of the late Prince Lichnowsky. Ludwig knew the Prince personally, and here reviews the "unprecedented breach of confidence" which marked the publication of the famous "memorandum" which ruined Lichnowsky politically. The two volumes on his career, which this German Ambassador to London from 1912 to 1914 published shortly before his death last February, added little to the revelations contained in the famous "memorandum."*

PRINCE KARL MAX VON LICHNOWSKY would never have found a place in history had he not, in 1911 or 1912, published some articles on foreign policy which attracted attention by their good sense. Although he had taken an anti-Austrian position in these articles, albeit cautiously, he was chosen to succeed Marschall von Bieberstein as Ambassador to London, because of his wealth and beautiful wife, because he and the Kaiser addressed each other as "thou," as well as because of his evident political insight.

The Kaiser's letter—in lead pencil, rambling, supercilious—written in 1912 from a hunting lodge, informing him suddenly of his appointment, was filled with the most stupid expressions of hatred against England and gave him instructions which the new Ambassador should never have followed. When Lichnowsky permitted me to read it in 1920 or 1921 he was still too loyal to publish it as an exposure of the Kaiser, but sufficiently enraged not to conceal it altogether. The Kaiser having granted him the privilege, as an old regimental comrade, of reporting direct to him {which was against the constitution}, the favorite soon became unpopular in Wilhelmstrasse; in reality, he had already gained unpopularity, because of envy of his wealth and station and his venturing to entertain opinions of his own. . . .

Lichnowsky read Nietzsche, which was not the practice among German princes, understood and even preferred modern pictures and music, and was far too proud to avoid relations with intellectuals, journalists and Jews, knowing that he could not thereby possibly prejudice his dignity.

His anti-Austrian attitude was combined with an anglophilism which was reflected by his cultivating the habits of English nobility and which, finally, during his service as Ambassador to that country, developed into a genuine passion for England. His house quickly became a social center, and his wife {a Countess Arco and granddaughter of the Empress Maria Theresa}, surpassing her husband in every quality, attracted universal admiration. Relations between Germany and England improved so much between 1912 and 1914 that, as late as in the summer of 1914, two treaties were concluded, one concerning East Africa and the other involving the Berlin-Bagdad Railway.

All the more grew the jealousy and

> CHARACTERS like Lichnowsky stand on the border line in times of crisis, venturing to gaze upon the new land, but retreating immediately and retaining, despite their broadmindedness and tolerance, the feeling that, after all, they belong to the aristocracy. Having defended him energetically in his days of trial, I need not now conceal the limitations of Prince Lichnowsky's character. I have also been witness for him against his friends. Despite his weaknesses, he was certainly far above his enemies at home, who even now, as I write this in America, continue to revile him because he saw further than they did.
>
> —Emil Ludwig

envy of Wilhemstrasse, where Bethmann-Hollweg feared to lose the chancellorship to the fortunate favorite and Baron von Stumm intrigued passionately against Lichnowsky.

When the crisis came Lichnowsky stood alone. His reports throughout the whole month of July were excellent, better than those of any other German diplomat. He warned that England would join the Entente and admonished against the danger of Belgium, pleading to the very last week for the acceptance of Grey's proposal of a conference of Ambassadors for the settlement of the Serbian note question, a conference similar to the one successful the year before. In vain!

In his own embassy the attaches were working at cross purposes. In vain he wired in one of his last reports: "Otherwise the World War will come, in which we stand to lose everything and gain nothing!" The more he warned the more stubborn the Foreign Office remained, ridiculing him and managing also to make him appear ridiculous in the eyes of the Kaiser.

The tragic thing was that this German diplomat found himself without support in Berlin. Lord Oxford and Asquith, who died recently, a personal friend of Lichnowsky and on friendly terms with the princess through his wife, said to me in June, 1927, in a long conversation on the causes of the war: "You know how highly I regarded Lichnowsky, but I knew that he was powerless in Berlin. Had Marschall von Bieberstein lived he would have, as sure as I sit in this chair, by his own energy and by threats in Berlin personally averted the catastrophe." The sick, old man was not given to making solemn asseverations, and seemed all the more to be telling the truth in that he spoke not against Lichnowsky but against the latter's all-too powerful enemies in Berlin.

The Ambassador had hardly returned home when the entire phalanx of his enemies and their entourage turned upon him, seeking to hold him responsible for England's decision. He was crushed! He pulled out a copy of the London *Times* from his pocket—it was on August 9 in a Berlin hotel—and pointed out repeatedly how for a week past his warnings had corresponded to public opinion. In vain!

The Kaiser, always following where success was, at once permitted him to fall, received him only after an interval of several weeks, and told him, when he reported at General Headquarters as an officer of hussars, to go to the front: "Let Lichnowsky now look at his Englishmen from behind!"

A beaten, misunderstood man, foe of his less wise but more cunning fellow aristocrats, deprived suddenly of the favor of Kaiser and court, he went into retirement during the war, having soon left the front for home—for he was not at all a soldier by nature—and lived alone with the secret of his knowledge, for no one at that time knew the actual war documents.

It is not to be wondered, therefore, that he wanted to write down the truth for his sons. For a limited circle only! For two years he would not trust me with his memorandum, and when he permitted me to read it in the summer of 1916, and although we were in his own house, it was only on condition: "You must personally bring back the manuscript to me in my room—do not give it to a servant to return!" So careful was he with this self-defense, though I had believed myself to have long gained his confidence. A Berlin banker, however, without permission and against the author's specific stipulation, gave the manuscript to a pacifist officer. This man, acting quite in good faith, but a child in politics, thinking he would serve the country by publishing these truths, made a number of copies in one night and sent them to a half-dozen neutral thinkers, agents and politicians, in order to show what men of understanding Germany possessed.

The effect was terrible! Somebody outside Germany understood better than did this German fool and idealist what use could be made against Germany of this memorandum, carried the manuscript to the enemy camp and thus com-

promised the Kaiser's government through its own servants.

In Germany, akin to a beleaguered fortress, no one grasped the connection: everything pointed to the "traitor," and in 1918 the upper house decided to expel the prince. No one rose to defend the innocent: alone Prince von Buelow ventured to speak in his behalf. . . .

His famous memorandum showed great ability and originality; his reports, recently published, reveal the correct point of view and the wisdom of his warnings and predictions. Few German actors in the war had his foresight. Wangenheim at Constantinople and Bernstorff at Washington were the only others who reported well. He lacked much as a leader, and I do not know whether, with the war averted, he too would not have been a disappointment as successor to Bethmann-Hollweg, let us say in 1916. . . .—Emil Ludwig, in the New York *Herald Tribune*

CHRISTIAN monarchs, statesmen, soldiers and ministers were responsible for the world war, not atheists, pagans, infidels and agnostics.

Look at Europe today. After that last terrible lesson, there are more youths in the prime of vigor and life being taught and trained to kill each other than at any time since the foundations of the earth were laid.

I say—as British Minister when the World War broke out—that if all the churches in Christendom had said in 1914, "Halt. This murder must not begin," not a monarch nor minister in Christendom would have dared to start it. . . .

If the Christian churches of the world united they could force disarmament. You never will get peace by declarations outlawing a war.

—David Lloyd George, addressing the Welsh Church Union

I AM impelled on this occasion to narrate certain details which I have never made public before, concerning my connection with the independence of Poland, the tenth anniversary of which is observed to-night.

My contribution to that happening consisted of my writing a memorandum on that question upon the request of Colonel House. On Monday, January 8, 1917, he said to me, "Next Monday I leave for Washington, and I wish to have your memorandum on Poland to submit to the President."

I protested that I was to give a recital the next day, and could not collect my thoughts. But he insisted he must have the memorandum by Thursday. I gave my recital on Tuesday, and then devoted thirty-six uninterrupted hours to preparing the memorandum which was delivered Thursday morning at 11 o'clock.

A week later I called on Colonel House, who said: "The President was very much pleased with your memorandum. Now get ready. The first shot will be fired very soon, and it will take your breath away."

And, indeed, the mention of Poland in the President's message, which I read January 23 while in the South, did take my breath away. The President told the Senate, "The diplomats of the world are agreed that Poland should be a free, independent and autonomous state." . . .

As the years pass, my reverence, my admiration, my love and my gratitude for President Wilson constantly grow. He was the benefactor of my country and the father of its liberty.—Ignace Jan Paderewski, pianist and first President of Poland, addressing the Kosciuszko Foundation in New York

I have grown to hate the word "theology." The attempt to live Christianity should supplant the attempt to define it.—Rev. Toyohiko Kagawa of Japan

Castles in Spain

OF what do we moderns dream? What are our castles in Spain?

This question crossed my mind in Seville cathedral, that stone fabric of man's greatest dream in the ages to which we have been accustomed to apply the word "dark." Travellers in Spain consulting their guide-books, read: "On the eighth day of July, in the year 1401, the Dean and Chapter of Seville assembled in the Court of the Elms and solemnly resolved: 'Let us build us a church so great that those who come after us may think us mad to have attempted it!' The church took one hundred and fifty years to build."

And in that glorious building, raised by five succeeding generations, one could not help wondering wherein lay the superiority of ourselves, Children of Light, over those old Sons of Darkness.

We too dream, no doubt—not always with a Freudian complex; and our dreams have results, such as the Great Dam at Assouan, the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona, the Woolworth Building, the Forth Bridge, the Power Works at Niagara, the Panama Canal {which took one-tenth of the time the Sons of Darkness lavished on Seville cathedral}. But all these things were dreamed and fabricked out for immediate material benefit. The old builders of pyramids, mosques and churches built for no physical advantage in this life. They carved and wrought and slowly lifted stone on stone for remote and, as they thought, spiritual ends. We moderns mine and forge and mason-up our monuments to the immediate profit of our bodies. Incidentally they may give pleasure to the spirit, but we did not exactly build them for that purpose. Have we raised anything really great in stone or brick for a mere idea since Christopher Wren built St. Paul's Cathedral?

Sons of Darkness and Children of Light, both have worshipped a half-truth. The ancients built for to-morrow in another world, forgetting that all of us have a today in this. They spent riches and labor to save the souls of their hierarchy, but they kept their laborers so poor that they had no souls to save. They left astounding testimony to human genius and tenacity, but it never seems to have ruffled their consciousness that they fashioned the beautiful with slavery, misery and blood.

We moderns pursue what we call Progress. All our stupendous achievements have this progressive notion at their back. Brooklyn Bridge may look beautiful in any light, and Sheffield chimney-stacks may look beautiful in the dark, but they were not put up for that reason, nor even because we thought we were thereby handing our Presidents or Prime Ministers the keys of heaven. Modern engineers may be lovers of beauty and men of imagination, but their prime mistresses are Science, Industry and Trade. We think that if we make the wheels go round fast enough mankind is bound to rise on the wings of wealth. Look after the body, we say, and the spirit will look after itself. Whether we save a greater proportion of our bodies than the ancients did of souls is the question; but no such trifling doubt shakes our belief in Progress. Our modern castle in Spain is in one word: "Production."

> SPORT, which still keeps a flag of idealism flying, is perhaps the most saving grace in the world at the moment, with its spirit of rules kept, and regard for the adversary, whether the fight is going for or against. When, if ever, the fair-play spirit of sport reigns over international affairs, the cat force which rules there now will slink away and human life emerge for the first time from jungle.
>
> —John Galsworthy

Most men and women have an instinctive love of beauty, and some natural pride in the work of their brains and hands: but machinery divides us from the ancients; quietly, gradually, it has shifted the central point of man's philosophy. Before the industrial era set in, men used to make things by hand; they were in some sort artists, with at least the craftsman's pride in their work. Now they press buttons, turn wheels; don't make completed articles; work with monotony at the section of an article—so many hours of machine-driving a day, the total result of which is never a man's individual achievement.

"Intelligent specialism," says a writer on Labor Policy, "is one thing. It consists in one man learning how to do one thing specially well. But the sort of specializing which consists in setting thousands of human beings during their whole working lives to such soul-destroying jobs as fixing the bristles into a hair-brush, pasting labels on jam-pots, or nearly any one of the varieties of machine-tending, is quite another thing. It is the utter negation of human nature."

The tendency of modern "Production" is to center a man's interest not in his working day, but outside of it—at least, in the lower ranks of industry. The old artificers absorbed culture, such as it was, from their work. In these days culture, such as it is, is grafted on to the workman in his leisure, as antidote to wheel-driving. Hewers, delvers, drawers of water in the past never, perhaps, took interest in their work; and there are still many among us to-day to whom their work is of absorbing interest. But, on the whole, the change has put pride of quantity above pride of quality. In old days the good thing was often naturally supplied; nowadays it is more often artificially demanded. . . .

What ideals have we at present? Happiness in a future life. If there be a future life for the individual, shall we find it repaying if we have not striven for quality in this; not had that kind and free and generous philosophy which belongs to the cult of beauty, and alone gives peace of mind? The pursuit of beauty includes, then, whatever may be true in the ideal of happiness in a future life. We have another current ideal: wealth or comfort in this life. But the cult of beauty contains all that is good in that; for it demands physical health and well-being, sane minds in sane bodies, which depend on a sufficiency of material comfort. The rest of the ideal of wealth is mere fat, sagging beyond the point of balance. . . .

> THE novelist's influence is confined to mental quickening, to a species of spiritual infection from his positively or negatively expressed passion. All he can do is to present truth as he sees it, and, gripping with it his readers, produce in them a sort of mental and moral ferment, whereby vision may be encouraged, imagination enlivened, and understanding promoted.
>
> —John Galsworthy

To give the devil his due, ours is the best Age men ever lived in; we are all more comfortable and virtuous than we ever were; we have many new accomplishments, advertisements in green pastures, telephones in bedrooms, more newspapers then we want to read, and extremely punctilious diagnosis of maladies. . . . The Age is most thorough and accomplished, but with a kind of deadly practicality. All for to-day, nothing for to-morrow! The future will never think us mad for attempting what we do attempt; we build no Seville cathedrals. . . .

Latest opinion—unless there is a later—assigns ten thousand years as the time during which what we know as civilization has been at work. But ten thousand years is a considerable period of mollification, and one had rashly hoped that traditions of gentleness and fair-play had

more strength among Western peoples than they have been proved to have since 1914; that mob feeling might have been less, instead of, as it seems, more potent. And yet, alongside of stupidity, savagery, greed and mob violence, run an amazing individual patience, good humor, endurance and heroism, which save a man from turning his back on himself and the world. . . .

What applies to the individual applies to the civilization of which he forms a part. Our civilization, if it is to endure, must have a star on which to fix its eyes—something distant and magnetic to draw it on, something to strive towards, beyond the troubled and shifting needs and passions and prejudices of the moment. Those who wish to raise the dignity of human life should try to give civilization that star, to equip the world with the only vision which can save it from spite and the crazy competitions which lead thereto. The past few years have been the result of the past few hundred years. The war was no spasmodic visitation, but the culmination of age-long competitions. The past few years have devoured many millions of grown men, more millions of little children—prevented their birth, killed them, or withered them for life. If modern individuals and modern nations pursue again these crazy competitions, without regard for the dignity of human life, we shall live to see ten millions perish for every million who perished in this war. We shall live to curse the day, when, at the end of so great a lesson, we were too practical and business-like to take it to heart.

Facts must be faced, and ideals should be grounded in reality; for it is no use blinking the general nature of man, or thinking that Rome can be built in a day. But with all our prejudices and passions, and all our "business instinct," we have also the instinct for beauty, and a sense of what is dignified. On that we must build, if we wish to leave to those who come after us the foundations of a castle in Spain such as the world has not yet seen; to leave our successors in mood and heart to continue our work, so that one hundred and fifty years, perhaps, from now human life may really be dignified and beautiful, not just a breathless, grudging, visionless scramble from birth to death, of a night with no star alight.—From John Galsworthy's *Castles in Spain,* by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

JOHN GALSWORTHY gives to an interviewer his list of the twelve greatest works of fiction in the world. The opinion was prompted by Arnold Bennett's famous dictum that the twelve greatest novels were written by Russians. With this Mr. Galsworthy would not agree, great lover as he is of the Russians. This is the list which he then proceeded to give:

Cervantes:	*Don Quixote.*
Tolstoy:	*War and Peace.*
	Anna Karenina.
Dostoievsky:	*Brothers Karamazov.*
Turgenev:	*Fathers and Children.*
	Smoke.
Dickens:	*Pickwick Papers.*
	David Copperfield.
Dumas:	*Three Musketeers* series; or the *Reine Margot* series.
Mark Twain:	*Tom Sawyer.*
	Huckleberry Finn.
Thackeray:	*Vanity Fair.*

—*The Book Window* (London)

AS an individualist I am an admirer of the man who goes forth to cleave a way to prosperity; but if he gets his triumph by the crushing of others he must not turn round to me afterwards and say he believes in democracy. There may be satisfactory explanations why personal liberty is restricted in the United States, why there is such an amount of ghastly crime, why corruption should be so blatant in national and local administration; but whilst these conditions prevail the kindly comradeship implied in the word of democracy should not be accentuated.—Sir John Foster Fraser, in the London *Graphic*

GRAZIA DELEDDA: NOBEL PRIZE WINNER

THE twenty odd novels of Grazia Deledda, the Sardinian authoress, who has been awarded the Nobel prize for literature, have never enjoyed any great vogue in either Europe or America. Calm, outside the tides of literature, she has stuck to the province of her artistic discovery, Sardinia, and has refined her art by a steady deepening of the same themes. Her guiding principle has been, not this or that literary creed, but truth. "One must be calm, and explain, and be true"—true to life, in order to be true to art. This estimate, by a Swedish writer, is from a Stockholm publication devoted to the interests of women.

WHEN you have the privilege of knowing Grazia Deledda personally, and when she breaks the reticence that encloses her nature like the rind of a fruit, you hear her tell marvelous and extraordinary tales about the strange, poor mountain isle, with its robber bands and gorgeous church festivals, its almost pagan customs, its stern, medieval traditions, its crimes, superstitions, and vendettas, its deplorable ignorance and incredible poverty. Her art is vital and stern as the soil of Sardinia whence it sprung—for she was born a peasant girl on this island, of whose existence the Italians themselves are scarcely aware.

Grazia Deledda's childhood and early youth were passed in a deadly monotony with a family of very meager income. Her talent at writing, however, soon made itself apparent, and she possessed sufficient strength to be able to free herself in time from inherited prejudices. Her love for her island never ceased eating away her heart, and she decided to devote her life to letting the world, and above all Italy, know the truth about the mute, forgotten island, which lacked nearly every essential to a decent life. She wanted to show how shamefully Sardinia had been neglected, how its noble people had degenerated into poverty and ignorance, having fallen prey to the mean usury and wretched legal system that spread over the entire land like a plague.

In a sense, therefore, her books are propaganda; they all have a "tendency." But her art, in her most important works, lifts them high above any given "purpose." With classic nobility, she describes the country's proud loneliness, both in its landscape and in its soul. She depicts the rearing mountain giants, in whose shadow little men and women live out their lives—all predestined to a tragic end, weighed down by unbearable fates, hunted, despairing, devoured by some passion, some longing, or some fixed idea, toiling in the sweat of their brow, filled with anguish, and terrified by thought of debt, revenge, and, in the end eternal punishment. All this one does not forget.

Cenere {Ashes}, the first of Grazia Deledda's novels, aroused a justified sensation. It is the story of a young man from Sardinia, intelligent and ambitious, who does not know who his mother is, and who is consumed with longing to find out to whom he owes the gift of life. Day and night he seeks her, never daring to rest. When he at last finds her, their reunion is poignantly cruel and horrible. She is a starving, shattered, bestial creature, who drags along the country roads in the company of the most abominable scum. But the young man, feeling that it is his duty to show pity and compassion, takes care of her, fighting all the time against his mad desire to see her dead, for she is blocking his future. Finally, as if in response to her son's silent wish, she takes her life. To us the psychological characterization seems at once extremely alien and very familiar. You feel deeply that this is Truth.

L'Edera {The Ivy}, another novel of similar weight, perhaps contains a still more powerful element of terror. It deals with a young girl, who, in a frenzy of ecstatic devotion for the people who have adopted her, one night chokes the aged grandfather at whose bedside she is keeping vigil, for she is convinced that the old man is the evil spirit of the family; no happiness or progress can enter the house as long as he is alive.

Although the members of the family all understand that she has committed the murder, they protect her, for she has become the self-appointed tool for their mute wishes. Since nobody will indict her, she is never convicted. But peace forsakes her. Haunted and remorseful, she drifts through the country, finally returning to the family to become the bride of the son, whom she has always loved—a prematurely old young man, self-indulgent, spineless, and heavily in debt. And once again she sits on the front steps of the ancient, dilapidated house, and life runs its course as before.

Grazia Deledda is a very prolific writer. On several occasions she has ventured outside of her island and described the modern life of the Northern Italian cities; but one feels that these surroundings do not please her.

Her style is subdued, and even epical in its descriptive moments; her dramatic dialogue is concentrated and vital. Her language sounds charmingly poetical and picturesque to un-Italian ears, but certain Italian pedants of academic Latin criticize it none the less.

Her landscape descriptions are sublime, and almost unsurpassed. In *Canne al vento* {Reeds in the Wind}, a voluminous novel containing many brilliant characterizations and interesting Sardinian scenes, nothing etched itself so sharply in my memory as the description of the old hermit—one of the central figures in the book—as he walks down the mountain early one morning. She chooses her words and colors with supernatural grandeur and intimate realism. Her view of nature is both plastic and ethereal, and, in my opinion, altogether masterly.

It is somehow difficult to speak of the composition of Grazia Deledda's books. She simply relates the course of certain lives lived in the shadow of threatening mountains whose solitude only the robber bands disturb. Here, too, the vendetta still lives, expressing a family's desire for revenge—even, one might say, feeling that revenge is a duty.

With such people, and such a natural background, it is no wonder that all Grazia Deledda's books have tragic endings. Not one of them contains a smile or any harmony. Not one of her characters, as nearly as I can remember, is a normal, stable individual—with the possible exception of the above-mentioned hermit. But he seems to walk all the time with one foot in eternity.

To judge from her books, Grazia Deledda might seem to possess a pessimistic, hopeless disposition, but that is far from the truth. Years ago her demeanor and bearing were perhaps stamped by a shy, inherited reticence, but since then life has brought her in touch with the world. It has given her a famous name, a home, a husband, and children. She is no longer isolated on her island. Her two young sons are her joy and pride, and she studied with them all through their years in school. She believes in Italy's growth and future—perhaps also in Sardinia's? She works continually, and in a strangely systematic manner, for two or three hours every day. Her production increases steadily, and now comprises some twenty volumes, the majority of which have been translated into French and English.

Grazia Deledda is better known in certain foreign countries than in Italy. "Why?" inquired the literary critic, Mattencci, in the *Giornale d'Italia.* "Because in Italy people read little and badly." She has herself admitted that she is striving for a new, more varied mode of expression, as one of her recent novels, *Il Fiore della vita* {The Flower of Life}, testifies. She spends the summers in Romagna and not on Sardinia, and thus broadens her views and receives new impressions of nature and of people. In other words, she is a cosmopolitan, at least superficially.

But I should imagine that despite all this her Sardinian spirit remains unchanged, and that her love for her dear, unfamiliar island burns as strongly as it did when she first saw its mountain peaks disappearing in the distance as she traveled toward the Italian mainland to meet life and literary fame.—Ellen Lundberg-Nyblom, in *Idum* {Stockholm} translated for *The Living Age* {Boston}

ANATOLE FRANCE VISITS SOUTH AMERICA

JACQUES ANATOLE THIBAULT, whose pen name, Anatole France, is a brilliant fixture in the firmament of letters, is here revealed with all the human defects of a man of genius by Jean Jacques Brousson, who was his secretary for eight years and who accompanied him on his romantic trip to South America a few years before his death. The trip—an ostensible lecturing tour—seems to have been prompted by the desire of "the Master" to escape from the jealous attentions of his Paris Egeria, Madame de Caillavet. Madame, however, managed to send her valet Francois with him as a kind of watch-dog. Aboard ship, Anatole France fell in love with a French actress who appears in the narrative as "the Duenna." In Buenos Ayres, where France and his new inamorata *lived quite unconventionally, and where Blasco Ibanez, the Spanish novelist, was also lecturing, Brousson was abruptly discharged. The entire record is tragi-comic, and affords disenchanting views of the great ironist as man and as lover.*

A CONTRARY wind impedes our progress. One of the screws has gone wrong. The ship pants along in a foamy sea. We should arrive at Rio for lunch, but night has fallen when we sight the lights of the shore. Impossible to land. It is too late for the formalities of customs and health inspections. We must put off our visit to the capital of Brazil till tomorrow. Anatole France, purring at the Duenna's feet, takes the annoyance calmly. His own affairs are making good progress.

"I ought to have lunched with the President of the Republic and the ministers. All the Excellencies, fair charmer, are not worth one nymph, one goddess. Let us thank Neptune for his foul wind."

This note of gallantry grows crescendo from dish to dish throughout the meal, reaching its apogee with the cheese and the dessert. He eats like a wolf.

"Since I have known you, my soul, I believe in Providence."

Suddenly a burst of squibs and the noise of serenades rises from the sea, now grown calm. A crown of brilliantly lit boats surrounds the somber mass of the *Amazon.* Brasses blare. Bengal fires turn waves, night and passengers from red to blue and to green. And a clamor, as at a public meeting, comes from the boats.

"Long live Anatolio! Long live Anatolio! Long live Anatolio!"

At the first sound Anatole France has fled to his cabin, abandoning the Duenna in ecstasy on deck. He undresses frantically.

"Master, there is a delegation of Brazilians, I don't exactly know who, come to fetch you to preside at a banquet."

"I am dying, my child!"

He kicks his slippers across the cabin and slips into his berth, dragging the bedclothes over him like a shroud. Only his cardinal red skull cap is visible, whence issues a groan.

"I am at death's door, my child, at death's door. It has taken me all of a sudden. The sea has tired me. It's my liver—my head. I shall never live out the voyage."

"Your admirers have brought these wreaths and palms."

I lay the tinsel trophy on the rug.

"Let me die in peace! Express my regrets to these excellent people. Describe my condition to them. They are not barbarians. Beg them to extinguish their lights and still their brass and let me sleep. A good night will work wonders for me. I suffer like a man on the wheel! Go, my child, be eloquent. Tomorrow morning at any time they like. But tonight I am within an inch of death."

The enthusiasts, somewhat abashed, have departed on their luminous boats. Nothing more troubles the serenity of the sea.

A quarter of an hour later Anatole France is on deck, as frisky as can be, his arms full of wreaths and palms that he offers to the Duenna.

"Ah! crowns belong by right to you, my sovereign."

She weighs the coppery bouquets and

silk ribbons and fringes with careful precision born of long experience of such homage in the theater; then concludes:

"Your admirers haven't ruined themselves for you! All that's not very heavy."

However, she undoes the ribbons.

"Still, it may serve where it's not been printed on."

The morrow, she decks her wig with them.

Together with the officers of health and the Customs, the official delegations scramble on to the deck. Never have we seen such gilded uniforms. There is more gold braid than seams. And swords, and plumes, and metal buttons as large as shields. And medals.

> WHAT pleasure do you get from collecting the casual remarks that flow down my venerable beard? There is something perverse about it. But, if it amuses you! . . . All I ask of you, my son, is not to publish any of it during my life. . . . Now it would be an indiscretion. . . . But afterwards . . . it will be erudition.
>
> —Anatole France to his secretary, Jean Jacques Brousson

PRESENTATIONS

"ADMIRAL DE ZUNIGA." France, with martial voice and bristling moustaches—Cambronne at Waterloo, he might be.

"Admiral, you are a hero!"

The sea-dog bows and marches off as if to command a boarding party. M. Bergeret [France] whispers in my ear:

"An admiral is ex-officio a hero. A general too."

The presentations continue.

"Our national novelist, Angelo Colombo."

Frenzy of delight. Embrace.

"Ah! At last I hold in my arms the Balzac of Brazil!"

"The artist Michaelo who painted the celebrated frescoes."

"I grasp with joy the hand of the Apelles of the New World."

"Professor Germano, our philosopher."

"You cannot be astonished, illustrious Master, that we come to seek lessons of wisdom at your feet!"

"The poet Casanegra."

"I have had some of your verses translated to me, and thought I was listening to Homer, Virgil and Victor Hugo!"

"The musician, Bondolfo."

"You have renewed the miracles of Orpheus."

These illustrious craniums seem in no way disconcerted by such massive comparisons and schoolboy epithets, but receive without flinching the crowns flung at them as one flings curtain-rings at the neck of champagne bottles at country fairs. They positively prance with joy. They would go to death for the Master. The presentations are numerous. Nobody is forgotten.

ROUND THE TOWN

RECEPTION at the Academy of Rio. Speech from its president, Ruis Basboro. He buries Anatole France under wreaths of praise. But among the laurels and the roses he strews some thistles. He lauds the purity of the style. He blames the impurity of the stuff. The speech smacks of the sermon.

The room is as commonplace as a schoolroom. Through the windows pours in light too brilliant for our western eyes, and the brawling of a neighboring fowl-run full of ducks.

France replies, and this time does not read but improvises for fifteen abundant minutes. Every one is lauded. Every one gets his epithet. Then he comes to Brazil herself.

"O Brazilians, be proud of your

LULLABY

From the Painting by Gemmel Hutchinson

This picture was a center of attention at the French Salon of 1928. "The artist," says L'Illustration, *honors the highest tradition of the English School, and has here executed a masterpiece of expression. The mother is crooning a lullaby, her attitude one of pensive preoccupation with memories that are not too happy. Displaying a fine sense of measure and delicacy of sentiment, it is across the richness of a harmony of gray and red that one penetrates these shadows in a human soul."*

youth, as we are proud of our age!" He predicts an incomparable future for Brazil. "It is here that Pallas Athene has taken refuge."

We visit the library. It is rich and has a Gutenberg Bible. But European books suffer here from the intense heat. Swarms of insects devour them, dig trenches in the bindings and weave lace-like patterns in the margins and round the text. They fancy the white and despise the black.

"They must be critics," remarks Anatole France.

Don Pedro's own library is here too at the end of the room. The Master is shown Renan's *Marcus Aurelius* with an autograph dedication "To the Marcus Aurelius of Brazil. Ernest Renan."

"The ex-seminarist," he chuckles, "excelled at genuflexions."

> WHY did I follow the great man to the other end of the world? Was I useful to him? And what did he promise me? What innocence, to put one's trust in the prince of sceptics! In seven long years that I have lived through in his company, had I not fathomed the depths of that illustrious hypocrite? Was he a good son? A loving father? An agreeable husband? A discreet lover? An easy master? A generous citizen?
>
> —Jean Jacques Brousson, secretary to Anatole France

We are taken to the theater along a brand new boulevard. The theater is built in Munich style with a cupola surmounted by a colossal eagle. The Germans rule the roost here.

THE FLAG OF PANURGE

A LETTER from "A Group of Militant Socialists": The comrades of Buenos Ayres implore Comrade Anatole France to refuse the hospitality of the examining magistrate. He is a bourgeois and a cruel enemy of the people. On May Day terrible street fights ensanguined the Festival of Labor. The police attempted to break up the procession, failing to do which the slave drivers used their arms and fired on the people. There were wounded and dead, among them women and children, and the demonstrators were arrested in shoals. Will Comrade Anatole France clasp the bloody hand of the judge who was the accomplice of this ambush and keeps the flower of the Party in prison? It would be a scandalous piece of treachery! But they trust that the rumors circulated by the reactionary press concerning France's stay with the judge are false. They are infamous stories set afloat by the police, the priests, the capitalists, all enemies of the people and of Anatole France. Such rumors should be authoritatively contradicted without delay. For this they put the paper of the Party at the Master's disposal.

The letter does not produce much effect.

"What business is it of these fellows? I have come here in the cause of literature, not politics. There were riots in Buenos Ayres, on Monday, forsooth. So there were, I wager, in Paris, Berlin, Rome, Pekin and all the great cities of the New and the Old World. Why should I be enlisted in the movement here? Let us not depart from our programme. Our programme is Rabelais: twelve lectures on Rabelais—those are my battles. I range myself under the banner of Panurge. You know the *Credo* of the priest of Meudon: 'Always speak well of the Grand Prior, place yourself by his side at table, and let the world go as it lists.' On my travels I am for the station-master and the gendarmes. . . ."

THE HOUSE IS OURS

THE Duenna is installed at the judge's, where she is now to be the mistress of the house. Her joy is to move the

furniture about. She must have the blood of a furniture-mover in her veins.

The moment she comes into a room, she begins. She puts on the right hand what was on the left. She is for symmetry. Chairs, pictures, vases, statuettes must go two by two, like girls in a "crocodile" or recruits bound for barracks.

Now the judge sticks to his own scheme of things like a limpet to its rock. Moreover he is thoroughness itself, and you may see him on his knees, smoothing out a wrinkle in the carpet. Thus we have a duel between duenna and judge, in which the weapons are armchairs, bronzes and sofas. The battle continues at table in an arctic atmosphere of mutual contempt, expressed in terms of exaggerated courtesy.

Modesty, however, is not the note of the star's triumph, and she invites to her Capitol all the geese and all the ganders of the company. As regards the men, our Georges Dandin of the Argentine says nothing. But you should see his nausea as he watches the actresses gobble his victuals and lap up his wine. If only the pretty geese would be content to peck! But they fancy themselves at a hotel. They criticize!

"Fowl here is not so good as in France."

"This, Bordeaux? Aramon!"

"You only find really good cooking in Paris, my dear."

Relegated to the bottom of his own table, the judge follows with anxious frowns the jaw and the jaws. He is partial to symbolical decoration of the table. Sometimes it is a procession of penguins—an allusion to Anatole France's masterpiece, sometimes monkeys or dogs in slobbery Copenhagen china. At others a riot of cupids in a substance resembling lard, and again shepherdesses in imitation Dresden or imitation Sevres, all green and mossy. For great occasions there is a mirror lake with swans and a fountain and flowers in china. Our host is as much attached to this little bazaar as a marmot to her young. Does some one chip a wing off one of his loves, or spill a drop of wine on the snail-like dogs, he grows pale. And he visibly counts the bottles and cakes.

The Duenna presides with stage modesty, distributing orders and congratulations as if she were at home, nor neglecting her own plate. Oh, yes, this dinner has been passable. That has been impossible.

Facing her, France eats like a wolf, nods like an idol with his head at all the sweets and the bitters, smiles at every one—the butler, his host, the tragedy star, the comedy star, and as from a tired tap lets drop anecdotes from his reservoir. Accustomed to speak themselves and to be applauded, the company soon tire of his rivulet and interrupt tales of Tacitus and Tallemant with most conporary allusions:

"What were the takings last night? B. had three calls and G. two."

"The ingenue had six bouquets sent her."

"What a little idiot! She's engaged to be married and loves her fiance who's at Rio, and is actually faithful to him. Goose! As if an actress, a good actress, could be chaste! When you have to be Chimene, Pauline, Hermione, Phedre and Camille by turns, you must have a flame in your heart and snap your fingers at bourgeois prejudices!"

When the wine bottle empties or there is delay in serving a second helping, the interpreters of Corneille and Racine tap their glasses with their knives, France, the while, developing some archaic thesis like a yard measure slowly unwinding itself.

Cruelly does the judge expiate his passion for literature and glory. After the meal, he puts back his penguins, monkeys and loves in their cases, counts the coffee spoons and replaces them in the canteen. When does he work at his cases, and when deliver justice? He cannot bear women. In order to receive Anatole France he has quarrelled with his mother who, pious woman, has set sail for France, and his house has become an annexe of the greenroom in which the Duenn a queens it.

BLASCO IBANEZ

COMPETITION. Another lecturer has turned up in Buenos Ayres. It is Blasco Ibanez. From the first round it is almost a knockout for us. An immense, delirious crowd has gone to greet him at the station and carried him in triumph to his hotel, where from the balcony the novelist improvises a furious harangue that convulses the surging throng below. His powerful fists thump the iron railing. He flings his heart, handkerchiefs and cuffs to the rabble. He is at once a matador swaggering in the arena, a tenor plunging into his encore, Capuchin friar preaching, king of all street hawkers, poet, improviser, and dentist at a fair. Long after he has stopped speaking the people wait under the balcony. Disorder is threatened, and to appease it the Spanish author has to begin his warm-hearted address anew five or six times.

Blasco Ibanez' programme, too, is bad for us. We must confess it: his bill of fare is more copious and varied than our own. We have but one dish and that a tough one: Rabelais. Blasco Ibanez is to talk in turn of Napoleon, Wagner, the Renaissance painters, the French Revolution, Cervantes, cookery, philosophy, contemporary drama, social questions, science, and the Argentine.

"He's a living orchestra," murmurs Anatole France. "You know, one of those wandering musicians in a Chinese hat full of bells and tinkles, who plays the clarinet while he beats the big drum with his foot, like knife-grinders. People really can't expect me to do that at my age."

AWAY WITH RABELAIS

ATTENDANCE at the lectures gets daily poorer. Rabelais does not interest the Argentine. Folk say that Anatole France writes divinely, but can't speak. Now Blasco Ibanez knows how to speak. . . .

At the last lecture there was not a soul in the boxes and not one woman in the house. In all, three hundred baldpates. It was funereal. The Master, smiling and short-sighted, and fingering sheaves of notes, explained Francis I's subtle policy to empty stalls and boxes peopled with shades, with a little pause for applause at the end of each paragraph. It might have been the *College de France* on a rainy winter day.

At the end, the organizers came to congratulate him: "Admirable! Admirable! Unique! What delicacy! A thought too delicate perhaps for our people in the Argentine three thousand kilometres from Paris. They need something wider, more colored, more sonorous, warmer. You must not forget, dear Master, that we are barbarians."

So they followed him to the judge's. There, wheedling was abandoned for figures.

"There's no money in the house at all. It's a disaster, a frost. If this goes on, there won't be enough to cover expenses. We must have another subject."

"Another subject! Do you imagine that I keep a change of subjects in my trunk like socks and drawers?"

"You must change the subject! There's only just time. Tomorrow shut up Rabelais and don't mention him again."

"But I still have to explain——"

"Explain nothing! Stow him away. Rabelais doesn't interest the Argentines. They can't stand him. Talk of something that interests them. "

"What does interest the Argentines?"

"The Argentine, to be sure!"

"Ah!"

"When you go to talk to people, you must tell them something that gives them pleasure to hear."

"What would give you pleasure to hear?"

"That we are the first people in the world! That the future is ours! That the women of the Argentine are the most beautiful in the world! That the elegance of the Argentine reflects the pride of Castile! That we are rich!"

"And how can I bring all that in?"

"However you please! You have been here a month. You have discovered the Argentine. You are dazzled. Tell us so, and we shall be dazzled too."

Rabelais has been shoved away. The

operation was easy, for no one knew where we had got to with him. Thursday next there will be a gala matinee on the Argentine and its people. Meanwhile the other dates will be given to readings. Anatole France will read unpublished stories: *La Chemise, Le Miracle de Monsieur Saint-Nicolas.* There will also be a lecture on French contemporary poets, and the actresses of the company will recite.

All afternoon we have worked at the lecture on the Argentine. We have ransacked Baedeker and geographies and Jules Huet's books. The harvest is modest. Then the Master has an idea.

"My friend, take *Sur la Pierre Blanche* —the white stone that you so amiably cleaned." {I have corrected the proofs.} "There is a passage that satisfies me—me who am never satisfied with what I do—where Gallio foretells the future grandeur of the Christian sect, and the new nations which shall tear her hegemony from Rome. Read the passage to me. It will fit the Argentine like a glove." I read the prophecy aloud. He makes some notes, recasts them, erases, finally approves. "Perfect! If the Argentines are not content with that——"

We work over the whole passage. At the end he falls silent and bites his pen, lingering over the white stone.

"Do you think these Hurons will pay me? It would be a great bore to pull St. Paul about for nothing."

DEPARTURE

WE leave Buenos Ayres tomorrow morning and embark at break of day for Uruguay. There will be lectures at Montevideo and performances; for the theatrical company and Anatole France and Rabelais are now as one. Then on to Rio de Janeiro, and further.

At dinner, he is full of plans:

"We shall do this and we shall do that. We will correct the lectures. We must profit by experience; at Buenos Ayres they were too didactic and above the audience's head. One must go carefully with these youthful peoples and play with them as with children. They don't want scholarship, but chatter. On the boat, my friend, you will be so kind as to go through the manuscript. Cut out whatever seems needless to you with a pitiless pencil. And then add a few dramatic touches of your own. Paint a picture of the reign of Francois I, with a contrast between the Huguenots grilling at the stake and the Italian fetes at Court. You know, a scrap or two of Treboulet and of Mme. d'Etampes. Yes, yes! And Victor Hugo goes well here."

The sluice gates of plans are wide open till midnight, finishing with instructions as to the boxes.

"Let nothing of your own little luggage go astray, my child. Let us each be sure of his provision and his purse. Mademoiselle will kindly take charge of my manuscripts together with her theatrical dresses, sceptre, crown. I shall leave with my hands in my pockets."

At dawn we are awakened by our host. Is he afraid that we shall miss the boat? His role of host weighs visibly on him. We drain the last cup of coffee in a strained atmosphere of colds and sleepiness. The ceremony of adieux takes place in the dining-room, in the nasty, equivocal light of struggling day. I think of Fontainebleau. All the servants' hall is there, in expectation of tips; but there will be better still—cordial handshakes and warm congratulations. For the hospitable judge, a deluge of monosyllables, stammered endearments, snufflings and eyes streaming, in the midst of which he receives the scroll of the lectures.

"Keep it, my dear host. It is yours. Where could Rabelais be more at home than with the humanist of the New World who—which—what—where—"

Journalists are already hanging round our luggage. The Duenna appears in the motor car, her head swathed in thick veils. She has already taken a cachet. She is dying. He, on the other hand, shines and glitters from a thousand ironical dimples. Tints of peach and lemon are in his nostrils, his cheeks, the corners of the eyes, in the silver of his beard. He chatters like a chaffinch.

"It is high time to quit this town

without a past. Have you been happy here, my queen? For me Buenos Ayres is you! When I am asked later: 'What is Buenos Ayres like? You have been there?' I shall answer: 'Buenos Ayres has the shape of a goddess, divinely fair, sweet to see by evening and sweet to see by morn.' "

The Duenna complains of the motor car: she must have this window open and that shut. She doesn't know if she will be able to get as far as the boat, she feels so unwell. There has been malicious talk in the company; they have talked ill of her! Of her who is so good! But there are things she can't forgive. What nasty minds some people have! And she prints little crimson o's on her cambric handkerchief.

Here we are at the dock. Francois, who has been beside the driver, springs to earth and carries off the Master's hand luggage, then with deliberate step gains the ship. The Duenna follows him, beturbaned in impenetrable veils. As I prepare to cross the gangplank, the Master embraces me, literally drowns me in his beard, and hurls me back with my poor bag onto the quay.

"My child," he says, in Punch-like tones, "you leave us here. Yes, yes, better so. Better so. We will meet again in France."

A change of tone. The mocking voice becomes bitter:

"Madame has told me all. Yes, all, all. You have been lacking in good feeling, young man. I shall forget—I shall forget it—but in Europe. If it had been a man, my child, you would certainly have had the best of it. But with a woman whose charms to be sure are a trifle opulent—— No, you have no comprehension of the matter at all. And the Duenna's are very opulent——"

He holds out an envelope and shoves me back.

"There! Take that! In Europe!"

Light and victorious as Atalanta, he bounds on to the vessel. I remain stupidly sitting on my portmanteau, as people do in tragedies. The siren shrieks. The engines belch forth their cottonwool. The ship has sailed.

I open the envelope. It contains a ticket home and a card from Anatole France to the captain of the *Magellan,* a French boat, asking that a good cabin may be allotted to his secretary whose health is delicate.—From Jean Jacques Brousson's *Anatole France Abroad,* by permission of Robert M. McBride & Company

CHINA was once the forerunner of civilization, but now she has dropped from the first line of progress. Is this not the result of her rice diet? The people of Java have also retrograded because of this diet. The tens of millions of bushels of rice that they produce annually are not enough for their needs, and they are now importing no small amount. The people of the Orient and of the South Seas feeding on rice can not keep step in the march of civilization with Europeans and Americans. This has been noted by the Occidentals. Therefore they fear Orientals no longer.

The color of human skins has long been supposed to be the result of climatic conditions. The white people turn black under the African sun, but when they return home to Europe or America, their skin resumes its original white color. When, however, Europeans or Americans stay in Japan and eat rice for a long time, their skins acquire a yellow tinge. The climatic conditions of Japan are not so different from those of Europe and America. There is no doubt that diet has a great deal to do with the color of human bodies. . . .

Our own ancestors, it would seem, had large physique and superior brain power at one time. But as in India and China, with the introduction of Buddhism, they lost the habit of eating meat. And from the lack of needed vitamins they suffered deterioration of body and brain. The reason why the Japanese have to-day brain power so far superior to the Chinese and the Hindus is because of the seas that surround them on all sides. They have enjoyed the opportunity of catching fish and gathering shell food. —The Tokio *Jitsugyono Nihon*

Mussolini's Success Creed

HERE are Benito Mussolini's fifteen rules for success. He should be an authority on the subject, for this village blacksmith's son, school teacher and labor agitator, who rose in two years from the editorship of a struggling newspaper {in whose office he kept bombs against possible attacks} to be Prime Minister and Dictator of Italy, is the most conspicuous example of success in Europe today.

1. Don't use your power for all it is worth. Use it for double what it is worth. It is worth it.

2. Sell your words for cash. They are your most negotiable asset.

3. In a bluffing match the last bluff is as decisive as the last bullet.

4. After a victory, always attack.

5. To get licked is one of the only two ways of getting educated. If you can understand why you were licked better than the man who licked you—you win.

6. The man who knows all about a machine knows less than the master who knows how to make him run that machine in the master's interest.

7. A fair bargain always works out to the advantage of the stronger man.

8. Don't give the public what it wants. Tell it what it wants.

9. You can do the most unpopular thing if you call it by a popular name. Everybody can read the label; it takes brains to be able to study the contents.

10. When your superior receives you as an equal, you are already his superior.

11. There is a science of luck. It is simply to place yourself in a position to take advantage of it oftener than the next man.

12. The test of success is not results but power.

13. Every liability is a potential asset.

14. God has principles. Man can have only methods. Those who are wise enough to know they are not omniscient are wise enough to change their principles as often as they learn something new —which should be every day.

15. In the gamble of life the brave man cannot lose. If the wheel brings him death, it is only what comes to all men. If he wins, he wins the supreme prize: power.—Compiled and sponsored by Hiram Motherwell, Roman correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*

Nordics and Mediterraneans

POLITICALLY, restriction may be a wise measure. The countrymen of Lenin and Mussolini probably do not make such good Babbitts as the races of Northwestern Europe. And on the whole they do not score as highly in the so-called intelligence tests of the particular type current in the United States.

But even if the average Italian is more stupid than the average Swede, which may be the case, either or both of the following facts may still be true: Genius of a certain type may be commoner among Italians than among Swedes, and as a result of the crossing of these two peoples a type in many ways finer than either may be produced.

This is certainly the general rule with animals and plants, and history suggests it is true of men.

Until these possibilities are disproved, the exclusion of Southern Europeans from the United States cannot be justified on eugenic grounds. And if, as is very possible, they are better adapted than the inhabitants of Northern Europe for life in the Southern States, it may be an extremely shortsighted measure.—J. B. S. Haldane, British biologist

THE AMERICANIZATION OF ENGLAND

LET me say first of all that what I most violently object to, as I do object, is the Americanization of England, but I have no objection whatever to the Americanization of America. I am not speaking with any particular hostility to Americans—most of the Americans I have known I have liked very much, but I have liked them most when I have met them in America.

Then again I suggest: Let us approach all these sorts of international criticism with a good deal of that very old-fashioned virtue which used to be called Christian humility; what the Americans call it I do not know, because I do not think that they have ever met it. Let us approach it with that healthy and sane criticism which should precede any criticism of anybody else.

I do not think that we English people have got very much right to be pharisaical about the present commercial insolence of America.

I am most afraid of the things that all civilized people in Europe are now complaining of in the way of the manners of Americans—their habit of showing off their wealth, of insulting the poorer but much more civilized countries; I am afraid that it bears an uncomfortable resemblance to the reputation the Englishman had in the early part of the nineteenth century when he traveled abroad. I am afraid, also, when our commercial triumph was at its height we were a bit inclined to interpret commercialism in terms of caddishness.

I say that because I do not want to have any stain of hypocrisy or pharisaism in the criticism I want to make. The American as such has many noble and many charming qualities. He is not cynical; he retains a great fountain of simple enthusiasm—almost always turned to absurd objects, but still genuine. He has a great many virtues worthy of that great republican experiment founded at the end of the eighteenth century. . . .

There is such a thing as invasion; there is such a thing as conquest; and those two things are no longer necessarily done by armed men; they are no longer necessarily done by soldiers. . . . I think that you can have much more sympathy with a soldier of a foreign power, who is, after all, only serving his own flag, than you can have with the gradual penetration of your country by alien corruption appealing all the time only to low material motives—the low motives in the seller and the low motives in the buyer—to a sort of treachery which surrenders a fort not to a battle, but to a bribe. . . .

I can give hundreds of examples of what I mean, but I will now give you only one. If ever there was a glorious thing, it was the old English inn. It was a finer thing than even the corresponding inn of France, Spain, or the south of Germany. It was entirely peculiar to ourselves. It was so great that, out of its own glory as it were, it produced great figures in fiction, such as Pickwick, and all the great characters of English comedy.

Well, you all know what an English inn is like—or perhaps I should say was like. It had hundreds of characteristics. It was generally built out of two or three houses and all the landings were on different levels; but there were

ISAAC MEEK
(AN EPITAPH)

Hook-nosed was I; loose-lipped. Greed fixed its gaze
In my young eyes ere they knew brass from gold.
Doomed to the blazing market-place my days—
A sweating chafferer of the bought and sold.
Fawned on, and spat at; flattered, and decried—
One only thing men asked of me: my price.
I lived, detested; and, deserted, died;
Scorned by the virtuous, and the jest of vice.
And now, behold, blest child of Christ, my worth!
Stoop close: I have inherited the earth!

—Walter De La Mare in *The London Mercury*

a good many places to sit down in. The transformation of the English inn into an American hotel is going on all over the country and nobody stops it. If such a transformation had been dictated by one single officer of a foreign army, I trust we should all have turned out this evening and tried to fight him in the streets; but it is done simply by the power of money; by the fact that people come to that inn who happen to have money.

Take the most obvious example. Nearly all the decent English inns to which you go now in various degrees have become places apparently intended for hothouses to cultivate such exquisite orchids as you and me, and there is a dense atmosphere of central heating absolutely abnormal to the English weather—entirely unsuited to anything. It is simply because the rich American has asked that it should be so, and it is so. . . .

Then you have the look of an English city. I went down Broadway a year or so after the war, and I thought it was great fun walking down Broadway and seeing all the idiotic signs and advertisements wriggling about like dancing devils. I thought this was great fun to see and I used to think: "Well, after all I have not got to live here, and it is always interesting to visit strange places and observe all sorts of fantastic witchcraft that they go in for; but, please God, I shall soon be home again in my own civilized English city. But meanwhile it is a great lark and these people have good qualities and go along with that mode of life." They also have the weather there—the sky and the air, the whole atmosphere and surroundings that go along with those sorts of monkey tricks.

If I had prolonged my trip I should probably have come home with memories of New York full of red-headed devils standing on their heads for an advertisement of chewing gum; and I think that if I had come back in that mood, coming back with the feeling of an exile returning to his own country, and if I found London like that, I do not know what I should have done; and, as an aged and decrepit optimist, I should have contemplated suicide.

Yet that sort of thing has happened. The whole of London, a city as national as Paris or Florence, has been wholly Americanized, the look of it has been Americanized. I do not know what more the Kaiser of the Prussian Army could have done if he had occupied London. . . .

There are many things which the Americans come to England and European countries to see, simply because they are genuine. They come to see, let us say, St. Mark's, Venice. Their comments on it are somewhat quaint. On the Higham process of publicity it would be easy to erect a long line of buildings very like St. Mark's, Venice. . . . Well, I think you would find that the Americans would still come and look at St. Mark's, Venice, and they would come and look at it because, being people of European origin, they still have the real desire to see something genuine, something which professes to be what it is.

I have a kind of idea that we Europeans ought not to compete with America in this sort of wild dance of absurd self-praise and extravagant proclamation of wares and all the rest of it, but that we should rather cultivate our own idea that we still have the genuine things. . . .
—Gilbert K. Chesterton, an address at the Delphian Coterie dinner in London

I ESTIMATE the aggregate economic loss in England due to impairment of working capacity owing to noise at more than £1,000,000 every seven days. The loss due to illness and premature death cannot be estimated.

Many persons appear to enjoy this terrible din in the restaurants and elsewhere to such an extent that one London establishment pays £16,000 annually for its jazz band.

It is pure fallacy to think of people becoming so accustomed to noise that they no longer notice it impairing their nerve force.—Professor H. J. Spooner, authority on industrial fatigue, addressing the London Society of Women Musicians

THE RED ARMY OF TODAY

TODAY {Sunday, March 4, 1928} the parade of the Moscow Garrison in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the formation of the Red Army was more than an ordinary parade. It had to take away the taste of the spoilt celebrations of last November when the holiday feeling was marred by tension and Opposition demonstrations, resulting sometimes in fisticuffs. There was nothing of the sort today; even the extreme cold could not suppress the general jollity, as if the Opposition had been a gang of Cassandras, Jeremiahs, and spoil-sports now happily eliminated.

I wondered how many of the spectators looked back, as I did, to those old drillings in this square and, above it, in the open space behind the Kremlin walls, now gay with scarlet flags, when after the Brest negotiations Trotzky flung himself from foreign affairs into building an army to prevent the necessity of Russia having to sign any more of such treaties, and had the Moscow bookshops scoured for books on military technique. I saw once again the patrol fires at the street corners, the Red Guards slung all over with ribbons of cartridges and the nucleus of the Red Army that was to be, in little groups of workmen marching to and fro in the snow and learning how to hold a rifle.

Now, ten years later, I looked down from the stand close by Lenin's mausoleum on an enormous, orderly sea of soldiers dancing to keep their feet warm. The clock in the Kremlin struck ten. The whole square stood to attention. Bands played the International, and from the Spassky Gate came a small group of the Revolutionary Military Council—Unschlicht, whose shoulders are rounding a little with the years; Budenny, with moustaches bristling cheerfully as ever; Tukhachevksy, rather more like Napoleon than he used to be; and the others. They came to the mausoleum, went in, and, coming out on the roof, stood at the corner of it.

There was silence. Then by some ingenious arrangement of microphones and loud-speakers a giant voice, unrecognizable, but perhaps originally Voroshiloff's, sounded as if high in the air above the crowd. The short speech ended. There followed the roar of many thousand voices, the massed bands fairly let themselves go, and above all was the hollow thunder of the saluting guns, firing battery by battery. This combination was deafening.

Then came the orderly march past of infantry, each company letting loose a roar as it passed the saluting point. Then the cavalry passed at a gallop, yelling. Then the artillery, three guns abreast, going as hard as they could go.

But this impressive parade of the Regular Army had not lost all touch with those hungry, desperate ragamuffins who drilled here ten years ago. The regular troops were followed by armed workers from the factories by companies, Red Cross working women, and one company of sturdy young women who carried rifles with the rest. The women alone did not shout as they passed the saluting point, but were themselves greeted with cheers. Last came demonstrators from each district carrying flags.

I remembered that other winter day four years ago when all Moscow marched in mourning past Lenin's bier, on the high platform in the mist besides which stood the old leaders now disgraced. Today the sun shone clear. Aeroplanes glittered overhead, and as I made my way back to write this telegram all the streets were loud with the marching songs of the returning populace.—Arthur Ransome, in the Manchester *Guardian*

CREATIVITY

This poem is recognized as one of the oldest Chinese folk-poems which has come down to the present time. It is the first poem recorded in the book, Origin of Ancient Poetry (Chinese.) It may be roughly dated 2500 B. C.

When the sun rises, I go to work;
When the sun goes down, I take my rest;
I dig the well from which I drink;
I farm the soil that yields my food.
I share creation; kings do no more.

—Translation by Y. S. Han, in *The Christian Century*

Mussolini Acclaimed by Lord Rothermere

Lord Rothermere, the eminent British newspaper proprietor, sent this remarkable dispatch from Rome to his London newspaper, following an extended interview with Premier Mussolini, March, 1928. He calls attention to the great indebtedness of Western Europe to the Italian Fascist leader, but for whom "England, France and Germany would today be suffering from communist despotism." Declaring Mussolini to be "the greatest figure of the age," Lord Rothermere goes so far as to predict that "he probably will dominate the twentieth century as Napoleon dominated the early nineteenth."

"As you can see for yourself, the Fascist regime is unshakeable." These emphatic words spoken to me by Signor Mussolini during my visit here, deserve the attention of the public.

They are no idle boast, as well informed people sometimes represent Mussolini's claims to be. On the contrary, they are a plain statement of fact vouched for by five years of solid, steady achievement.

Among the great powers, Italy alone has the benefit of an administration of such continuity. It is five and a half years this month since Mussolini seized personal responsibility for his country's fortunes by his dramatic "march on Rome" in October, 1922.

To most northern minds that enterprise seemed at first no more than a desperate incident in Italy's impending collapse into Bolshevism.

The Italian nation virtually was at civil war. Railways, postal and telegraphic services, police and other essential services were hopelessly disorganized. Industry had been paralyzed for several years by revolutionary strikes. The government had lost all effective authority. Parliament was a feeble confusion of conflicting cliques.

This was a supreme crisis not only for Italy but for Europe.

I am proud of the fact that *The Daily Mail* was the first newspaper in England, and in the world outside of Italy, to give the public the right estimate of the soundness and durability of his work.

In articles published at various times in the last five years, I have expressed my own profound admiration for what Mussolini has accomplished. Each time I return to Italy I see fresh signs of persistent, patient improvement.

Mussolini himself sets an example of unceasing industry to his ministers and to the statesmen of every country. He is one of the hardest working men in the world. Besides being Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, he is Minister of War, Navy, Air and Interior, and he is head of the newly formed Ministry of Corporation, or Fascist trade unions.

To that broad table of his, in the corner of a vast room in the historic Palazzo Chigi, which with its lofty painted roof and row of fixed seats like choir stalls

> STRICT self-control and economy of time are the secrets by which this high standard of efficiency is achieved. Mussolini does not, like our own Cabinet ministers, devote a great part of his attention to the sterilities of parliamentary questions and debate. He takes no part whatever in social life. He sleeps eight hours a night. For ten years he has not taken a drop of alcohol. He does not smoke. He regards alcohol and tobacco as entirely unsuitable for people who have hard mental work to do.
>
> This opinion confirms my own experience and practice, for out of regard for the heavy responsibilities resting on me I have been for some time past a teetotaler and a non-smoker.
>
> —Viscount Rothermere

has something of an air of sacristy, are brought for Mussolini's approval reports and projects from almost every branch of public life in the country.

He sits there in a carved chair with nothing in front of him but a long list of his day's appointments, giving decisions on the manifold and complex questions that come before him with extraordinary powers of memory and judgment.

Very seldom does Mussolini need to call for the file of any state business which he previously had studied.

"Without good memory it is impossible to govern," is one of his sayings, and at the end of every day he insists that his table shall be absolutely clear, with no business whatever held over till morning.

Even after more than five years' firm but peaceful government, Mussolini still is much misunderstood abroad. The national discipline upon which he insists is falsely represented as evidence of aggressive intentions. I am quite convinced that this is the exact reverse of the truth.

The war Mussolini seeks to win is not military but economic and industrial. Discipline and devotion are as necessary in one kind of campaign as in the other.

"I need peace," said Mussolini, stressing the word "need," in one of the conversations I had with him. "Italy has a hard struggle of economic development still ahead of her. Foreign complications are the last thing I could afford. I have given proof of my pacific intentions. I have concluded and ratified a treaty of friendship with Jugoslavia, Italy's former rival.

"Jugoslavia signed this treaty but so far has not ratified it. That ratification is due in July, and I hope to obtain it. If it is refused the treaty, of course, may fall to the ground. But even so, there should be no need to fear a conflagration. Italy's relations with Jugoslavia would remain the same as those with other governments and since both are members of the League of Nations there would be a means of dealing with the danger of a conflict should it ever arise."

Mussolini referred with satisfaction to the fact that Italy was the first western European power to extend the hand of fellowship to Hungary by concluding a treaty of friendship with her. He told me he had been following closely the campaign which I am pursuing for restoration to Hungary of some of the compact populations that were artificially separated from the motherland by the misguided Treaty of Trianon.

"The Hungarians," Mussolini said, "are a chivalrous nation whom we Italians respect. They fought against us in the World War; but that does not prevent us from appreciating and admiring their good qualities, and there is now sincere friendship between Italy and Hungary.

"To leave such a nation depressed by an enduring sense of manifest injustice

IF the Bolshevists had succeeded, as seemed inevitable, in establishing a communist despotism in western Europe, England, France and Germany still would have been suffering today from their poisonous proximity.

Our escape from so great a danger we owe to Mussolini alone, who, from being the editor of a small nationalist newspaper and founder of a patriotic association called the Fascisti, not only carried through a bloodless revolution but since has given his country the most efficient government in Europe.

There can be no doubt as to the verdict of future generations on his achievement. He is the greatest figure of our age. Mussolini probably will dominate the twentieth century as Napoleon dominated the early nineteenth.

—Viscount Rothermere

would not be in the interests of the peace of Europe. The sanctity of treaties must be preserved, but that principle does not prevent the modification of the details of a treaty where, after careful examination, modification is found to be desirable. A treaty is not a tomb. In all history there never has been one which was eternal."

Mussolini went on to define the distinction between the Hungarian frontiers as fixed by the Treaty of Trianon and that which divides Austria from Italy and the Tyrol.

"Unlike Italy," Mussolini said, "Hungary cannot have a geographic frontier. But she could and should have a racial frontier. The Brenner Pass, which is the boundary of the new Italian Province of Upper Adige, is a natural geographical frontier, and as such is a guaranty of international peace.

"The Italian patriot Mazzini, who was a fervent apostle of the principle of racial unity, and the last man in the world to harbor imperialistic ideas, always declared that the Brenner Pass was the natural limit of Italy.

"The fact that some 200,000 people of the Austrian race happen to live on the Italian side of the boundary cannot be allowed to impair the security and geographic unity of a nation of 40,000,000 . . ."

The rapid growth of the population of Italy is a problem that is engaging Mussolini's attention. So much of the country's surface is mountainous that the average density of population is now as great as in England, though Italy lacks Britain's resources in minerals, and more than half of her population works on the land.

"We are carrying on a formidable scheme of colonization in our north African colonies of Tripoli and Cyrenaica," said the Italian Premier. "This involves costly public works, such as building roads and railways and sinking artesian wells.

"Our ultimate aim is to restore the north African coast to the fertility which in Roman times made it one of the granaries of the world." — Viscount Rothermere, in the London *Daily Mail*

SAFEGUARDING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

NOW, it has lately occurred to the minds of the wise and great that the English language is in danger of invasion, and it is proposed to establish an Anglo-American Council of English, which will take it upon itself to instruct us in the difficult art of writing and speaking our own tongue. . . .

The scheme lately proposed is not new. It was dreamed of by Swift, and sketched in the plain terms which were natural to him, and with a contempt for good sense which none would expect of him. . . . He would, if he could, have checked the influx of new words, as a general would bar the way against invaders. Yet the use of can't terms, or of slang as we call them now, has always, in the hands of an artist, been a sound method of enriching a language. The Elizabethans, who, Swift thought, did the most to improve the English tongue, and especially Shakespeare, were masters in this kind. But Swift had so little confidence in the future that he had most at heart the finding of "some method for ascertaining and fixing our language for ever, after such alterations are made in it as shall be thought requisite." . . .

The committee with which we are now threatened is not likely to achieve what the good sense of his age did not allow Swift to attempt. No wise man will admit the necessity of a standard speech. The passion for reducing everything to a uniform level is a political and not a literary passion. . . .

By whatever gate the invasion of foreign words and foreign terms of style invade our language, it is not to be turned back by a literary committee. It may be that the hundred gentlemen who will be asked to decide the fate of English will draw up a list of words and phrases to which they object. And there the matter will end. . . .

Their pronouncements will be heard by few, and those few the very men who are not likely to be convicted of error.

—*Blackwood's Magazine*

New York Is Not America

FORD MADOX FORD, English essayist, novelist and one-time collaborator of Joseph Conrad, had an amusing time writing his book of American impressions. It abounds with praises of "his" New York and with good-humored condemnation of other less-favored localities.

It might be argued that "his" New York is not "our" New York—that Mr. Ford's prejudices are pronounced. The fact remains that the metropolis he depicts is as authentic as anyone else's, that his prejudices have some basis of truth and that the New York of his cosmopolitan vision is not to be confused with Boston, Chicago or any other city on earth.

CHANGES. . . .Well, to me it is immaterial whether New York remains the financial center of the Western Hemisphere except that one likes, irrationally, the cities that one likes to have predominance in even immaterial things. And it would make me mournful for at least ten minutes if, in that respect, St. Louis or Dayton, Ohio, or Seattle or any other place should usurp the supremacy of New York. At the end of that time I should have assured myself by the employment of reason that I cared nothing about the matter.

Human psychology is very queer. I suppose that everybody who knows anything about them laments the decay of the ancient glories of . . . well, say Spain. It is sad to think that never again will the great galleons trail away into the golden sunsets. London to me to-day is nothing—or next to nothing. I know nobody of its seventeen or so millions—five people perhaps outside of my own family. New York really means a great deal more: my memories of her are nearly all pleasant . . . full of clean air and white Flatirons. All the same if some one—in Chicago, usually—tells me that New York—or more usually Chicago—is larger than London I feel a tinge of regret. For the only quality left to London is its largeness—its far-flungness . . . and its regrets. Immense, mournful and black-robed, she is a sort of Queen Victoria—a colossal Widow at Windsor amongst the cities.

So she should remain. But still more if the world is to be habitable for . . . oh, for men of goodwill, must New York retain her financial supremacy amongst the American cities. To me financial supremacy means nothing except if it means that in financially supreme cities life is rich and gay and Thought and the Arts can subsist on the crumbs. Apart from that, Wall Street might, for all I care, emigrate to Norfolk, Va. And yet it mightn't. It is pleasant to think that, amongst all her other bewildering delights, New York has that distinction. . . .I regard all bankers with distrust as being the root of most of the evil of the world; all financiers outside bankers I would export, as was done with the dogs of Constantinople, to a small desert island where they might subsist on each other's flesh. But it is difficult to see how New York could do that and keep at the bottom of the trunk that medal of the empty renown of Financial Supremacy. . . .

Precisely like one's war medals. One keeps them in bits of brown paper, tossed into a valise amongst old footwear, tubes of tooth paste and mildewed, forgotten papers. Occasionally, when on one's travels, one searches for a supplementary shoe-horn and digs to the bottom of the valise, getting a glimpse of the bright ribbons and the metal discs. For a second, then, one has satisfaction. . . .Atque ego. . . .Oneself, too, once. . . .

Whatever New York is or is not, she, like her other greater—for she is still by a million or so the greater—Great Aunt, Greater London, is incontestably an ark of refuge. A sanctuary. You go to New York as in the middle ages the victims of the Law, the King or the Vehmgericht fled to the altar. Alsatia . . . I figure ourselves—us, New Yorkers and their guests—who stroll in Central Park or hurry joyous, arm in arm, along Fifth Avenue between say the Cathedral at Fiftieth Street and the Wal-

dorf Astoria. . . .And surely Fifth Avenue between Fiftieth and Thirty-fourth Streets is the loveliest Street for its life and light and gayety in the world. . . .I figure ourselves as irresistibly recalling to the mind the gay, insouciant, idle strollers who, far away and long ago, in one Alsatia or Durham or another had escaped from the Wrath to Come and, cleaning their nails with their sword points, leant against sunbathed walls and jested at Time, Fate, Virtue, Law and the Seven Woes of the World.

And in the end that is the true consummation of Anglo-Saxondom. We, the true Anglo-Saxons—the real Hundred-per-Centers whose names are other than Hunderttausendstrassenhiemer or Putz — we are not only Saxon and Norman and Dane, we are Jew and Huguenot and Hussite and Anabaptist and Pilgrim Father and Absconding Bankrupt and Younger Son and Jansenist and Circumnavigator. We are, we Anglo-Saxons, from London to New York and Sydney and Hongkong and Delhi and back again to the Strand by way of the Boulevard Montparnasse, we are all the Bad Hats of the World. We are the Eternal Nuisances of Everywhere who have been kicked out by Everybody and we have traveled the world round and round and round and round again in search of the City of the Good Time. . . . So the sunlight falls on Fifth Avenue between Fiftieth and Thirty-fourth . . . for Us and there is now our Spiritual Home.

That is not merely lyric: it is historically true. Spitalfields silk; Bradford wool; Boston beans . . . all the famous commerces of Anglo-Saxondom are the products of Heretics and Nuisances to their kings and Countries. Flemish Protestants, French Huguenots; English Dissenters made those places and those wealths. The First Anglo-Saxons; the first Danes; the first Normans and the first Isaacs of New York and London Lombard Streeters —they were all the restless expatriates of the Universe. To-day you have New York—which is not America. . . . Well, in the old days you had Provence—which was not France. . . .

It is all very well to say that New York is the largest Jewish city in the world, the second largest Italian, the third largest German and the only large Irish city—or whatever statistics may allege. It is also true that if you sit in Bronx Park on a Sunday or walk down Sixth Avenue below Twenty-third Street on almost any evening you will not hear a word of English. . . . But you will not meet any but New Yorkers and it will be very New York Yiddish or Italian or German that you will hear.

—From Ford Madox Ford's *New York Is Not America*, by permission of A. & C. Boni

THE American who settles in New York becomes at once an ex-American. That would not be the case were his Main Street more supportable to him. And from then on his wistful kin remaining behind regard him as the lost soul—the Expatriate. To what extent his abandoned home exercises a pull on him it is scarcely for me to say. That, naturally, differs with the individual.

But he remains the New Yorker, because he is New York. He is why New York is no longer either little or old. He has determined that she shall be large, loose, easy and tolerant, because he is the reaction from the small town, the cabined frame of mind and the pressure of personal supervisions. And that liberty he enjoins on all the city.

—Ford Madox Ford

Two or three million young women in this country have walked off with the British Empire and, believe me, it is much safer in their hands.—David Lloyd George

TRADER HORN ON WITCH DOCTORS

IN this article, Trader Horn, whose book of African reminiscences has had such a vogue in England and America, discourses whimsically on "witch-doctoring" and discharges a few shafts of his jovial philosophy, that has not been dulled by nearly eighty years of tropic suns and campaigning.

MEDICINES—that's a great art. Greater than Harley Street {celebrated in London as the street of doctors and surgeons} thinks. Too conventional in that thoroughfare. Not willing to learn from the past and still less from the so-called savage. Put a witch-doctor from the backlands of the Ogowe River in Harley Street and he'd open their eyes. Knights and baronets would sit up. But they'd not give him credit. . . .

Take now the wild Myondo or Shalot. Readily eaten by gorillas, the youngsters and the old men. Natives say this Great Ape couldn't live without it.

The Myondo will cure almost anything—cancer, leprosy, pearl in the eye, a host of ills.

Harley Street won't believe that about cancer or leprosy though. Yet why do you find so little cancer among the natives? As for leprosy I've seen a chief who said he'd been cured by it. All gone except a little spot on one hand, half-crown size, like dried salt. Whether it ever spread again I don't know—not while I was there.

Blackwater fever too. They cure that. I had it when I was a lad on the coast and a witch doctor cured me. After that I went up and down the coast, the White Man's Grave, for years. I never had the fever again. I was immune.

When I got pearl in the eye a witch doctor cured me with the juice of the onion. Double distilled quintessence of Hades it was, but it fixed me. . . .

Love potions too. Why even an old man like me isn't safe with one of their love potions! Five months ago I was up in Zululand and they gave me one powdered skin off a snake's jawbone and herbs. It made me skittish for a month. Never again.

"Boss," said the medicine man, "your heart's good although you're old." So he flattered me to take it.

All that is part of Voodoo. You'll never kill Voodoo. It's all over the world under different names. I've travelled a bit and met it—not only in Africa. You can make the nigger an R. C. or C. E., put trousers on him and give him a hymn book. But when he's *really* sick or wants a *real* wish granted off he goes to the witch doctor or calls on Egbo to help him.

I'm a blood brother in Egbo, blood brother to Lola D—— the White Goddess of the Joss House that I rescued—it's all in my book—and I know that it works. Many a wish I've had granted. Many a nigger has stood by me whether I was right or wrong when he knew I was a brother in blood by the rites of Egbo. That's what it is. You swear to help and stand by each other no matter whether the other feller's right or wrong. Not many Christians do. You must never tell a lie either to another brother.

Cauterizing is another thing they know more about than we do. And Snakebite. Take a live chicken, pluck a spot on its breast, scratch it and apply it to the wound. The live bird will suck out the

ROVING SAILOR

"Roving Sailor, whence do you hail, sir?"
"From a far country, away to the south!"
"What is your race, and what is your name, sir?"
"A long, strange name, that is soft in the mouth."

"Roving Sailor, when did you land, sir?"
"Many long moons and centuries gone."
"Where have you lodged in the long, dim years, sir?"
"Lodged me in nooks and crannies of stone."

(Continued on next page)

TRADER HORN ON WITCH-DOCTORS

poison until it falls dead. Three chickens will cure you. But that's not cauterizing, only natural suction by the action of the chicken's circulation. They'll cauterize you with a pipeful of tobacco, red hot, clap it on the wound and then suck hard till it's drawn it all out and cauterized the wound as well. . . .

To go back to medicines. I shot most of my thumb off once. The Ojangan medicine man cured this with bark emulsion and the white insides of a cricket. It's all healed now and healthy. Cricket's insides are powerful medicine. Yet some won't have any medicine that's not in a capsule. That's civilization—belief in habit.

Some witch doctors though are rascals. Take Lola's step-father for instance, the feller who poisoned the Honorable George D—— and made his little daughter Lola the Izaga or Immortal Goddess in a joss-house. . . . He was witch doctor to the Eninga tribe and persuaded the old King to have his eyes put out, so that he, the witch doctor, could run things his own way. The King did so, being a very religious man.

This scamp claimed that he could raise the dead and give you a charm which made you safe from gun shots. I made him drunk, searched his medicine bag and found that his bullets which he had fired at him were of black lead which broke into dust.

I passed this word on to Matam, my great friend, son of the King Remb Ingogu of the Mpangues of the Bimvool. . . .

When I arrived at the Bimvool town I found the witch doctor. He stepped off some yards, fifty or more, after handing the gun to Matam and a bullet of black lead and said "Load." Matam loaded and the witch doctor went on talking to the spirits in the air. . . .

Matam fired and the witch doctor staggered and fell—dead. Matam had slipped in a real bullet. Great laughter followed this death of the *Cuckverrot* {Talking Fool} as the old King called the man. Sometimes powder and shot is cheaper and better than law, medicine or philosophy.—Aloysius {Trader} Horn, in the London *Graphic*

"Roving Sailor, what was your inn, sir?"
" 'Twas a fair garden, where erst I was set."
"After long travel can you not halt, sir?"
"Nay, I must wander to far lands yet."

"God be your guide, whatever betide, sir;
Fair be the havens wherever you fall;
But—wide though you wander—you bide still beside me,
Blooming all months on my grey garden wall."

—Agnes Fry, in the London *Spectator*.

Linaria Cymbalaria, the familiar ivy-leaved toad-flax, or Mother-of-millions, is also called Roving Sailor in Cornwall. There is good evidence that it is not a native British plant, but was introduced about the end of the sixteenth century.

THE thought of war will sit like a giant over all human affairs for the next two decades. It will say to all of us: "Set your houses in order. If you squabble among yourselves, waste time, litigate, muddle, snatch profits and shirk obligations, I will certainly come again. I have taken all your young men between eighteen and fifty and killed and maimed such as I please, millions of them. I have wasted your substance contemptuously. Now you have multitudes of male children between the ages of nine and nineteen mixing among you; and behind them come millions of babies. Of these I have starved and smashed a paltry million perhaps. But go on muddling, each for himself and his parish and his family, and none for all the world, go on in the old way, stick to your rights, stick to your claims, each one of you, make no concessions and no sacrifices, obstruct, waste, squabble—and presently I will come again and take all that fresh harvest of life, and those millions that are now sweet children and dear little boys and youths, and I will squeeze it into a red jam between my hands, and mix it with the mud of the trenches, and feast on it before your eyes, even more damnably than I have done with your grown up and young men."—H. G. Wells, in *The Christian Century*

Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

A SCENE IN JIPPING STREET
From the Drawing by Leon Underwood

The artist depicts with striking effect the atmosphere of a London slum washhouse, as described by Kathleen Woodward, author of a biographical study, Jipping Street: Childhood in a London Slum. *Page 51.*)

JIPPING STREET: CHILDHOOD IN A LONDON SLUM

HER own early life in Jipping Street—which winds from London Bridge to Old Kent Road—is recalled and set down with pitiless veracity and an austere kind of beauty by this author, a one-time London factory-worker who, a year or more ago, published a biography of Queen Mary of England, with royal sanction. Thus are queens and courts thrust abruptly aside, in favor of soapsuds and drying clothes, of beer and skittles in the blue atmosphere of the public house on Saturday nights. London slum life, as here described, ever bordered on tragedy, especially for a child who obviously felt a certain desperate sympathy for those around her. First among these was her mother, surrounded by an aura of girl factory workers, including Lil, at the foot of whose bed when she died stood "a little white box, trimmed with fancy paper—like the paper on which stood the wedding cakes at the pastry shop in the Borough; in the box was Lil's baby, two days old."

THE circumstances of my mother's life in no manner differed from the circumstances of the lives of those inarticulate people without number who compose the "lower" classes. She was born in poverty; she was acquainted all her days with the insecurity and uncertainty which are the heritage of the poor. She knew, she said, only two certain things: death—and the landlord; and for her the dawn of each new day was cast over by the pale shifting face of want. . . .

Nature had shaped her, nature as she breeds in the byways and alleys of great cities—crude, dumb, brutal, unlovely, unalloyed. A common lot she had, and lived a common life, and remains for me one of the most singular and individual women I have ever known.

Singular, for example, in her strength and poise; for my mother had that strength and that poise which come to those without hope and without fear. . . .

She was born and grew up in a back room behind Cloth Fair, within the sound of Bow Bells and the smell of the meat in Smithfield Markets; and she loved her mother with a passionate love made fierce and protective by the unbelievable cruelties inflicted on them both by her father.

A later generation would have called my grandfather mad; my mother and my grandmother thought him simply bad, and after he had bruised and trampled on their lives, he drowned himself in the Thames, to the inexpressible relief of my mother and my grandmother.

His body was recovered at Mortlake; and mother always spoke with pride of the fact that my grandmother, having sworn that she would never look on his face again, refused even to identify his body in the mortuary. I never heard one good thing about him. . . .

I like to think that mother once knew hope—when she had even white teeth and a laughing mouth and live, warm, eager lines, though she soon put away hope and fear and grew to suffer life as it came each day with a fine, flinty endurance; hardened in suffering, without illusions as she was without hope; enduring in proud obstinacy; without fear. Proud, obstinate, fearless, without hope and without that last noble extremity of courage which dares to hope.

"Life kicks you downstairs and then it kicks you upstairs," she said; for so it had been with her, numbing the warm, eager lines, now passionless, stony, and distorted beyond all loveliness and form. . . .

Six children she reluctantly bore, and she was in the habit of saying in a curiously passionless tone that if she had known as much when her first child was born as she learned by the time she bore her sixth, a second child would never have been.

Greatly in sympathy with mother, and in no little perplexity, I cried often with Job, "Why then was I ever born!"

"God only knows," mother would say, and rest the problem there, while I found neither knowledge nor consolation in her answer; for to me it was clear that if we children had never been born, mother's life would have been as an absurd dream of continued ease. . . .

She was eighteen when she met my

father and married him, and gave the reasons for her marriage with a rare and admirable veracity. She married him, she said, for a little quiet; for a rest and change from the turbulent life of the back room behind Cloth Fair, where my grandfather, affecting an extreme puritanism in his morals, beat them, and broke up the few sticks which composed their home, and once swung my grandmother round the room by her hair. It was on this occasion that my mother split open his back with a chopper. I have no doubt that he deserved the blow, and I never thought to question whatever my mother did; but I discovered in myself a shrinking from the chopper story, and a degree of wonder at mother's steady, consistent satisfaction in this particular event. . . .

My father was tall and slender, and summed up in his person the qualities my grandfather was notably without; he was exquisitely gentle and sensitive; he was refined without being cultured; quiet, retiring, having in him a certain quality which drew to him men, women and children. He retained his sensibilities and his charm through all his adversities; in squalor, poverty, want and ugliness unredeemed, his coat was brushed to a thread, his boots patched and polished. He bathed regularly and with infinite difficulty in a small hand-basin; he refrained from the common vulgarity of speech which surrounded him and was consistently fastidious in his habits. . . .

My mother had hardly been married when he fell sick with an illness which left him half invalid for the rest of his life, and my mother's bright prospects for rest and a change were thus rudely and abruptly set aside.

From that time on my mother became the stay and support of the home, and my father endured, in addition to untold bodily suffering, the peculiar torment of looking on helpless while my mother shouldered her superhuman burdens. . . .

He was born and brought up in circumstances unlike the circumstances of my mother's birth and early life; his family disapproved of his marriage to my mother, and hurt her more than once. So she most spiritedly cast them off—and no doubt discouraged any attempts they may have made to alleviate his misfortune. . . .

You must see mother as she most familiarly comes back to me: From out of the washhouse in Jipping Street, forever full of damp, choking soapy steam from the copper, which settles on the broken windowpanes and in a moment becomes a thousand little rivulets falling drunkenly down the surface of the windows and hangs in tiny, tremulous drops on the ledges which I can watch as I wait to turn the wringer. I wait, and watch the steam on the window, and listen to mother.

Out of the steam comes mother's face —pinkish purple, sweating, her black hair putting forth lank wisps that hang over her forehead and cling to the nape of her neck. The hairpins in her hair rust in the damp and steam.

ALL my life I have been haunted, possessed and pursued by a sense of the injustice of life as it is lived in the slums of London.

The conditions of life there are cruel and vicious, and I have wanted to shed a little more light on them ever since I can remember.

There is so much poetry of the spirit in the slums, so little opportunity to express it. Poverty is wicked and ugly, and as such should be wiped out for the ordinary man and woman. The super-man or woman has always been able to escape it, but only those who have fought that grim battle and won it can realize how hopeless it is for the average man or woman to try to escape. —Kathleen Woodward

"Christ!" she gasps, and wipes the sweat from her face, and for a few moments rests her hands on the side of the washtub—hands unnaturally crinkled and bleached from the stinging soda water.

"Wash, wash, wash; it's like washing your guts away. Stand, stand, stand. I want six pairs of feet; and then I'd have to stand on my head to give them a rest. . . ."

I eagerly looked forward to those nights when we left the washhouse at nine to take home the finished washing and collect more washing. . . .

On our way home we stopped at the "World On Its Toes," where mother had a glass of beer, and life took on a different look in the warm smell of fresh beer and sawdust; the gaslights turned full on, and everybody being friendly, at ease, and telling secrets to one another, and confidences. . . .

Such nights, over her glass of beer in the "World On Its Toes," she would relent and talk of the past; about the dead child, and father—pale-faced, gentle father, mysteriously withdrawn in sickness; father with the sunken eyes filled with tears because he is too ill to go out and work. Mother is saying he should have been a woman, for he is so delicate and ill and sensitive and anxious.

I try to think of him, and faintly, in the heavy, swooning odor of the lavender flowers mother used to burn in his sickroom, I can hear the sound of his voice, low, broken, quivering, coming through the bedroom door:

"What have I done to deserve this? What have I done?"

Dear God, what has father done? I am sitting on the stairs outside the bedroom door, supplicating, questioning, upbraiding God—waiting for mother, too afraid to go to bed. I know that he is holding on tightly to her as though to save himself from slipping into the arms of death; and it is easy to understand that death itself might be intimidated by mother, who looks unswervingly ahead, with a shut mouth and hard lines in her face, and divides her days between holding father back from the grave—and the washtub—and the scrubbing-brush—and occasional excursions. . . .

She sweated and labored for her children, equally without stint or thought; but was utterly oblivious to any need we might cherish for sympathy in our little sorrows, support in our strivings. She simply was not aware of any thing beyond the needs of our bodies. . . .

She had no love to give us and, thank God, she never pretended what she did not feel; but children miss the presence of love and wilt, when they are not embittered, in its absence.

At home it was always wintry. . . .

Life was vigorous, unrelenting; the multitude of odd jobs I performed was matched only by their singular unremunerativeness. Every penny weighed. I have the memory of winter mornings before the dawn, that time of day when the dark seems most improper and out of place—desolating mornings when the cold does not bite and sting, but damply enwraps you with a leech-like embrace.

We had to rise early for a place in the wood line and vividly I recall those first frigid moments greeting the dawn with querulous tears seemingly frozen under the eyelids {but keeping the eyes open}; the blind groping after clothes, and the growing sense of the urgency of the occasion, for wood we had to get.

Again in the street, to be frozen to all but the sense of utter desolation. I would make a muff of my wood sack to keep my hands warm, and from some less-frozen spot inside my head I directed the speed and motion of my feet; my legs I could not feel from the knees down.

The woodyard was only half a mile away, but on winter mornings it seemed an endless stretch in Greenland.

I made myself of use to Nellie, the barmaid in the "World On Its Toes." I fetched her Dutch cheese for the bar, which she cut up and sold in penny pieces; I ran for her hairpins which she used in great quantities, and from time to time I renewed the sawdust on the bar floors—the "private" bar and the bar for "jugs and bottles."

Nellie was very kind to children and much given to "complaints," which

meant frequent excursions to the hospital on the ancient site, and much talk over the bar of the "World On Its Toes," where everyone sympathized with Nellie.

On the whole, I was not unpopular in Jipping Street. Nellie, the barmaid, approved my serious attitude to life and discussed with me at much length problems of the bar, and the ravages, no less than the complexities, of her diseases, as if I had grown to the understanding of mature years. . . .

I had a rather full mouth, and sometimes the kids in Jipping Street called me "nigger lips." My mother said, however, that it was only that my top lip was where my bottom lip should be. My nose was small and turned upward. "That," said mother, drily, "is all because I cuddled you too close to my breast when you were a baby." I remember that she was given to wiping my nose frequently on the coarse apron she wore at the washtub. I had dark-brown hair, curly and always entangled. My mother straightened out the tangles with an iron comb, a horse comb I found in the stables. This was almost as painful as having my nose wiped on the coarse apron.

The size of my head seemed definitely out of proportion to the shape of my body. The cast-off clothing I wore did not atone for my lack of form, nor distract from the disproportion of my head to the rest of my person, and while my clothes never improved, my sensitiveness was never diminished. I suffered anguish on account of my looks and my person; but this I kept profoundly secret.

* * *

WHEN I consider how my days were spent before I went out from Jipping Street to work, it seems odd that the change should have assumed the tragic proportions it did assume, filling my days with a haunting fear, conjuring up to my imagination the most menacing prospects. I shuddered from the very thought of it, while resigning myself to the inevitable; for I was nearly thirteen and, as long as I could remember, I had been disciplined to the prospect of earning my living in the world outside of Jipping Street. . . .

I was filled with alarms, and I could no longer dream my dreams in the face of this reality. Impatient as I was of the helplessness, the exposure of childhood, now that the time was approaching to put it away forever, I wept unavailing tears, and in an agony of emotion formed desperate projects of escape—wild, impossible escape.

The days sped past on the wings of fear—I feared being out of the reach of my mother's strong presence; I saw clear visions of a new slavery, and feared it; I was afraid of the unknown I was about to face.

So I shed my unavailing tears, and bemoaned my cruel fate, and trembled for the unknown horror before me, and sure as fate, the day dawned when, armored against hunger with four slices of bread and dripping, fortified by a few curt words from my mother, I walked down Jipping Street, over the interminable Southwark Bridge in a pair of hockey boots my mother had picked up cheap on a stall. . . .

Daily I walked from Jipping Street across the bridge to the Monument, and from the Monument to St. Paul's, losing myself in the labyrinth of streets behind the cathedral, until I came to Jewin Street by way of Aldersgate. I retraced my steps at night with less spirit, taking a rest on the steps of St. Paul's; and again a rest at the foot of the Monument. I took my boots off on the curb of London Bridge, for, in addition to the unnecessary bumps on my hockey boots, they were a size too small and, at night, coming over London Bridge, it was like seven thousand red devils pricking, pinching, squeezing my feet until they felt like a long crease of red-hot fire. So I sat on the curb and took them off and walked the rest of the way to Jipping Street with my boots in my hand.

My duties in Jewin Street began promptly at eight o'clock. For this I rose at six, left Jipping Street at seven, and, in unwise fashion, I expanded my day's energy before I reached Jewin Street raging against the fates and con-

ceiving plans for wild, impossible escape.

All of which succeeded only in making me very hungry, and often, by the time I reached St. Paul's, I made inroads on the bread and dripping I carried for my lunch. Sometimes I fed the pigeons.

Our business in Jewin Street was the manufacture of men's collars, and I began my day dismantling the coverings from the machines at which the women sat—one hundred-odd coverings which made the room look strangely like a morgue overflowing with white-clad corpses.

At eleven, at one o'clock, and again in the afternoon at four, I faithfully carried a long broom handle filled with beer cans to the "Welcome," where my cans were filled with ha'porths of tea, coffee, cocoa for the women who needed these beverages. At one o'clock, in addition to drink, I bought innumerable ha'porths of cheese, pickles, bread, and, for the more prosperous ones, twopenny's worth of steak, or bacon—cut with a knife that had lain near the ham!

I grew expert in balancing the cans on my broom handle and at sneaking sips of cocoa or tea out of the cans as I walked up the dark stairs to the machine room. Also I picked at the cheese, and contented myself with smelling the bacon cut with a hammy knife, and imagining my emotions on first eating such delicacies.

When the women had departed, after 7:30, I proceeded about my melancholy finishing touches to the workroom. I put each machine to bed in its voluminous nightgown and swept up the dirt from the floor, banging the broom about within an inch of its life to relieve my feelings. . . .

The tiredness, the sheer physical exhaustion, that came upon me at this time of the day, is my most enduring memory. I could have slept as I stood. To this day I cannot look at Jewin Street without being overwhelmed with the tiredness I there knew, an aching tiredness, drawn out by the knowledge of a tomorrow which would surely bring with it the same inexpressible fatigue.

Then, like a ray of light from heaven shining a little unsteadily and with a preternatural brightness, Lil came into my life, and I have preserved her memory fragrant, to relieve those early days, gray, foreboding, but without the power to stay her laughter or dim the light of her eyes. I see her most clearly in obscurest settings which, without her face and the sound of her laughter, leave only a dull sense of inexorable wrong. . . .

She was nineteen at this time; I was still a long way from fourteen, and I gladly undertook the task of waking her in the mornings in time for work. Otherwise she would sleep till noon. I made her breakfast tea, which she drank while she dressed, and I cut her a slice of bread, which she ate as we hurried to work over Southwark Bridge, in the intervals of putting her hat straight and attending other parts of her dressing passed over in the hurry. . . .

Lil accepted admiration as her natural portion in life, and I also grew to accept the numbers of young bloods in the neighborhood who fought over her and, to ease the sorrows she caused them, drank themselves drunk in the "World On Its Toes," until closing time, when they would engage in recriminations and pleadings on her doorstep in Ben Rents far into the night. . . .

People hinted at the wildest irregularities and attributed them to Lil, and, now when I think of it, I see that she was not much concerned with the moral aspect of life or her own pleasures; but she smiled at the women when she sailed through the factory, and people smiled back at her, for Lil was irresistible.

She brought to us all the sun and the stars of another world, and its laughter.

Lil was twenty when the light went out from her eyes and we heard her voice no more.

A little white box, trimmed with fancy paper—like the paper on which stood the wedding cakes at the pastry shop in the Borough—supported by a trestle, stood at the foot of the bed; in it was Lil's baby, two days old. . . .—From Kathleen Woodward's *Jipping Street*, by permission of Harper & Brothers, through the author

THOMAS HARDY

THE death of Thomas Hardy, January 11, 1928, in his eighty-eighth year, drew forth universal enconiums and estimates of the great poet-novelist, who is called "the last of the Victorians." When Hardy was born, in 1840, a new group of writers—Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Browning and their satellites—were just reaching maturity. Before his death they, of course, had all had their day and vanished, leaving him alone and isolated in a different generation. Here are some interesting appraisals, dealing with him as a man, as well as an artist.

THOMAS HARDY, the maker of great tragedies, had through all his life learned the noblest lesson of the grand Greek tragedies of whose high thunders his voice was perhaps the last reverberation. He may be called a heathen rather than a heretic; for he was never near enough to Christianity to contradict it. But in none of his contradictions, such as they were, was there anything of that special sort of insolence against which the Greek tragedy warned heroes and kings. He was often provocative, but he was never proud. Down to the last days, when he received a universal veneration as the greatest of living Englishmen, he retained a splendidly unconscious simplicity.

An editor of a magazine told me that Hardy sent in his poems almost timidly, like a beginner, apologizing for crudity, even offering to correct mistakes. Even without the great work, that would convey something of the atmosphere of a great man. . . .

What we call the pessimism of Thomas Hardy had two roots, one striking back into Calvinism and the other feeding on the neglect and decay of English agriculture. Anybody living in the ancient and beautiful English counties during the last century or so was living in a dying civilization.

He was like a man hopelessly loving and inevitably losing the last traditions of the Old South in America, which had so many better things along with its aristocracy and its slavery. We also in England have an Old South. That also ran too much to aristocrats and not a little to slaves. But that also has been left to slide into poverty and decay, while the great industrial towns drank the life-blood of the land. . . . The general social aimlessness of the deserted countryside; of men that had lost the shrine of the peasant and never found the forum of the citizen. They had neither private property as a peasant understands it, nor public property as a citizen understands it. They were the servants of the rich—where the rich were growing poor.—G. K. Chesterton, in *The Illustrated London News*

* * *

THOMAS HARDY towered over our other English writers of fiction like a column, and there was something columnar in the massive grace of his work, in the solid and slowly laid basis of observation and thinking on which it rested, and in a kind of noble plainness that distinguished it. . . .

He was one of the most compassionate of all writers; his description of the wounded pheasants bleeding to death in the night after a day's shooting is ineffaceable from the memory; his sympathy seemed even to reach to the lives of the cattle, long dead, whose shoulders had polished the wood of the byres; and behind the matter-of-fact description of Tess at her field-work, after her calamity, you feel a kind of agony of helpless tenderness in the writer for all souls so troubled. . . .

Hardy would be a great man if only because he has given to the outward face and the common life of a great tract of rural England not merely reality but a kind of monumental and storied quality of reality. Wessex, through him, has ascended into the rank of the Lowlands as transfigured by Scott, the rural Spain of Cervantes, and the river gardens of Bagdad as they rose into imperishable beauty in the *Arabian Nights*.—The Manchester *Guardian Weekly*

* * *

HE suggested to me, more than anything else, one of those uncovered roots of mighty oak-trees that you will see, half bedded in deep moss in the glades of his own New Forest. Something steadfast, rough-grained, retiring, kindly—and eternal. For, surely, there is something kind and eternal about those woodlands, and woodlanders are inspired to tolerant and lasting thoughts. At any rate, in his peasant way he was the most charming man I have ever met —and I have met many. . . .

Frequently one hears that England is disappointing to the American visitor because it is so rapidly becoming Americanized. Well, you may Americanize the Tower of London, and the advertisements on the buses in London streets, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Birthplace, and the city of Stratford-on-Avon. But you never could have Americanized Thomas Hardy, or Gallicized him, or Scotticized or Celtically influenced him. He was as unchanging as the twisted oak-roots.—Ford Madox Ford, in *Books* of the New York *Herald Tribune*

* * *

AN impression of simplicity and of something which is almost the opposite of simplicity was the strongest impression I got from Hardy personally. At first sight, and when he began to talk to you, you might have thought that he was merely one of many men born in English villages. But he is one of the few people who have left upon me the personal impression of greatness.

I saw him last spring in the house which he had built for himself at Dorchester, and which, with its somber growth of trees, seemed to have been created by him as if it were one of his poems translated into brick, furniture, and vegetation.

He talked about his poems, and London as he had known it in his youth, and about his dog, "Wessex," all with great charm and extraordinary simplicity. He was a human being, not "the great man." And then he told a story which left me with that curious feeling which I so often get from his writing, of the mixture of simplicity and complexity, of doubt as to the degree of consciousness which he had of the implication of what he was saying.

He was telling me how he had been up to London during the war and one evening there was an air raid. He had been dining with {I think} Sir James Barrie, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Galsworthy. "A bomb might have fallen on the room," he said. "Just think! Well, all the chief English writers were there—there wouldn't have been much left of English literature. Just think of it!"

It was said with extraordinary simplicity, without the slightest implication that he was himself to be included among the chief English writers in that room, indeed somehow with the implication that he was not to be included. And yet, unless I was entirely mistaken, there was at the same time a tiny, charming twinkle in his eye.—Leonard Woolf, in the London *Nation & Athenaeum.*

WHY did this great novelist turn suddenly to poetry, not again to take up the form in which he had created his masterpiece? That the reception of *Jude* determined him, is not plausible; Hardy knew his novel's worth too well for that. Nor is it likely that he was discouraged by the inferiority of his next {and last} prose piece, *The Well-Beloved.* The reason must go deeper.

It is, one is forced to believe, that in poetry Hardy felt he could dramatize ideas even more forcibly than he had done in his novels, for the reason that in poetry he could express ideas more directly, for lack of a better term, more nakedly. Even while he was at work on his great prose fictions Hardy now and again turned out a bit of verse. And in *Wessex Poems,* published in 1898, two years after *Jude,* one will find startling parallels to situations and tragic relationships developed in the novels.—Percy Hutchison, in the New York *Times Book Review*

A Rebel Painter Now Rated As Classic

DURING his lifetime Paul Cezanne, the French painter, was pronounced a failure by his one-time friend, Emile Zola, and was violently attacked by the art-critics. But now his canvases hang in the Louvre, are prominent in many of the great European collections, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, and in the Art Institute, Chicago.

Roger Fry, himself a painter and a distinguished English critic, shows how a youth regarded as "the most impossible of revolutionaries" became a classic artist.

An admirable poetic appraisal of the modern French master was thus made by Alfred Kreymborg two or three years ago:

Our door was shut to the noon-day heat—
We could not see him.
We might not have heard him either—
Resting, dozing, dreaming pleasantly.
But his step was tremendous—
Are mountains on the march?

He was no man who passed;
But a great faithful horse
Dragging a load
Up the hill.

TO describe Cezanne's works, I find myself, like a medieval mystic before the divine reality, reduced to negative terms. I have to say first what it is not. Cezanne is not decorative like so many of our most gifted contemporaries; he is not what artists call "strong"—and goodness knows what strength some of us display; he has not the gift to seize hold directly of an idea and express it with an emphasis which renders it immediately apparent; he seems indeed hardly to arrive at the comprehension of his theme till the very end of the work; there is always something still lurking behind the expression, something he would grasp if he could. In short he is not perfect, and of many modern works one might predicate perfection. Many modern painters have intense assurance; no one was less assured than Cezanne. He often feels his way so cautiously that we should call him timid were it not that his tentatives prove his desperate courage in face of the elusive theme.

If I try to use positive terms they still are of the nature of limitations. Cezanne is so discreet, so little inclined to risk a definite statement for fear of being arrogant; he is so immensely humble; he never dares trust to his acquired knowledge; the conviction behind each brush stroke has to be won from nature at every step, and he will do nothing except at the dictation of a conviction which arises within him as the result of contemplation. For him, as I understand his work, the ultimate synthesis of a design was never revealed in a flash; rather he approached it with infinite precaution, stalking it, as it were, now from one point of view, now from another, and always in fear lest a premature definition might deprive it of something of its total complexity. For him the synthesis was an asymptote towards which he was for ever approaching without ever quite reaching it; it was a reality incapable of complete realization.

That at least is how I would endeavor to outline the specific character of Cezanne's art. But when one speaks thus of Cezanne it is necessary to explain that all this refers to Cezanne in the plenitude of his development, after many years of research, after the failure of many attempts in different directions—to Cezanne when he had discovered his own personality. Hardly anything of what has been said above would be true of Cezanne in his youth.

We are so familiar with the picture which those who knew him have given us of Cezanne as an old man, that we think of him inevitably in that light. We picture him in his retirement at Aix, disillusioned, shy, living in obscurity, avoiding all contact with the world—for all his timidity, capable of a sudden sally if attacked in his den—half-conscious of the immensity of his genius and yet ridiculously humble before accepted authority, or exaggeratedly pleased with

any recognition—we know all this so well, it composes for us so striking a portrait that it is difficult to picture Cezanne as a young man contemptuous of authority, full of Mediterranean exuberance, confident of success, bursting with ambition and assurance but already devoured by the purest passion for his art. Such was, however, the young Cezanne who came up from Provence to conquer Paris, who was recognized as the *enfant terrible* of the youngest group. His biting sarcasms against official art went the round of the studios. He seemed the most extreme, the most impossible of revolutionaries. One must imagine him at this period as having an abounding self-confidence, a paradoxical vehemence of expression which might have seemed like a pose to anyone who could not detect the intensity and purity of the passion which inspired him. If to all this, we add two characteristics the most unfortunate possible for anyone finding himself in such a position, namely an exaggerated sensitiveness which left him defenceless against harsh criticism and an exceptional want of even ordinary competence in the representation of those images which his feverish imagination engendered, we can see what tragic possibilities Cezanne's situation implied. . . .

The fact that as a boy in the public school at Aix he formed a close and intimate friendship with the youthful Emile Zola has perhaps more importance than has generally been allowed. In any case it adds certain vivid and picturesque contrasts to the drama of his artistic evolution. We get from reminiscences a sympathetic vision of these two little southerners who shared in a soaring ambition and a passionate devotion to the life of the spirit. It was Virgil that, like Dante, they chose for guide, but a guide to their own native country. Nowhere better than round Aix, among the sunburnt rocks and the aromatic scrub and ilex groves of that landscape could they find the clue to the classic sentiment for landscape, and it was indeed that sentiment which Cezanne was destined to recreate for the modern world not in terms of reminiscence of past works of art, but as a new and potent reality. Thus the two boys escaped on holidays for long days of wandering over the mountains, mutually exciting each other by their common dream of artistic glory.

> CEZANNE never doubted about his aim; his way was clear, he had to "realize," according to his own favorite expression. He gave himself up entirely to this desperate search for the reality hidden beneath the veil of appearance, this reality which he had to draw forth and render apparent. And it is precisely this which gives to all his utterances in form their tremendous, almost prophetic, significance.
>
> —Roger Fry

And it was perhaps the more precocious and superficial Zola who took the lead; for if in after years he showed how ill he understood the claims of artistic inspiration one has only to read his *l'Oeuvre* to see the immensity and generosity of his original conception. There was certainly nothing vulgar or interested in the dreams of these two schoolboys. But the curves described by their careers are admirably contrasted. Starting with the same ambitions, one arrived rapidly at a striking success and a world-wide fame, the other sunk into total failure and neglect; would indeed, one guesses, have sunk into total misery and destitution or into some scarcely less deplorable means of living, if he had not had the good fortune to inherit a small competence. The one who arrived at a great position became progressively less and less of an artist, more and more a worshipper of big editions, until in the end he prostrated himself before the public and its press. The other became more and more intensely an artist, and though al-

most unknown in his lifetime has become already to his near posterity a heroic figure. . . .

Cezanne's father was a well-to-do banker in the little provincial capital of Aix. He enjoyed the social prestige and shared the social prejudices of the provincial *bourgeoisie*, with the result that Cezanne's biography begins, according to the classic ritual, with the struggle against parental authority. The young Paul, for all his internal ebullition, was naturally timid and submissive, and on two occasions he obediently attempted to satisfy his father's desires and to become a banker. But at last the sight of so many illustrations in the margins of his ledgers persuaded the father to give up the desperate attempt, and Cezanne was allowed to settle definitely in Paris in order to learn his craft.

NOTHING is more touching, in the effect of Cezanne's great masterpieces, than the intense humility which they evince by their utter denial of bravura or self-consciousness. A Veronese or a Frans Hals may dispense with humility. Their virtuosity is sufficient for their spiritual needs. But every artist who is destined to arrive at the profounder truths, a Rembrandt, a Velasquez, or a Daumier, requires an exceptional humility.

—Roger Fry

We must imagine him at this stage profoundly convinced of the authenticity of his inspiration and like so many others filled with a confidence founded on ignorance of difficulties. He had of course begun to paint on his own account while he was still dutifully attempting to learn banking at Aix. It was there on four panels of his father's house that he painted those immense figures of the *Seasons* which are not without a certain primitive grandeur, and certainly indicate no lack of confidence. That he signed them with Ingres' name shows a curious youthful exuberance and playful insolence. But there are other works of this period which show him already in a more humble and serious vein. Exact copies of Dutch interiors, or careful and elaborate still-lifes in the Dutch manner slightly reminiscent of Kalf. But Paris brought out in him the other side of his character, his vehement and paradoxical revolutionary intransigence. Courbet had already set the note of the artist's arrogance to the public and Cezanne, who knew and admired him, became subject to his influence. . . .In 1866, soon after his arrival in Paris, and the immense scandal caused by Manet's *Dejeuner sur l'Herbe*, he sent two pictures to the Salon, *La Femme a la Puce* and *L'Apres-midi a Naples*. The handling and composition of the latter picture was calculated to outrage official sensibilities even more than the title of the former. Both were from the point of view of the official Salon wilful outrages of good feeling. Naturally they were both refused, whereupon Cezanne addressed a letter to the State Superintendent of Fine Arts. The letter remained unanswered, and he again addressed the authorities. In this letter he says, "I must repeat to you that I cannot accept the illegitimate judgment of confreres whom I have not appointed to judge me. . . .Let the *Salon des Refuses* be re-established. Even if I should be the only artist in it, I ardently wish that the public should understand that I have no more wish to be confounded with the gentlemen of the jury than they appear to have to be confounded with me." It is needless to say that this letter also remained unanswered: it was filed with the marginal note by an official at the office, "Impossibility of re-establishing the *Salon des Refuses* for reasons of public policy," but it fortunately has been disinterred from the official files to show the sublime arrogance and self-confidence of the youthful Cezanne, to show how long and hard a fight he was destined to wage. First of all a hopeless fight against official prejudice, and then the fight with

the exuberant romanticism of his temperament, which he won so triumphantly.

The second anecdote of Cezanne's life which affords so vivid a contrast with the one above is that when, after a lifetime of solitude and neglect, he heard that M. Vollard had organized at his shop in the rue Lafitte what was really the first exhibition of his works that had ever been held, he and his son went furtively to visit it, and that, as they came away, he said to him, "And to think that they are all framed!" Not that Cezanne ever doubted the authenticity, even the supremacy of his genius; but he had learned, what was repugnant to his youthful exuberance, that his was a genius that could only attain its true development through the complete suppression of his subjective impulses, and that, slow to arrive at expression, it would be even slower to gain access to the minds of his fellow men. He had learned thoroughly the lesson of humility. . . . A Veronese or a Frans Hals may dispense with humility. Their virtuosity is sufficient for their spiritual needs. But every artist who is destined to arrive at the profounder truths requires an exceptional humility.

We find him then at this stage—about 1870, that is—waking gradually from his youthful dream of taking the world by storm as the acknowledged master of a grandiose romantic art, a creator of impressive and imposing imagery. We find him beginning at last to take advantage of his real gift, the extraordinary sensibility of his reaction to actual vision of no matter what phenomenon. We are at the beginning of the period of his great still-life pieces. If one looks at one of the few early still-lifes, such as the little canvas which figures in the portrait of his father, and compares it with the the later ones, the contrast is striking. The early ones, for all their qualities of brave handling and vigorous emphasis, are utterly superficial as compared with the intensive and penetrating interpretation of the later.—From Roger Fry's *Cezanne: A Study of His Development*, by permission of the Hogarth Press, {London}

FINGERPRINTING BEGGARS

THE proverbial freedom of the vagabond is rapidly disappearing. In Germany every man or woman who admits to being a gypsy must now have a fingerprint taken and sent to the Gypsy Police Office at Munich, which attempts to exercise some supervision over those wandering colonies which have steadfastly refused to carry personal papers or to bother with birth, marriage, and death certificates.

In Japan professional beggars have their own union or association, which has protested against the precedent set by Tokyo police in forbidding the use of miserable-looking children as lures to ensnare the passer-by. These beggars declare that if such children are sent to the state orphan asylums begging will no longer pay.

A remarkable change has come over Italy and Sicily, too. Mussolini abolished begging by edict, and even attempted to suppress the mendicant organ-grinder abroad because he impaired Italy's dignity in foreign estimation. And Mexico is following Italy's example. During the Christmas season beggars proved to be such a pest in Mexico City that President Calles ordered the police to arrest them, and provincial authorities were charged to do likewise.

Czechoslovakia has been dealing with beggars in a rather complicated and interesting way. In Prague last winter a system was introduced whereby anybody who felt charitably inclined could buy metal discs from the city authorities. Then, instead of a coin, the mendicant was given a disc, which he took to a courteous and sympathetic, though perhaps not soft-hearted, Welfare Committee. Here he was given food, clothing, advice and work. The Czechoslovak Government, moreover, is now considering comprehensive and drastic measures to control roving gypsies. Vagrants will be required to possess identity books and to register their fingerprints and firearms.—*The Living Age*

How Napoleon Esteemed Women

"NAPOLEON was too great to love like a human being, and too small to be loved like a god," concludes Gertrude Aretz in her exhaustive study of the relations between Bonaparte and the numerous women who preceded, rivaled and followed Josephine in his "affections." These conclusions are not hasty or superficial, but are based upon information collected from the thirty-two bulky volumes of Napoleon's correspondence and from hundreds of memoirs and monographs unknown to the general reader.

NAPOLEON thought that women hated him. This was not so, but they were all more or less afraid of him. On public occasions he would sometimes throw them into a condition of helpless embarrassment. At court receptions, every lady present dreaded the moment when the Emperor would speak to her. He would pay her roughly worded compliments upon her dress, or would proclaim her love affairs to the world. This latter was his way of improving the moral tone at his court. A young unmarried girl might expect to be asked how many children she had. As for recently married women, he would enquire of them in how many months they expected to be confined. Elderly ladies would learn that the Emperor did not think they had many years more to live. If, on introduction, a woman seemed to him ill-favored, he would burst out with: "Mon Dieu, Madame, I was told you were good-looking!" In a word, he was utterly lacking in the gift for amiable flattery; he had not the talent for which his brother Lucien was especially noted, the talent for agreeable trifling. Should a lady appear in his presence unrouged, he would blurt out before the assembled company: "Madame, go home and make up a little; you look just like a corpse!" Or: "Why are you so pale? Have you just had a baby?" No one will deny the brutality of such questions and remarks.

> WOMAN is indispensable to man's animal organization; but she is even more essential to the satisfaction of his sensibilities. She is his natural companion, created specially for him. Therefore, were it only for her sake, he must win this companion, and be inseparable from her. He must identify himself with her, must pour his heart into hers. Then the two of them, fortified against unbridled lusts, will be better enabled to enjoy the charms of life.—Napoleon Bonaparte

Yet this man, who was so cruelly blunt before the public, who regarded love as a destructive emotion, who seemed to despise women, had a passionate temperament, a heart that craved for love. He wrote ardent and affectionate love letters. The man who maintained that love was nothing more than crazy hopes was consumed with longing in Italy when he was vainly waiting for Josephine to join him. In the Syrian desert, he knew all the pangs of bitter jealousy when he learned that his wife had been unfaithful to him.

Josephine! She was the only woman to whom his heart was wholly given; she was the only one who had an influence over him. He loved her, notwithstanding the difference in their ages. Sometimes his feelings towards her were jealous and harsh; sometimes they were tender and trusting. She understood him as no other woman did. She tolerated all his caprices with amazing patience, and never failed to conquer him by her kindliness or her tears. Napoleon's own words about her were: "I was never in love with any woman except Josephine." There were, indeed, other women, such as Countess Walewska, Mademoiselle George, Madame Foures, Madame Duchatel and Carlotta Gazzani, who en-

joyed his favor for considerable periods; but not one of them could boast of exercising any influence upon him either in private life or in affairs of State. He remained true to his principle: "The man who lets himself be ruled by a woman is a fool!" Another favorite saying of his was: "A man who cannot staunchly follow the guidance of his own feelings and his own principles, is unfitted for the tasks of war and government; amenability to influence must be left to women."

Are we, then, to say that Napoleon was a tyrant, that he was brutal towards the women with whom he came in contact? Facts are against him, but none the less the answer is in the negative. He was a man; and, despite appearances to the contrary, he was susceptible. A gentle voice, a tender word, or a tear, could arouse sympathetic vibrations in his heartstrings, and he would then betray delicate sensibilities. Writing to Josephine from Berlin on November 6, 1806, he said: "I detest intriguing women: I am used to good and gentle women, and these are the only kind of women I like." Had not Countess Hatzfeld been modest in her demeanor and meek in her approach, she would never have been able to save her husband's life.

It is true that Napoleon was sometimes inconsiderate in his behavior to Josephine. He made no attempt to conceal his love adventures from her, took no precautions to keep these matters quiet. When he had a new flame, he would be less affectionate to his wife than usual. But such peculiarities were just—peculiarities, and not the outcome of a brutal disposition. Josephine had merely to shed tears and he was vanquished, for his tenderness knew no bounds. This is very different from the conduct of a really brutal man, who gloats over the sufferings of the woman he hurts. Napoleon was far from being callous. Had he been so, he could not have written in the *Discours de Lyon:* "The feelings are the most intimate bonds of life, society, love and friendship." He regarded the feelings as the source of all the pleasures of life and all the pains. He considered that only an impotent and unstable man could be incapable of feeling.

> EVEN though woman played a subordinate part in the life of the great Emperor, still, he was neither brutal nor tyrannical nor dissolute in his relationships with the fair sex. He was, indeed, hard; for he never lost sight of the goal towards which he was striving: but he was neither a bad man nor a rough one. His character was much too strong for him to be a bad man.
>
> —Gertrude Aretz

But to a man with Napoleon's temperament, even the most trifling manifest domination on the part of a woman necessarily seemed intolerable. In 1806, when he was in Posen, Josephine, tortured by jealousy, wrote him a reproachful letter, upbraiding him because he would not allow her to join him. His reply ran as follows: "Oh you women! You are insatiable. What you want, must happen. For my part, I regard myself as the lowliest slave among men. My master has no heart in his bosom, for my master is the nature of things!"

Yes, that was the only master Napoleon acknowledged, and before this master he had to bow in the end. But neither love nor woman ever had power over him.

In St. Helena, when conversing one day with his fellow exiles, he said, half in jest and half in earnest: "Really we westerners do not understand woman at all. We have spoiled everything by treating her far too well. It was utterly wrong to lift woman up almost to our own level. The orientals managed these matters much better. They declared that woman was man's property; and in very truth nature made woman to be the slave of man. It is only because our views are topsy-turvy that women can claim to be our rulers. They misuse cer-

tain advantages in order to lead us astray and to dominate us. For one who inspires us to do good things, there are hundreds who bring us to folly."

In Napoleon's mouth, these utterances were only half-truths. He merely gave vent to them in order to tease Madame Montholon and Madame Bertrand.

It has been contended that Napoleon was a vicious man, a debauchee. The attempt to maintain this would be unjust. . . .

Beyond question Napoleon was not free from weaknesses and faults. He had mistresses; he was faithless to his own marriage bond and failed to respect the marriages of others; he plucked a good many flowers and then threw them away unheeding. Where, however, shall we find anything perfect in this world? He was great enough to be allowed to have faults. But there is a wide difference between faults and weaknesses, on the one hand, and vices and excesses, on the other. His disposition made these latter uncongenial to him, and in his confidential intercourse with women he was backward rather than aggressive. He regarded chastity as women's supreme virtue. "In women," he said, "chastity is what courage is in men; I despise a coward just as much as I despise a loose woman."

A man with these thoughts could not have been so brutal as Napoleon has sometimes been depicted—and is still depicted. In certain cases, doubtless, as in his conduct towards Queen Louise at Tilsit, and in his relationships with Madame de Stael, Madame de Chevreuse, and one or two of the ladies of his court, he was open to criticism. But here we have to do with very different causes than the brutality which has been ascribed to him. He did not like women to interfere in politics: he detested blue-stockings; and he could not bear women with a past, or women who were on the way to acquire one.

"It would be better," he said once to Roederer, "if women were to do more work with their hands and less with their tongues, especially as far as interference in politics is concerned. . . . States are lost as soon as women interfere in public affairs. The France of the old regime was ruined by the late queen. If a woman were to advocate some political move, that would seem to me sufficient reason for taking the opposite course." On another occasion, in the twenty-ninth bulletin of the Grand Army, which went the round of Europe, he wrote: "The papers discovered in Charlottenburg will prove how unhappy are those princes who, in political matters, allow themselves to be guided by women."

That was why neither the wonderfully beautiful Queen Louise nor the clever Madame de Stael could make any headway with him.

Let us take a just view of the Emperor of the French. Perpetually occupied with his titanic plans, working in his study hour after hour every day, a man of genius whose mind was continually giving birth to new and more fruitful ideas—Napoleon had scant leisure for the study of women and their peculiarities. The fleeting moments during his youth when he may be said to have devoted himself to the theoretical study of woman, did not suffice to make him an expert in this field. Nor could he learn from practice, since he was not a professional seducer. For this, too, time is needed, and Napoleon had no spare time, even in his subaltern days. Work was his natural element! He lacked leisure to cultivate the flattering tongue of the seducer, to make himself intimately acquainted with the elegancies and the subtleties of the amorist's well-stocked vocabulary, with the arts and graces which every woman in love expects from her lover. That is why Napoleon never had a truly devoted mistress.

When he had an hour or two to spare for woman, he spent no time upon deliberation, but went straight forward towards his goal, without circumlocution, and without sentimental feelings. Work and glory were always the first things for him. That is why he had little respect for a feeling which softens the heart and makes people pliable. It may explain the thoughtlessness with which

one day he kept the actress Duchesnois waiting half-clad in a cold bedroom, and then sent her home unceremoniously when she ventured to let him know that she was freezing. Perhaps, too, it explains the lack of sensibility with which he would often parade his infidelities before Josephine. He would sometimes tell her his adventures, and would not allow her to complain. "If a man is unfaithful," he would say, "let him acknowledge the fact without compunction; such things leave no trace on a man. His wife will at first be very much annoyed, but she will forgive him; often she will gain by it. But when a woman is unfaithful to her husband, things are very different. In her case it is useless for her to acknowledge her fault without compunction. Who can be sure that it has left no consequences? The false step cannot be retrieved; and that is why she cannot, must not, behave like a man in such matters. Besides, there is nothing degrading to woman in this difference between the sexes. Each sex has its own possessions and its own duties. Woman's possessions are beauty, charm, the art of allurement; her duties are subordination and dependence." Napoleon was also wont to excuse his lapses by saying: "I am a different man from other men. The laws of morality and decorum do not apply to me."—From Gertrude Aretz's *Napoleon and His Women Friends,* by permission of George Allen & Unwin {London} and the J. B. Lippincott Company

A Letter to My Dog

MY Dear Whuff,—

Is it illogical to indite you a letter? I do so because in this way I can most easily make explicit to myself just what I feel about our friendship, and how the miracle is possible that you and I, as thousands of others in like case, can be friends and brothers.

An intense desire to understand me has developed your intelligence, but perhaps your affections and emotions matter more. . . Your gift of forgiveness was a rebuke to me that day I returned from a sporting expedition. With cruel carelessness, I had allowed you to see me go forth with my gun, closing the door quickly between us. You did not bark or protest in any way. But you went to my bedroom, a place you had seldom entered, pulled an old shooting jacket from the cupboard, and lay on it, its smell in your nostrils, till I came back. There was no touch of rebuke in your welcome; but the mute protest was so unendurable that next time I will offend a neighbor by taking out a dog too many rather than leave you to pine.

Your immense joy in going out with a gun is inspired in part, I must believe, by feeling that we are particularly *en rapport* when in pursuit of game. We are primeval hunters, in some sort equals. Yet you bring to my feet proudly and affectionately, the prey you would give your family in a state of nature.

Not many things baffle you when it is a question of game. How you lift your head for partridges and waver this way and that, indicating that the scent has more than one source! How close to the ground and steady your progress in the wake of a rabbit. Your speed and excitement rise visibly when you become aware of a pheasant. Tell me how it is that the only bird, other than the game bird, that at all excites you is the lark. Since you excel me by 340 to 1 in the sense of scent, I cannot pretend to understand your sense any more than you can interpret my brain.

Sometimes your confidence in me is undeserved; the "praise that hurteth more than blame," as Whittier wrote. When the birds are flushed and the exciting shot is heard, you must believe that a bird has fallen. It is quite impossible for you to believe that Homer has nodded, that your god has been hampered by mere weakness.

Your reason has always wanted to grasp what was just beyond you, and you have therefore learned wonderfully. With

great labor you have learned a few words. I put the number down at about 10 or 11: "here; lie down; heel; mat; basket; pussy; fetch; shoot; seek; good dog; Whuff." Some you learned by much repetition; one by the intensity of your jealousy.

Pussy used to annoy you by deliberately walking past you and tapping your face with her vertical tail, and you came to dislike her so completely that even the word "pussy" on a person's lips made you uncomfortable.

The depths of your sex loyalty are profounder than ours. The dog that will attack a bitch is hardly known; and this same courtesy you extend to the human child. The infant is not born who can try your tolerance too hard, whereas a cat will scratch an offending baby. The brain in that big forehead—the heaviest brain of any dog—has given you a reverence that no excitement, however sudden, can shatter. Even if you are ill or in pain, you will let me subject you to any painful measure, quite sure that I know best, or at worst that my intentions are good.

I might say that you possess imagination, but not reason. You throw yourself so whole-heartedly into our thoughts, cling so to our habits, so obey our speech, that your mind jumps with us—*les beaux esprits se rencontrent;* and if you have not a *bel esprit,* then man and dog never loved one another.

Ah, Whuff, there my letter ends. You can understand it as well as any human being in like case; for your short, short life is over. Can I bear to seek another companion?—Sir W. Beach Thomas, in *The Atlantic Monthly.*

AMERICA IS "VITAMIN-CRAZY"

MEDICAL science has been built upon mistakes, one greater than the other. But the greatest of all is the mistake about diet, especially about the good proteins. What you call good proteins, I call bad proteins.

Doctor Monrad, professor and director of the Children's Hospital in Copenhagen, has reported about three hundred and fifty children who got ill through feeding with too much butter, whole milk, cream and eggs. They were meager, slack, tired and anemic. As soon as these foods were taken away and they were given instead skimmed milk and vegetable margarine, the children got healthy, got red cheeks and increased in weight.

When Dr. Monrad was told that I intended to go to the United States, he said, "Tell them that they are vitamin-crazy." . . .

The potato is perhaps the most healthful and the cheapest of all foods, the food that per acre gives the most nutriment.

You have heard about the Irish and their potato bellies. In 1926 I made a visit to the western part of Ireland. I found there the poorest people I have ever met. They lived mostly in primitive rubble huts without floor and without ceiling. I had dinner with them, a dinner that consisted of potatoes and of potatoes alone—without butter, gravy or bacon. We were only offered some buttermilk to drink with it. The evening meal was usually the same. In the morning and afternoon they had bread, a little butter and some strong tea. The same every day. On this diet I found the strongest and healthiest people in the whole of Ireland, and I believe in the whole of Britain.

Bran is one of our very best foods. It contains the best kind of protein. Besides all the vitamins and the most of the minerals {chalk, phosphor and iron} of the wheat, bran protein can replace meat, egg and milk protein.

A pure lean meat diet is poisonous for man, there is no doubt about that. But this does not prove that a certain small amount of meat is poisonous. I suppose that it is best not to eat meat at all, but this I am not able to prove, and I have the principle not to tell things that I am unable to prove.

The best diet should be composed mainly of *whole-wheat or whole-rye bread, barley, oats, potatoes, butter* {*or margarine*}, some *green vegetables* and some *fruits* as relish.—Dr. M. Hindhede, Health Commissioner of Denmark, in *Good Health,* {Battle Creek, Mich.}

A MODEL EGYPTIAN FLAG-SHIP FROM THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN

After a Photograph by Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

Reproduced here in its actual coloring is one of eighteen model ships, over 3,000 years old, found in the tomb of Tutankhamen, and constituting his "funeral fleet" for voyages in the other world. Describing these "vessels for the holy pilgrimage to and from Abydos," Howard Carter, the Egyptologist, says: "The leaders for each journey to and from the holy spot have a midship mast, rigging and square sail, and steering-gear. They have also an ornate cabin amidships, and a gilded pavilion on the forecastle and poop decks . . . Though these vessels have a peculiar pointed stem and fish-tailed stern, they recall the nagga *still plying on the Nile."*

A NOBLE EGYPTIAN PAGEANT FROM THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN

Above, a photograph by Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

WALT WHITMAN

HERE is a contemporary appraisal of America's "good gray poet" by the distinguished poet-critic Sir Edmund Gosse, whose death at the age of seventy-eight deprived English letters of "incomparably the best literary journalist of his time." Gosse has the distinction of having been, along with William Michael Rossetti, Edward Dowden and J. A. Symonds, an early and unswerving English champion of Whitman. He was a painter of word portraits, an interpreter of literary epochs. "in whose method of approach to a writer he disliked there was always something feline. He would sidle up to his victim, and protruding a velvet paw, would give a gentle scratch, which usually drew blood."

Following this estimate of Walt Whitman is one of Gosse himself by a distinguished compatriot, Harold Nicolson, to whom "the enduring impression which Gosse will leave on those whom he befriended is one of gratitude."

MANY authors of the past make a strong appeal to some persons while they repel the attentions of others. But there is one author who has the peculiarity of being attractive or repulsive to the same persons at different periods of life, or condition, or even weather. There can be no consistency in the attitude to Walt Whitman; those who approach his work are thrilled by him to-day and disgusted by him to-morrow. It depends not so much on him as on themselves; on whether they are young and eager or weary of life; on whether they are passing through certain moods or have ceased to have a particular experience; on whether the sun is shining and they are out of doors or whether they sit in an armchair before the fire. Whitman is himself so various within definitely recurrent outlines, so uncompromisingly violent, that, as he stands before the reader in his blank nudity, it depends not on him so much as on the reader whether the aspect of him pleases or annoys, and in consequence we have the phenomenon of careful judges inspecting Whitman to-day and giving him the first prize, when tomorrow they will indignantly eject him from the category of competitors. It all depends on the reader himself—on his mood, on his physical state, on his accidental attitude to life. I know of no other writer who depends so much on our nerves and our digestion for the mode in which we welcome or repulse him. . . .

We run great danger if we read *Leaves of Grass* carelessly or blindly. The discreet companion of Whitman's extraordinary mind has to fix his attention and to reserve his judgment. He must be prepared to accept the almost delirious self-revelation of "Translucent mould of me" with intelligent comprehension; and then the terrible "I dote on myself, there is that lot of me, and all so luscious!" with the reserve of a cultivated man. He must let Whitman conduct him, and yet must remain his own master. Whitman's amazing inequalities, which are not merely inconsistencies of style, but are inherent in his barbarous originality, set traps for the infatuated reader at every turn, and yet the reader must be infatuated or Whitman has nothing to say to him.

The early career of the author of *Leaves of Grass* is of significant interest, and it is curious to notice how two features of it moulded his temperament and future work. On the one hand, there was the serene and dreamy childhood in Long Island, where he loafed on the hot sand with limitless ocean "madly pushing" on the shores beside him, where he grew "enamored of living outdoors," where he conceived his passion for the harmony and loveliness of "voluptuous and cool-breathed earth." It was from these memories of a sweet-scented and untrammelled infancy that all the beautiful freshness of his happiest poetry sprang. . . .

But there was another side to the medal. From his twenty-second to his thirtieth year Whitman was immersed in the journalism of New York, which at that time was perhaps the worst in the world. . . . What sub-editing the *Brook-*

lyn Daily Eagle must have been in 1845 may be gathered from the somewhat jaundiced and exaggerated reports of Dickens. When the innocent Whitman arrived at the office of his newspaper, would he not find Mr. Jefferson Brick "at his usual post in the van of human civilization and moral purity"? Would he not be taught to admire and to emulate the rhetoric of Mr. Zephaniah Scadder? Would not the English of the Water-toast Association be the model of his prose? Was all this not responsible for the hideous crudity of phrase which seems to be always lurking to leap out upon Whitman's most ambitious periods?

In this connection, it is useful to distinguish the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* {1855} from the numerous reprints and enlargements which Whitman published almost to the year of his death. My own copy, which belonged to the late Lord Carlisle, happens to be the earliest which reached this country. It is a very odd-looking book, a thin folio the poetical text of which is printed in large and almost handsome type, but is prefixed by a long essay in prose in small and shabby print. This preface, which was immediately suppressed, although I believe that it was once reprinted, in *Specimen Days* {1882}, is historically interesting because it displays the poet still shackled by the chains of New York journalism. The amusing thing is that this preface reads like a flattering review of *Leaves of Grass* written by Mr. La Fayette Kettle for the *Rowdy-Dowdy Journal.* What is prodigious in the poetry becomes mean and bumptious in this dreadful prose, which repeats in poorer phrase the principles of the poetry. Here we have interminable lists of nouns, an uncertain use of showy foreign words, self-praise of the author's "gigantic and generous treatment" pf the colossal theme, a local and purely American scorn of tradition, of "the gaggery and gilt of a million years." These things are occasional defects in the tissue of the poems, but they do not ruin it; in the Preface of 1855 they run rampant, and are sufficient to explain, though not perhaps to excuse, the resistance made by the sensitive New England culture of the hour to a form of art so recklessly hung about with the worst tinsel of a bunkum style.

The one exception to this New England repulse was the famous letter of Emerson. I do not think that full justice has ever been done to the courage and foresight of the Concord philosopher. In 1855 Emerson was still the center of the transcendentalist movement, and looked up to by a rapidly widening circle as a guide in morals, ethical and intellectual. He had a great sense of what is called responsibility. But a recent visit to Europe had widened his views, and he showed a tendency to react against the prejudices of the American hour. Consequently, *Leaves of Grass,* containing so much that was terrifying to the average New England intelligence, might come into Emerson's range at a moment when he was asking Evil to become his good—admitting, as we must admit, that to a sheltered nature like that of Emerson the immodesty, the self-consciousness, the

TO A CONTEMPORARY

By my fast horse that knows no rest
And, like its rider, never tires;
By my strong concentration, which
Shall take me where my heart desires;
By my great power to stand transfixed
At beauty, when my mind commands it;
By my strong faith that I'll not fail
At morning, noon or night to find it;
By my desire for longer life,
My ecstasy in mortal breath;
By all my healthy hate and fear
In thinking of the hour of death;
By all this joy, by this content,
By all my faith in what I plan;
By all these all-sufficing friends—
How can I envy any man!
True to a heart that joy makes kind,
And praising things of little worth;
Still giving praise where none is due—
No greater liar walks the earth.

—W. H. Davies, in *A Poet's Calendar,* by permission of Jonathan Cape (London)

"barbaric yawp" of *Leaves of Grass* would appear definitely "evil"—and yet that he might welcome it as an element in that stimulus to emotion which he was always trying to introduce into the sluggishness of the American conscience. To this must, of course, be added the response that Emerson's catholic taste in style could but make to the extraordinary lyrical beauties scattered through the strange, wild book. But when we have thought of all this, there remains a justified surprise at the courage of Emerson—"I give you joy of your free and brave thought," "I find incomparable things said incomparably well." The letter was magnificent in its generous perspicacity, and the more admirable because it was for many long years practically the only recognition which any American critic gave to Whitman's genius.

We have been told that Emerson was afterwards vexed with himself for having welcomed *Leaves of Grass* so impetuously. If it were so, it would but be another example of the way in which the writings of Whitman affect the nerves of the reader. Evidently the strange dark green folio, with the haunting frontispiece of the author "stout as a horse, affectionate, haughty, electrical," could reach Emerson at a moment when his own moral and physical condition prepared him to receive its message. A year or two later he would open the book in another mood, and find it utterly distasteful. This is not how we take up other writers. It is not necessary to be well or ill, to have received an appointment, or to be crossed in love, to recognize the qualities of Milton or of Keats. You may be the luckiest of men, and yet enjoy the verses of Leopardi. But Whitman, in a very curious way, makes himself part of the element which surrounds each of us, and our response to his blunt and direct challenge is likely to be disturbed by any accidental sensation. "Stranger, if you passing meet me, and desire to speak to me, why should you not speak to me?" he asks, and the reader replies, "I desired with something like ecstasy to speak to you yesterday, but to-day I can't bear the sight of you!"

The reputation of Whitman is lowered by the excess of what he published, and of what his disciples have collected. I do not undervalue the interesting revelations in many of the "Carols" and "Calls" and "So Longs!" of the poet's later years, but they do not mark any particular advance in his thought. It would be unfortunate to miss the beautiful and mysterious *Calamus*, which no one has been daring enough to fathom, or a few of the *Drum-Taps*, but on the whole the volume of 1855 gives us all in Whitman which is essential. It contains the novel and transcendent view of modern life, especially of masculine life, the incomparably daring physical suggestions, the profound sincerity, the confusion of things adorably with things hideously stated. It contains some of the very best of those sudden vignettes, "snap-shots" of nature, and of the adult man in nature, which form the principal ornament of Whitman's poetry—the trapper's wedding, the jolting hay-cart, the bathers, and others still more audacious than these.

The intense personal vitality of Walt Whitman, the emphasis he lays on the physical condition of the typical athlete, in whom he pre-eminently sees himself, is fully indicated in his first collection of what it is convenient to call "lyrics."... But the essence of the "message" is exactly the same; it is the disgusted son of Tammany throwing off the horrible atmosphere of the *Daily Eagle* and descending to the "far-swooping elbow'd earth, rich apple-blossom'd earth" of Long Island. And there, in sound of the sea, lying at ease, through the transparent summer morning, on the soft pure grass, which is like the handkerchief of the Lord, the exile from Manhattan meditates on his own bodily condition, and on that of millions of his fellow-males.

For that is really the one subject of Walt Whitman, the masculinity of other men, illustrated by the phenomena of his own body, while his peculiarity is the fact that he is without sentimentality in the directions in which most other persons are, or think they are, sentimen-

tal. His interest is centered in the male, the youthful but mature man, in the open air, untroubled by self-analysis; and all his study is of the instincts, habits, sensations of this type. He has no real interest in any other. His references to women are perfunctory he is occasionally occupied with matrons, but only, or almost only, as the mothers of future American heroes. When Whitman seemed to be most audacious, he was often most secretive, and those who study him closely will not be the dupe of *Children of Adam*, nor of the subterfuges of his alarmed correspondence with John Addington Symonds. It is best not to inquire too closely about all this, but to accept Walt Whitman for what he gives, for his prodigious candor, his zest in life, his "sweet aromatic presence," the undeniable beauty and originality of his strange unshackled rhapsody.—From Sir Edmund Gosse's *Leaves and Fruit*, by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

SIR EDMUND GOSSE—A LITERARY CONNOISSEUR

EDMUND GOSSE was not a very amenable man, and he was often petulant. He had a great deal of give, but little take. He winced away from imagined insults, and, being combative, he resisted with tooth and nail. Let this be said at the outset. Gosse had his enemies, and they were mostly of his own creating. He was surrounded, as he himself would have phrased it, "by a tremulous web of sensitiveness," which thrust him into the defensive, the proud, the rancorous even, in cases where a little indifference would have kept him calm.

"It is odd," he said to me the other day, "about old age. I feel *benign*." I said something about his unfailing kindness to all who asked him for advice. "Yes," he murmured, "but such people are my friends. And now that I am old and dying, I feel a warm benignity for those who were not my friends. I hope"—he leaned towards me and placed his hand on my knee—"I hope that you will have occasion one day to say something nice about Watts Dunton." "And Churton Collins?" I asked amused. "Well, Collins," he hesitated, "well, Churton Collins will scarcely come your way."

It was at the end of October that I saw him last. He had been seriously ill with typhoid and pneumonia: he appeared to be physically uncertain, fumbling at the drawer in which he kept his cigars, fumbling slightly with a cigar cutter, tottering, to my great distress, as he searched on some distant table for the matches. He rejected all assistance: he repudiated his increasing infirmities with petulant, but not querulous, disgust: he knew that intellectually and spiritually he retained the zest and fire of youth. "My illness," he insisted, "has done me worlds of good." He fumbled about the room looking for that matchbox. "Worlds of good, worlds of good," he almost snapped at my solicitude. "*There!*" he exclaimed finally as he sank into a chair. He braced his back against the cushion: his glasses, that black glass in one eye, that scintillating glass in the other, danced with the firelight. "There!" he said again. And in a moment the zest of his limitless humanity, his genius for comprehension and portrayal, the actual virility and tension of his memory, took me back once more among the giants of the nineteenth century.

Born in 1849. Author of *Father and Son*. But there was something more in Gosse than mere longevity, than mere literature. He was above all an opportunity—the greatest opportunity that I have ever enjoyed. His books, the actual velvet texture of his style, remain. His kindliness, his erudition, his wit will all be chronicled. But there was something more than all this about him, something which I much fear may prove evanescent. He was a great producer, an unrivalled evocator of the past. The

dead lived again as he spoke of them: in his presence, and through his interpretation, one communed again with the dead. The nineteenth century took shape and color in the light of his mimicry, his genius for selection gave one just that anecdote which illumined in a flash. He could grumble with the growl of Tennyson, giving to the voice the exact burr and rumble of the Lincolnshire wold: he could flutter and shrill with the hands and tremolo of Swinburne: he could grin as Matthew Arnold grinned: or lower like Rossetti: and pat plump hands even as Browning patted in Trinity Gardens: or boom moralities like Huxley: or reflect the charming though senile gaiety of Monckton Milnes.

"The poetry of Swinburne," my dear young man" {this is Huxley booming}, "is the poetry of profligacy composed for profligates." And this to the young and eyelid-fluttering Gosse of 1872, who had imagined that with Huxley at least one might venture to say what one thought. Or that bit about Charles Kingsley, so intimate with the zoologist father, so brisk and protective with the nervous, somewhat pretentious, son. {"As a boy," Gosse said to me, "I was very pretentious. All my subsequent diffidence came from that."} And the story of Mrs. Browning calling after her marriage on the Carlyles. The Carlyles were in. {"The Carlyles," added Gosse, "seem always to have been in."} Mrs. Browning gushed. {"Both the Brownings," added Gosse, "always gushed."} She assured Jane Carlyle that she envied her, yes, *envied* her, having been married to her genius for so many years, whereas she, Elizabeth Barrett, had known Robert for so short, though so delicious, a time. The little crab-apple mouth of Mrs. Carlyle closed sharply. "Make no mistake," she said, "my dear Mrs. Browning. For three weeks we lived on the pleasures of hope. Since then we have lived on the pleasures of imagination." Of all this Robert Browning, patting plump hands in Trinity Gardens, had told Edmund Gosse in 1882. And each word, each gesture, each intonation had been remembered. And was reproduced.

Memoirs and memorials may record the actual details of his wide experience and activity. Tradition only will retain the legend of his histrionic zest. He will figure in our literary history as a great stylist, as a great interpreter, as the author of one unquestioned English masterpiece. But for those who knew and appreciated him he will remain as the supreme opportunity. And, as always in such cases, as an opportunity which was largely missed.—Harold Nicolson, in the London *Nation and Athenaeum*

IT was to be expected, that a scientific view of the universe would come into conflict with some quasi-religious views belonging to a pre-scientific age. Among the conceptions which had been ruled out were the puny scale of geocentric cosmology, and the intolerably cramped span of time which traditional belief allowed to the human race and the universe itself.

We might also dismiss the idea of an imminent end to the present world order. Catastrophes always are possible, but the chances are that our race has a hundred thousand years, perhaps even a million, in which to try every possible and impossible social experiment. We must accommodate our eschatology to the view of the universe which leaves no room for a geographical heaven and hell. . . .

We have now learned that evolution is not always from the worse to the better. Adaptations may fit any organism for a lower environment. The primrose path of parasitism has tempted one species after another to degradation and retrogression. . . .

I hope the scientific conscience will win a great victory by driving into limbo that mass of half beliefs we call superstition.—Very Rev. William Ralph Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London

Every generation tidies up after its predecessor and musses things up for its successor.—Pio Baroja in *La Gaceta Literaria* {Madrid}

HENRY HUDSON: HIS LAST ADVENTURE

IN his biographical study of the celebrated English navigator, who is best known to fame as the discoverer of the Hudson River, Llewelyn Powys, author of several works of literary distinction, recounts the mutiny of the Discovery's *crew in what is now called Hudson's Bay and the tragic end of the explorer and his young son.*

Tried subsequently in England for "The ejection of Henry Hudson and John Hudson and others from the ship Discovery, *in a boat called a shallop without food or drink and other necessaries and the murder of the same," the mutineers declared themselves "not guilty," and were sustained by the jury.*

IT was during the very month that William Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* was being put on the stage for the first time, that this other winter's tale began. It would be hard to conceive a more desolate landscape than that which now surrounded the marooned company. The brackish water of James Bay was frozen over and disfigured with hummocks of snow-covered ice. The shore to the westward was very low, with wide mud-flats, out of which projected an endless series of snow-hooded rocks. On the edge of this white waste grew small Arctic willows, so stunted by cold that only a few inches of their twigs were visible above the snow; and behind this dwarfed vegetation, on each bank of the river now known as the Nottaway, grew spruce, and pine, and juniper, their branches mossy on the south side, and all of them contorted and bowed as though in paralyzed flight from the cruel winds that swept down upon them from the north.

The ship still contained a good supply of victuals, but not enough to get them through the winter and bring them back again to England. . . .

Hudson decided to build a house on shore, in spite of the fact that when this very step had been suggested at the end of October, he had refused to consider it. Philip Staffe, realizing the difficulties of putting up even the roughest shelter in the dead of winter, when every plank would freeze to the ground, and the nails when he held them in his mouth, would take the very skin off his lips, sent back word to the master "that he neither would nor could goe in hand with such worke." When these words of the carpenter were reported to Hudson, he lost his temper and went down to Staffe "and ferreted him out of his cabbin to strike him, calling him by many foule names, and threatning to hang him," thereby once more revealing a fatal weakness in the management of his crew. Men, like animals, respond best to reasoned firmness. A policy of "frightfulness" is dangerous, but nothing is so dangerous as conduct that vacillates between propitiation and a show of false force. This psychological axiom may be put to the proof with any group today, with Russian moujiks, with American or British strikers, with the Riffians, or with a band of naked spear-bearing Masai in Africa. Men will recognize monsters as their masters and saints as their saviours, but in an emergency they will invariably cut the throats of those leaders who are neither the one nor the other. . . .

It seems that after this, a reconciliation took place between Hudson and Staffe; for the latter went to work and, like the skilful ship's carpenter that he was, soon put together some kind of shelter.

So the dark hours of the winter slowly passed over the heads of the stricken and dejected men. Scurvy, that unrelenting bane of sailors, broke out. The blackened gums of their jaw-bones rotted round their teeth, and their limbs swelled and Prickett grew lame and the nails were frozen off the feet of Francis Clemens. And ever about the isolated men was the same dismal landscape, the same dismal and monotonous sea. . . .

Then it was that the thoughts of these men, twenty-one men and two boys, were troubled with the most primitive of all lusts, the lust for food! Time and again it has been proved that the clamor raised by the belly will more than anything else drive men to extremities. A hungry human being is dangerous. This it is,

and nothing else, that causes revolutions. When guts are empty, kings quake. The most omnivorous of all mammals cannot easily brook being without food, and it is an exigency that he scents afar off. As soon as ever he begins to suspect that there is likely to be a shortage of the viands that support life, then, civilized or uncivilized, he looks about him with a ferocity primordial and unscrupulous. Hungry baboons! Who with the utmost civility can persuade them to remain in barren fig-trees? When the roped intestines grow dry the heart grows hard. How should it be otherwise? Does not some deep instinct, some imperative fore-knowledge out of the long past, instruct us? . . .

Hudson had taken stock of the provisions that were left. He collected what bread remained, and divided it amongst the men with his own hands and the share of each man came to one pound, "and hee wept when hee gave it unto them." . . . The demand for food again became pressing and this time, "to stop a gap," he brought out what cheese remained, and divided it into equal portions, which came to three and a half pounds for seven days. The crew believed that there were more cheeses in the storeroom than had been divided. Hudson apportioned the cheeses all at one time, because he found they were not of one goodness, and in this way he thought to insure to each man an equal share of the good and the bad. The plan did not prove a success, because when the food was once in the men's possession, nothing could restrain some of them from eating up their fortnight's ration in one or two days. . . .

Hudson also seems to have believed that the men had certain stores of food concealed in their cabins, and to prove this suspicion he sent the ship's boy, Nicholas Syms, to search their sea-chests, and there were brought to him as many as thirty cakes. With the temper of the sailors so uncertain, it was extremely impolitic of Hudson to take such a drastic step.

The mutual distrust that now pervaded the ship was not improved by the fact that Hudson had in the boat certain favorites, amongst them the young surgeon, whom he used to ask into his cabin, to enjoy, so the hungry men imagined, ampler fare. Indeed, it seems almost certain that Hudson did not act with complete honesty over the distribution of the remaining stores. Afterwards, in their evidence, the mutineers affirmed that he had "a scuttle" between his cabin and the hold, through which he could receive separate supplies "to serve his own turn." The matter came to a head through the simplicity of Philip Staffe, who, being approached by Wilson to explain "why the master should so favor to give meate to some of the companie, and not to the rest," answered in justification of Hudson's action that "it was necessary that some of them should be kepte upp." We can guess the effect that those innocent words had upon the consciousness of Wilson. "It was necessary that some should be kepte upp!" So that was the idea, was it! But if some were to be "kepte upp," what was to happen to Robert Juet, Greene, and the rest of them? That was the question that offered itself for consideration in out-of-the-way corners of the deck, in the darkened gangways, and in ill-ventilated bunks.

On Saturday night, June 23rd {1611}, while the *Discovery* was moored in ice, Wilson and Greene entered Prickett's cabin. There, in the confined space of that dim cubicle, with choked water of the great bay murmuring and lapping on the other side of a few inches of sound English oak, was conveyed to the intelligence of the serving-man one of the foulest plots that has ever defiled the records of exploration. In hushed voices the conspirators told how they and their associates were determined to put Hudson and the impotent men out of the ship into the shallop, "and let them shift for themselves." The two declared that they had not eaten for three days, and at best there was not left more than a fortnight's victuals for all the company and as for themselves, "they would go through with it, or dye."

Though Abacuk Prickett was weak in

the legs, his mind was as clear as ever. He expressed his astonishment at what had been communicated to him and appealed to the two men, for the sake of their wives and children, "not to commit so foule a thing in the sight of God and man as that would bee." Bachelor Greene, after listening to this pious "chat" for a few minutes, told him to hold his peace; for that "as the master was resolved to overthrow all," he knew it to be a matter of starving or hanging, and of the two he preferred to risk the gallows.

They then imparted to Prickett the comfortable news that it had been decided by the ring-leaders that he would be allowed to remain on the ship, at which Prickett began to mutter something about not having come into the ship for the purpose of mutiny. They countered him by saying that if he felt like that about the matter, perhaps it would be best for him after all to try his luck in the shallop. To which the worthy Prickett answered, "The will of God be done." . . .

Remembered long afterwards, in retrospect those whispering midnight hours, so critical, nay, so fateful, were able to impart even to Prickett's graphic style a new glamor. "It was darke," he writes, "and they in readinesse to put this deed of darknesse in execution. . . . Now every man would go to his rest, but wickednesse sleepeth not."

They at first feared that John King, the new mate, was with Hudson, but were reassured to learn that he was talking with Staffe, who was sleeping "on the poope," and immediately Bylot was sent to meet him, as if by chance, so as to get him if possible into his cabin. Henry Greene, meanwhile, kept company with Hudson, watching over him like a death-house jailer, lest he, growing suspicious, should take steps to prevent the villainy they had in hand. Only once did he leave him, and then to bring to the mutineers a piece of bread that the cabin boy had given him. Well can we see him haunting the sleeping man, this dangerous and depraved youth whose black lawless spirit knew naught of pity.

And the dreamer, what dreamed he? Did his mind escape out of the coffined bunk? Did his spirit, under the dispensation of sleep, see before its unawakened eyes the Golden Gates of the East, which had for so many years haunted his imagination? Did the disembodied sprite of this slumbering seaman tread once more the wooden wharfs of Amsterdam, or emerge from Peahen Alley into Bishopsgate, or sail again in happy fancy up the great river he had discovered, with the cool autumn smells of the unmeasured hillside forests fresh in his nostrils? . . .

And while the small tunnelled ship rocked to and fro at anchor, on the perfect balance of her keel, the whisperers with restless impatience awaited the coming of the dawn, awaited the hour when their vigil would be over, and they would be free to perpetrate their crime without further fear of surprise. The death-watch beetle was silent; no scratch was heard from the tiny feet of the bugs, as, led by an obscure instinct, with the utmost deliberation they moved from one dark beam to another. No sound was made by the deep-swimming fish, as they touched with their blunt noses the slippery keelson far under the ice-bearing water. All was stillness. Treachery and slumber lying together had brought forth silence.

And then, as the first indications of sunrise appeared over Charlton Island and over the cold stretches of water that lay between the ship and the eastern shores of the great bay, there was audible in each wan chamber the cheerful familiar sound of Mathues, the cook, going out, kettle in hand, to fetch water from the butts. This was the signal. John King was beguiled into entering the hold, and the bolt of its door slipped fast upon him. Greene and another went on deck, to divert the attention of Philip Staffe "with a talk"; for although they had no intention of putting him out of the ship, they did not feel at all certain as to how he might act in the face of open rebellion.

Henry Hudson now came out of his cabin. Immediately the sound of a

scuffle was heard. John Thomas and the cook had leapt upon him, and before he had time to resist, Wilson, from behind, had pinioned him with a rope. The Portsmouth surgeon, hearing a noise, looked out of his door. He shouted to Hudson, to ask what was happening, and Hudson answered that they had bound him. Immediately the mutineers turned upon Wilson, and enquired of him if he was well; and when he answered that he was well, then they said to him, with the sinister reticence of dangerous men, that "yf he were well he should keepe himself soe." Hudson now asked the men what they intended and they answered him that he would know "when he was in the shallop."

The moment for swift action had come. The shallop was hauled alongside the ship, and Hudson was put into it, under the care of Bennett Mathues and John Thomas. . . .

While Greene, with oaths and curses, was superintending matters on deck, Robert Juet had gone down to the hold to bring up John King, but the old man had undertaken more than he could manage, for no sooner had he slipped the bolt back than he was attacked by the former quartermaster, who had his sword with him, and held Juet at bay, and would have killed him had not other mutineers come to his rescue and helped him to get King on deck and out into the shallop.

Meanwhile, Prickett had crawled from his cabin and put his head above the hatch which, when the mutineers saw, they told him "to keep *himself* well" and get back again to where he came from, neither suffering him to speak to Hudson nor giving heed to his ejaculations that besought them, "for the love of God, to remember themselves, and to doe as they would be done unto." Prickett retreated, consoling his uneasy conscience by repeating to himself a favorite text, "There are many devices in the heart of man, but the counsell of the Lord shall stand." From the familiar security of his bunk, however, he did manage to call to Hudson in the shallop, using the horne {window} which gave light into my "cabbin," to tell him that it was the villain Greene, and not Juet, who was at the bottom of the business, and "I spake it," he records with no little complacence "not softly."

The shallop had now been manned to the satisfaction of the mutineers. But it was destined to hold yet one other. Philip Staffe, the Ipswich carpenter, who seemed at first hardly to have understood, now delivered himself of his simple commentary upon the proceedings that were taking place. This honest man, from the banks of the River Gipping, had not heard the bells of St. Mary-at-Key "knoll to church" for nothing. He knew what was right, and what was wrong—no one better; and he was not a man who could be easily budged from the narrow path. Rough and illiterate as he was, he became gradually aware that his own personal pride was in some way involved by what was happening. It is true that he was at liberty—at liberty, and yet at the same time bound by a stouter and more inextricablesailor's knot than could ever have been contrived by the quick fingers of young Master Greene. To his unsophisticated intelligence there seemed no doubt as to his present duty. Suddenly, deep down in the heart of this rude man, born and bred in Suffolk clay, the celebrated categorical imperative of Immanuel Kant became audible; and he turned upon the mutineers, and in the curious dialect of East Anglia, told them plainly what was in his mind. "As for himselfe, hee said, hee would not stay in the ship unlesse they would force him." Let him have his chest of carpenter's tools and be damned to them, for he chose rather to commit himself to God's mercy and "for the love of the Master go down into the shallop, than with such villaines to accept of likelier hopes." The mutineers could not dissuade him from his purpose, and down he went into the doomed boat, with his chest, his musket, some meal and an iron pot.

And now, the shallop still being in tow, they stood out of the ice; and when they were nearly out of it, "they cut her head fast from the stern of the ship,"

and with top-sails up, steered away into an open sea, leaving their captain and his son, with seven poor sailors, abandoned and exposed, "without food, drink, fire, clothing, or other necessaries," in the great unexplored bay. There he sat in the tiny boat, dressed "in a motley gown," the possessed sea-captain who had sailed to the North, and sailed to the East, and sailed to the West in his endeavor to find a passage through the ice-bound ramparts of the planet itself. There he sat, this dreamer, in his coat of many colors, until to the eyes of the mutineers, who watched the shallop grow smaller and smaller in the wake of their stolen vessel, he became a mote, a speck, a nothing, lost to sight on the unresting waves of the wharfless wilderness that had been by him, so resolutely, so desperately discovered. . . .

* * * *

FROM time to time during the century, certain rumors reached England from Hudson Bay. It is recorded, in a memorial of the Hudson's Bay Company, that Captain Zachariah Gillam, the master of the *Nonsuch* ketch, constructed the Company's first factory, Fort Charles, "upon the ruins of a house which had been built there about 60 years before by the English." That the ruins of Staffe's house did actually survive for many years is again proved by this entry in the "diary" of the fur-hunter, Pierre Esprit Radisson, who writes, "We came to the seaside where we finde an olde howse all demolished and battered with boulletts." But more interesting still is the fact that Captain James, who wintered on Charlton Island during the year 1631-1632, actually discovered, driven into the ground to the depth of a foot and a half, above the white sandy shore of Danby Island, a row of stakes that had obviously been sharpened by a European axe, and of about the thickness of a man's arm.

Those stakes almost certainly owed their position and shape to the handiwork of the lusty ship's carpenter from Suffolk, and go to prove that the forsaken men did manage at least to regain land, and that therefore the bones of the navigator found a final resting-place upon some honored parcel of Canadian ground, and were not, as has often been supposed, left to wash backwards and forwards below the ice, below the dim white abdomens of cod and halibut, on the floor of "greene ose and grose gravell" of that lorn mediterranean, which, for as long as mortal men remain articulate, or understand the cunning craft of letters, will recall the name of the Captain of the *Hopewell*, of the *Half Moon*, and of the *Discovery*.—From Llewelyn Powys's *Henry Hudson*, by permission of Harper & Brothers through the author.

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY AND WAR

WHY have nearly all the great breeds of domestic animals that are now scattered all over the earth, the horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, been originated and perfected in England?

Because of the English Channel.

That strip of water but twenty miles wide has done it. It is narrow, to be sure, but enough to keep the restless armies of continental Europe off the island since 1066. It was enough to keep England free from invasion for eight hundred years, while armies, including English armies, were tramping over Europe, eating and destroying the cattle, sheep and goats and using up the horses in their cavalry. Poland, Germany, Austria, Italy and France have had enough wars to knock out each and every attempt at animal breeding as fast as it was made. It is a wonder they have any animals at all.

America is to-day becoming the capital of the animal-breeding world. If peace, on one little island, has brought forth these splendid breeds of animals that have served the world for centuries, what may it not achieve on this great continent if no recurring animal slaughters prevent? The horse, the cow, the hog and the sheep all call for disarmament.—Sydney Hillyard, in the *Scientific Monthly*

First Flight From Ireland to America

"OUR flight was packed with thrills from beginning to end." So Major James C. Fitzmaurice declared when he reached Greenely Island, off the Labrador coast, with his German comrades.

Seven persons, men and women, had lost their lives since May, 1927, in attempts to make the passage. The *Bremen*, a huge silver-winged monoplane piloted by Captain Koehl, left Baldonnel Airdrome at 5.38 a.m., April 12, 1928, and landed on Greenely Island, four hundred miles out of her course, at 12.35 p.m. the next day. The distance covered was 2,125 miles; the time consumed, 36 hours, 35 minutes.

> WOMAN'S temperament is unsuited to flying. It is in the matter of landing that you see her limitation. A woman pilot when she brings a ship into a field suddenly seems to be possessed of the idea that she is about to come down on the Sahara Desert. The idea and the value of a neat short landing they never seem—with a few exceptions, of course—to get. The only idea with a woman flyer when she comes down is that she is coming back to earth and that there is lots of that under her.
>
> —Major James C. Fitzmaurice

The first dispatch of Major Fitzmaurice from which the above quotation is taken was written on the backs of envelopes and any other scraps of paper he could obtain in the lighthouse on Greenely Island. In taking it out of his tunic pocket almost bashfully, as an author might produce his first effort, he said to a representative of the New York *Times* at Lake Ste. Agnes, near Murray Bay, Quebec: "I'm not a journalist, but I've tried to write down the story of our flight as I saw it." Here it is:

The take-off at Baldonnel was exciting, to say the least. Having traveled more than 1,200 yards along the runway, which was specially prepared for the flight, flying speed was not obtained, principally owing to the fact that there was no helping wind.

At this point a stray sheep appeared about ten yards in front of the propeller. It was simply an awful moment. We felt we were struck bang up against serious disaster at the outset. Fortunately, sufficient speed was obtained to enable Koehl and myself to ease the machine off the ground.

The sheep was cleared, and we rose into the air just in time to prevent crashing into a large tree just at the end of the runway.

Now we are speeding over the mist-covered hills of Ireland toward the west coast of Galway. About half way across, the country is covered with a thick blanket of ground fog, above which the conical-shaped tops of the mountains appear. It is a beautiful sight.

Soon we are over the ocean, speeding along the edge of the mountainous coast toward Slyne Head Lighthouse, at which, as we pass, we gaze longingly and wave a fond farewell. Ireland is behind us.

From Slyne Head to mid-Atlantic very good progress is made. Very favorable conditions prevail—nothing to worry us beyond some isolated snow, sleet and rain storms of a local nature here and there. We manage to go around most of them.

Smoke bombs are dropped onto the water, the direction and approximate velocity of the wind obtained, and our course corrected when necessary.

We are now approaching the coast of Newfoundland, and estimate we are now only about 400 miles from land when, directly in front of us and spreading as far as the eye can see to the north and south, is the great, dreaded fog bank.

A strong southeasterly gale is also encountered, and darkness is approaching as Old Sol, our faithful guide throughout the day, is disappearing behind the fog.

An endeavor is made to climb over it, to keep the great guiding beacon of the heavens in view as long as possible, as we know the compass is not very helpful owing to the great differences in magnetic variation over short distances on this difficult stretch of the journey.

It is no good. The fog merges into the low hanging, heavily charged clouds.

We decide to go down through the fog and sleet, and at last, when about fifty feet from the surface, the raging billows of the ocean, lashed to fury, loom up beneath us. We are now at the mercy of our compasses and instruments.

A leak in the oil system is discovered, which does not add to our peace of mind. We are up against serious trouble —fog, sleet, a howling gale and a leak in the oil system just at the point where we desire favorable conditions.

There is nothing to do but grind our teeth, grin and forge on ahead into the west, hoping that terra firma will soon loom up in front.

Flying so close to the great, surging waves, many great downward bumps are encountered, which all but precipitate our sturdy little craft into the merciless sea.

It is now black night. It is too dangerous to remain too near the surface, so we climb 2,000, 3,000, 4,000, 5,000, 6,000 feet, where the cold is intense. We are still in the fog and sleet. Not even the twinkling of a helping star can be seen in the firmament.

We strain our eyes in the hope of discerning the rays of a friendly lighthouse, which will give us the longed-for information that we are at last over the land. Nothing appears.

We continue, watchful at the controls, ever forging ahead into the west. We are becoming fatigued and at times drop off to sleep from sheer exhaustion for a fraction of a second only, to awake with a jerk to an appreciation of our position.

It is all so deadly monotonous. The very instruments are grinning and making faces at us as if to say how fruitless are our endeavors.

At last our determination is rewarded. The thick fog disappears behind, and overhead in front the dark blue sky appears studded with stars. The Great Bear and Pole Star, the faithful guide of mariners for so many centuries, are immediately located almost directly over our heads slightly to our right rear.

We heave a great sigh of relief and plan our course on the stars, continuing to the west for two more weary hours.

Suddenly, upon looking below, I feel that what we so far presumed to be broken patches of low-lying fog over the waves is really a snow-covered forest area. The Very light pistol is produced. A white flare is fired and the machine circled to make an observation.

Our eyes are so tired that it is impossible to make out objects beneath from the height at which we are flying. We descend as low as possible, consistent with a reasonable margin of safety.

After firing the third white flare, we observe a large wooded hill directly below us, practically covered with snow, and at last know we are over land.

The dawn is due at any moment. We anxiously await its arrival. With the first streaks of dawn we can observe the country below much better, and discern a huge expanse of uninhabited snow-covered forest and mountain country. Not a sign of life is evident.

We decide we are many miles inland over Labrador, so alter our course to the southeast, using the sun again as our guide. At last we find a broad river, with mountains on each side. The river is frozen and covered with snow.

We fly down the river about ten feet from the surface for about two hours, but fail to pick out any recognizable landmark.

We are gravely concerned about our petrol supply, and having tested all our tanks, estimate we have sufficient fuel for a further three hours' flying. We continue on in a southeasterly direction, forever searching the country below for some sign of life.

Now we are troubled with mirages, and imagine we can observe in front of us large towns complete with church spires, domes, etc., and at other times aerodromes fully laid out with hangars and

living accommodations and airplanes outside the hangars.

The binoculars are produced, and in each case our illusion is apparent. We are now worried as to our fate should we be compelled, through shortage of fuel, to land in this vast, uninhabited forest country. I try to imagine what Koehl and the Baron are thinking of the situation.

In my mind I rake up every scrap of information I ever gathered from books I had read as a small boy concerning the early pioneers in Canada and the Hudson Bay trappers. I had completed a scheme in my mind which, if we had been compelled to land, would probably have brought us back to civilization again some time in the future—how long I do not know.

Two more weary hours elapse. We are searching for a suitable landing ground, when we arrive at the edge of what appears to be a huge frozen lake. Charts are produced and discussions take place as to our actual position.

We decide to search for some habitation or some sign of human life. The hope seems slim. There is a huge blizzard approaching right in front of us. Suddenly it lifts, and we observe in the distance the outline of what we think is a large ship frozen in the ice.

The binoculars are produced again. We are convinced it is a ship and give a howl of joy. We fly toward it in the face of a heavy wind and are surprised to make out the outlines of a stately lighthouse, situated on a small island.

The engine is throttled back. We glide down to investigate, and after circling twice around the lighthouse, a pack of dogs is observed. No other sign of life is apparent. We think they may possibly be wolves and that the lighthouse is not occupied.

The noise of the engine, however, attracted the attention of the inhabitants, and four people emerged from the lighthouse building. It is impossible to describe our feelings upon observing them.

We come in to land after firing a smoke signal to obtain the correct direction of the wind. A perfect landing is effected on a patch of frozen water when, bang! the ice breaks and the machine tips forward onto its nose. Koehl receives a rather severe cut on the forehead. the Baron and myself are uninjured. Little damage is done to the machine.

Upon climbing out of the cockpit we are surrounded by the inhabitants of the island, taken to the comfortable quarters of the lighthouse by the keeper, M. Le Tamploer, where we are received with the greatest kindness and hospitality, a debt which we will find it difficult to repay.

As a result of our experiences upon approaching Newfoundland and over Labrador, coupled with discussions which we have held with seamen and traders of great experience in this particular district, we feel that we can account for or at least put forward reasonable theories regarding the failures of previous flights—of Nungesser and Coli, Minchen and Hamilton and Hinchcliffe, the glorious unsuccessful attempts of those who were the real trail-blazers over this most important commercial aerial route of the future.—Major James C. Fitzmaurice, Commandant of the Air Force, Irish Free State, in the New York *Times*

IF the cooperation of some thousands of millions of cells in our brain can produce our consciousness, the idea becomes vastly more plausible that the cooperation of humanity or some sections of it may determine what Comte called a "Great Being." Just as, according to the teaching of physiologists, the unity of the body is not due to the soul superadded to the life of the cells, the superhuman, if it existed, would be nothing external to man or even existing apart from human cooperation.

To my mind, the teaching of science is very emphatic that such a Great Being may be a fact as real as individual human consciousness, although of course there is no positive scientific evidence for the existence of such a being.—J. B. S. Haldane, in a lecture on *Science and Ethics*

H. G. Wells Blue-Prints a Revolution

THE new world as a going concern must arise out of the old as a going concern.

Now the most comprehensive conception of this new world is of one politically, socially and economically unified. Within that frame fall all the other ideas of our progressive ambition. To this end a small but increasing body of people in the world set their faces and seek to direct their lives. Still more at present apprehend it as a possibility but do not *dare* to desire it, because of the enormous difficulties that intervene and because they see as yet no intimations of a way through or round these difficulties. The great majority of human beings have still to see the human adventure as one whole; they are obsessed by the air of permanence and finality in established things, they accept current reality as ultimate reality. They take the world as they find it. But here we are writing for the modern-minded, and for them it is impossible to think of the world as secure and satisfactory until there exists a single world commonweal, preventing war and controlling those moral, biological and economic forces that would otherwise lead to wars.

The method of direction of such a world commonweal is not likely to imitate the methods of existing sovereign states. It will be a new sort of direction with a new psychology. . . .

A world movement for the supersession or enlargement or fusion of existing political, economic and social institutions, must necessarily, as it grows, draw closer and closer to questions of practical control. It is likely in its growth to incorporate many active public servants and many industrial and financial leaders and directors. It may also assimilate great numbers of intelligent workers. As its activities spread it will work out a whole system of special methods of co-operation. It will learn as it grows and by growing the business of general direction and how to develop its critical function. So that the movement we contemplate will by its very nature be one aiming, not so much to set up a world direction as to become itself a world direction, and the educational and militant forms of its opening phase will, as experience is gained and power and responsibility acquired, evoke step by step forms of administration and research and correction. . . .

THIS book states as plainly and clearly as possible the essential ideas of my life, the perspective of my world. Everything else that I have been or done seems to me to have been contributory to or illustrative of these ideas and suggestions. My other writings, with hardly an exception, explore, try over, illuminate, comment upon or flower out of the essential matter that I here attempt at last to strip bare to its foundations and state unmistakably. This is my religion. Here are my directive aims and the criteria of all I do. —H. G. Wells

The form in which the Open Conspiracy will first appear will certainly not be that of a centralized organization. Its most natural and convenient method of coming into being will be the formation of small groups of friends, family groups, groups of students and employees or other sorts of people meeting and conversing frequently in the course of their normal occupations, who will exchange views and find themselves in agreement upon the general idea.

Fundamentally important issues upon which unanimity must be achieved from the outset are, firstly, the entirely provisional nature of all existing governments, and the entirely provisional nature, therefore, of all loyalties associated therewith; secondly, the supreme importance of population control in human biology and the possibility it affords us of a release from the pressure of the

struggle for existence on ourselves; and thirdly, the urgent necessity of protective resistance against the present traditional drift towards war.

People who do not grasp the vital significance of these test issues do not really begin to understand the Open Conspiracy. Groups coming into agreement upon these matters, and upon their general interpretation of history, will be in a position to seek adherents, enlarge themselves and attempt to establish communication with kindred groups for common ends. They can take up a variety of activities to develop a sense and habit of combined action and feel their way to greater enterprises. . . .

From the outset, the Open Conspiracy will set its face against militarism. There is a plain present need for the organization now, before war comes again, of an open and explicit refusal to serve in any war—or at most of a willingness to serve in war, directly or indirectly, only after the issue has been fully and fairly submitted to arbitration. The time for a conscientious objection to war service is manifestly before and not after the onset of war.

People who have acquiesced in a belligerent foreign policy by silence right up to the onset of war, have little to complain of if they are then compelled to serve. And a refusal to participate with one's country in warfare is a preposterously incomplete gesture unless it is rounded off by the deliberate advocacy of a world *pax*, a world economic control and a restrained population, such as the idea of the Open Conspiracy embodies. . . .

Collective action had better for a time —perhaps for a long time—be undertaken not through the merging of groups but through the formation of *ad hoc* associations for definitely specialized ends. The groups will come into these associations to make a contribution very much as people come into limited liability companies, that is to say with a subscription and not with their whole capital. A comprehensive organization attempting from the first to cover all activities would necessarily rest upon and promote one prevalent pattern of group and hamper or estrange the more original and interesting forms. . . .

> THE antagonists of a unified world are confusion of mind, want of courage, want of curiosity and want of imagination, indolence and spendthrift egotism. These are the enemies against which the Open Conspiracy arrays itself; these are the jailers of human freedom and achievement.
>
> —H. G. Wells

The only binding restraint upon independent initiatives in the Open Conspiracy should be its broad essential requirements, namely:

{1} The complete assertion, practical as well as theoretical, of the provisional nature of existing governments and of acquiescence in them;

{2} The resolve to minimize by all available means the conflicts of these governments, their militant use of individuals and property and their interferences with the establishment of a world economic system;

{3} The determination to replace private local or national ownership of at least credit, transport and staple production by a responsible world directorate that shall serve the common ends of the race;

{4} The practical recognition of the necessity for world biological controls, for example, of population and disease;

{5} The support of a minimum standard of individual freedom and welfare in the world; and

{6} The supreme duty of subordinating the personal life to the creation of a world directorate capable of these tasks and to the general advancement of human knowledge, capacity and power.

The admission therewith that our im-

mortality is conditional and lies in the race and not in our individual selves. . . .

Human society began with the family. The natural history of gregariousness is a history of the establishment of mutual toleration among human animals, so that a litter or a herd keeps together instead of breaking up. It is in the family group that the restraints, disciplines and self-sacrifices which make human society possible were worked out and our fundamental prejudices established, and it is in the family group that our social life must be relearnt generation after generation.

Now in each generation the Open Conspiracy must remain a minority movement of intelligent converts until it can develop its own reproductive methods. A unified progressive world community demands its own type of home and training. It needs to have its fundamental concepts firmly established in as many minds as possible and to guard its children from the infection of the old racial and national hatreds and jealousies, old superstitions and bad mental habits, and base interpretations of life.

From its outset the Open Conspiracy will be setting itself to influence the existing educational machinery, but for a long time it will find itself confronted in school and college by powerful religious and political authorities determined to set back the children at the point or even behind the point from which their parents made their escape. . . .

The Open Conspiracy will not be in health until it has segregated its home life and much of its social life from the general confusions of to-day, until its adherents marry and associate preferentially within the movement and keep themselves essentially aloof from the prevalent methods of wasting time and interest. They must evolve a new social atmosphere. It will be a minor aspect of the world revolution to live down the contemporary theater, contemporary "amusements," the sentimental booms and imitative chatter, the ovine congregating to gape at this or that, the dull pursuit of sports and "games" and quasi-innocent vices, the fashions and industrious futilities of current life so soon as it escapes from poverty.

The whole drift of the contemporary world is to tempt and ensnare and waste our children. It has a diabolical disposition to make life altogether trivial and ineffective. Overall these matters women seem to have much more aptitude and power than men. It may not be true that "woman's sphere is the home," but certainly the home and its immediate social atmosphere is her empire. She can be the moral quite as much as the physical mother of the days to come.

Always, as long as I can remember, there has been a dispute and invidious comparisons between the old and the young. The young find the old prey upon and restrain them and the old find the young, shallow, disappointing and aimless in vivid contrast to their own revised memories of their own early days. The present time is one in which these perennial accusations flower with exceptional vigor. But there does seem to be some truth in the statement that the facilities to live frivolously are greater now than they have ever been for old and young alike. In the great communities that emerge from Christendom, there is a widespread disposition to regard Sun-

> A GREAT war like the war of 1914–1918 may never happen again. The common sense of mankind may suffice to avert that. But there is still much actual warfare before mankind, on the frontiers everywhere, against brigands, against ancient loyalties and traditions. All the weight of the Open Conspiracy will be on the side of the world order and against that sort of local independence which holds back its subject people from the citizenship of the world.
>
> —H. G. Wells

IRENE AND PEARL
From the Painting by Laura Knight

This vivid study of Harlem (New York) types, in an exhibition of the artist's work at the Leicester Galleries, London, is one of the fruits of her recent visit to America. The tense vitality of her work and her feeling for color have placed her in the front rank of contemporary English women painters. She is the fourth woman since 1769 to be elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

day as merely a holiday. But that was certainly not the original intention of Sunday. In times when religion was taken seriously, it was a day dedicated to the greater issues of life. Now great multitudes of people do not even pretend to set aside any time at all to the greater issues of life. The churches at the present time are neglected, and nothing of a unifying or exalting sort takes their place.

Now what the contemporary senior tells his junior to-day is perfectly correct. In his youth, no serious impulse of his went to waste. He was not distracted by a thousand gay but petty temptations, and the local religious powers, whatever they happened to be, seemed to believe in themselves more and made a more comprehensive attack upon his conscience and imagination. Now the old faiths are damaged and discredited and the new and greater one, which is the Open Conspiracy, takes shape only slowly. A decade or so ago, socialism preached its confident hopes, and patriotism and imperial pride shared its attraction for the ever grave and passionate will of emergent youth. Now socialism and democracy are "under revision" and the flags that once waved so bravely reek of poison gas, are stiff with blood and mud and shameful with exposed dishonesties. Youth is what youth has always been, eager for fine interpretations of life, capable of splendid resolves. But it comes up out of its childhood to-day into a world of ruthless exposures and cynical pretensions. The past ten years has seen the shy and powerful idealism of youth at a loss and dismayed as perhaps it has never been before. It is in the world still, but masked, hiding even from itself in a whirl of small excitements and futile defiant depravities.

The old flags and faiths have lost their magic for the intelligence of the young; they can command it no more; it is in the mighty revolution to which the Open Conspiracy directs itself that the youth of mankind must once more find its soul if ever it is to find its soul again.

> THE picture, the music, the book, the research that does not arise out of actual current things—and does not bear upon what we are doing or what we intend to do—does not in reality exist. It is a phantom. It is a pretension. It is Nothing. Science, art, literature, philosophy, all alike record Humanity's impression of the present and its attempt to adjust itself for a future. They express the thought and embody the will—the growing, changing thought, the developing will—of mankind. They are not a beautiful excrescence upon human life; not mere pearls secreted by the effort and suffering of mankind; they are the very core of the life of mankind —its chief directive function.
>
> —H. G. Wells

The new life that the Open Conspiracy struggles to achieve through us for our race is first a life of liberations. The oppression of incessant toil can surely be lifted from everyone, and the miseries due to a great multitude of infections and disorders of nutrition and growth cease to be a part of human experience. Few people are perfectly healthy nowadays except for brief periods of happiness, but the elation of physical well-being will some day be the common lot of mankind. And not only from natural evils will man be largely free. He will not be left with his soul tangled, haunted by monstrous and irrational fears and a prey to malicious impulse. From his birth he will breathe sweetness and generosity and use his mind and hands cleanly and exactly. He will feel better, will better, think better, see, taste and hear better than men do now. All these things are plainly possible for him. They pass out of his tormented desire now, they elude and mock him, because chance, confusion and

squalor rule his life. All the gifts of destiny are overlaid and lost to him. He must still suspect and fear.

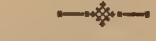
Within the peace and freedom our Open Conspiracy will win, all these good things that escape us now may be ensured. A graver humanity, stronger, more lovely, longer lived, will learn and develop the ever-enlarging possibilities of its destiny. For the first time, the full beauty of this world will be revealed to its unhurried eyes. Its thoughts will be to our thoughts as the thoughts of a man to the troubled mental experimenting of a child. And all the best of us will be living on in that ampler life, as the child and the things it tried and learnt still live in the man. When we were children, we could not think or feel as we think and feel to-day, but to-day we can peer back and still recall something of the ignorances and guesses and wild hopes of these nigh forgotten years. And so mankind, ourselves still living, dispersed and reconstructed in the future, will recall with affection and understanding the desperate wishes and troubled efforts of our present state.

How can we anticipate the habitations and ways, the usages and adventures, the mighty employments, the ever-increasing knowledge and power of the days to come? No more than a child with its scribbling paper and its box of bricks can picture or model the undertakings of its adult years. Our battle is with cruelties and frustrations, stupid, heavy and hateful things from which we shall escape at last, less like victors conquering a world than like sleepers awakening from a nightmare in the dawn. From any dream, however dismal and horrible, one can escape by realizing that it is a dream; by saying, "I will awake." The Open Conspiracy is the awaking of mankind from a nightmare of the struggle for existence and the inevitability of war. The light of day thrusts between our eyelids and the multitudinous sounds of morning clamor in our ears. A time will come when men will sit with history before them or with some old newspaper before them, and ask incredulously, "Was there ever such a world?"

For my generation, the role of John the Baptist must be our extreme ambition. We can proclaim and make evident the advent of a new phase of human faith and effort. We can point out the path it has been our lifework to discover. We have struggled through the thought and bitter experiences of our time. We have hammered out our instinctive individualism on the anvil of socialism; we have witnessed the apocalypse of the Great War; we have been misled, we have stumbled through depths of despair, we have learnt. "Here," we say, "is what we have made of it all. Here is the basis for a new world."

In the few years remaining to us we can hope to do no more than that. It is for you to say whether you will set your feet in this direction and go along with us and go further. Upon you—individually and multitudinously—the future rests. Here and there chance may correct and supplement the efforts of our race and save us from the full penalties of our mistakes and negligencies, but saving the impact of some unimagined disaster from outer space, the ultimate decision of the fate of life upon this planet lies now in the will of man.—From H. G. Wells's *The Open Conspiracy,* by permission of Victor Gollancz, Ltd.

I THINK one must expect that the Government will continue to acquire an increasing control over the lives of individuals as it has done during the past century. The result may possibly be a dwarfing of the individual in comparison with the community. This in itself might be regrettable, but scientific technique undoubtedly makes anarchic conduct more dangerous to the community than it used to be, and therefore makes some diminution of individual liberty inevitable.—Bertrand Russell, in the *Menorah Journal*



Most politicians keep principles only as a horse dealer keeps horses.—Dean W. R. Inge

KEYSERLING PREDICTS THE DEATH OF LOVE

THE famous Prussian philosopher here dons the mantle of prophecy and foretells the total disappearance of love from the human scene. Taking for granted that his arguments will be resented, the author "hopes that all Pharisees, all Philistines, all nitwits, the bourgeois, the humorless, the thick-witted, will be deeply, thoroughly hurt. . . . I can have nothing to do with those who are in deathly earnest, who are unapt for laughter, with those, altogether too numerous, who are at once profound and stupid. . . . It was of them that the great William Blake wrote: 'The fool shall never enter into heaven, be he ever so holy.'"

THE new world is threatened by a danger which very few seem to apprehend: were it otherwise, life would not be taken so lightly. This danger is, that love may disappear from the earth. In most countries women are gradually becoming Amazons. It was to be foreseen that it would come to this. The "masculine protest" of the feminine liberators actually gave us nothing new: it simply aimed at the restoration of that matriarchal state which was everywhere the primal rule—a state which is to that extent truer to nature in that man, as a sexual entity, is by nature much more dependent on the woman than the woman on him. For this reason masculine bondage always naturally sets in wherever the man cannot compel and the woman does not desire.

For the same reason it is in the nature of the man to seize the means for the external enslavement of woman wherever ethical usage does not stand in his way. That every gain toward independence on the part of the woman is bound to lead to a disproportionate loss of independence on the part of the man was first proved by America. In that country the husband has come to be just as oppressed as the wife used to be in the Orient, with corresponding psychological recessions which are becoming more and more evident. Today, with the triumph of the feminine movement, the matriarchal state has been practically restored, with a form corresponding to the time and place, in the manners {if not in the laws—from which God defend us men!} of all those circles throughout the West where independent young women have caught the spirit of the age. And this brings with it the progressive atrophy of all those characteristics which define the woman as a love-being.

The word Amazon means, literally, "breastless." The ability to feel and to yield oneself up is dying out. If it is typical of the American woman that she produces an effect of coldness, hardness and soullessness, the cause is to be sought in this. Every Amazon has always been cynical. As soon as the center of her being is moved out of the sphere of feeling, the woman becomes more rational, more matter-of-

EVERY people has its good points. But not a single one has a divine right to haughtiness. Above all, every nation which looks down upon the others in a delusion of grandeur, believing itself to embody the human ideal, simply makes itself ridiculous. If anything applies in a general way, it is this, that everywhere the advantages are compensated by correlative disadvantages. I am thinking of the mutual vilification which has become the common practice since the World War; is not a good, hearty laugh the mildest reply to France's claim to be the teacher of mankind—for that is the meaning of the classic word *magistrature;* to the claim of Germany to be the doctor of mankind—for it is only thus that we can interpret the phrase that the world shall be healed in the spirit of Germany; to the claim of Switzerland to embody the political ideal, to England's claim to carry the white man's burden for all, and so on?

—Count Hermann Keyserling

fact, than the most rational man. Hence Judge Lindsey's headlong revelations of the view taken by young American girls of the very newest school with regard to the sex-act; namely, that it is a purely biologic function without any spiritual significance. No man thinks as cynically as this, for if this is the way of his love, he knows he is indulging his vices, and thus the demand for love, at the opposite pole of his spirit, still remains. The boyish bob, the changed figure, the wearing of glasses, the destruction of all that is provocative of love by exposure to wind and weather, the sport fury—all these are the external signs in the change of feminine structure. More important from the viewpoint of type-creation is the changed mentality. Except as a mother the woman, by her nature, has no instinct for morality, but only for rules of conduct.

It was a practice in Babylon, on certain holidays, for the noblest damsels in the land to give themselves as a matter of course to strange men. Of course only on those occasions: otherwise they would have considered it an abomination. But it would have seemed to them just as "impossible" to be prudish on the holy days. This explains why no woman was ashamed of dressing decollete in pre-war days, or of following the most recent cult of nakedness today. Shame "as such" is unknown to the woman: for her the decisive factor is the rule of conduct. And in Europe today love has become openly "unmodern"; it could become this because in its spiritual sense it is a product of art, created by means which have not always been effective. In proportion as the distance which the girl must observe for idealization of man was diminished, in proportion as she became his comrade and competed with him in physical exercise, and in proportion as the new morality removed the compulsion to concentrate all sense and thought on the cultivation of the emotions, in the same proportion did the motif of liberation from the man, who had so long enslaved her, emerge into predominance. True enough, the American example was rooted in other causes; but that did not prevent it from adding its strength to the change. To this was added the compelling fact that as a natural being the woman is more independent of the man than *vice versa.*

From now on, love simply is to exist no more. The most modern woman of the world treats with man as with an equal. Whatever may happen in individual cases, the fact remains that no period has ever been more unerotic than ours. The dances which from the viewpoint of the old generation are "indecent" are in reality nothing more than a very innocent method of giving relief to the ever-present sex-impulse. Where the latter happens to be too strong for this, it finds expression almost normally in perversion. Since love between man and woman is no longer "fashionable," erotic men have their men friends and erotic women their women friends.

Thus the living moral code of yesterday is no more. That which seems to

GERMANY produced the printing press and it spread throughout the world, yet did the world become Germanized? Just because America produces standardized products and introduces new business methods, is that any reason to suppose that the Old World will become Americanized? World Americanization is impossible because America and Europe are so wholly different.

Those who judge America severely nowadays do it by Old-World standards. But you cannot apply Old-World standards to the New World any more than you can apply American standards of advertising, publicity and hustle to the Old World. —Count Hermann Keyserling, interviewed in the London *Daily Mail*

resemble it is either the inertia of routine or else a convention taken over at a distance; it is thus that only South American girls remind me at times of the closely-guarded young ladies of my boyhood years. The new-emerging moral code is that of a decisive Amazonian world. In certain cases this inevitably runs riot and becomes grotesque. I once observed in St. Moritz a young American woman who had a real tiger-face; it appeared that her specialty was biting men dangerously; also, she danced again only two days after she had broken a leg. Her prestige was enormous. Another woman of the world prided herself on having broken a limb five times during the previous season. But with regard to the traditional cultured class of Europe it came to this pass: women whose whole history demanded that, whatever they did, they should express themselves in their bearing and their inner discipline, behaved, now that the old moral order was dead, like nature-beings, like primal man, whose type was not to be found beyond the seas. This applies even to Englishwomen of quality. But with them this fishwife kind of dancing has a special significance. Even before the war the Englishwoman of quality used to behave, within her narrow circle, like a Bacchante. This was a reaction to the reserve otherwise imposed and practised, in the same sense that flinging cushions about is a habit among members of royal families. Now, however, they carry on openly and apparently without any shame. Yet this does not prevent them from being, outside the hours of licensed abandonment, women who have retained their *tenue* to a greater degree than others.

But we may talk of *tenue* from now till doomsday: love lies on its death-bed. It is not only in Soviet Russia that all sentimentality is penalized; in Western Europe, too, emotion is dying out. We sometimes still find men in the fashionable sets practising this atavism. But when the women on their side adapt themselves by mimicry to this situation—it is quite certain that the boyish bob and the boyish figure may be referred to the fact that during the war men had disaccustomed themselves to the company of women, so that boyishness had become the surest appeal—the contrary effect is bound to be produced under certain circumstances. Young people of today would certainly not be impotent by nature in such large numbers if there had not taken place, in the furthest depths of their nature, beyond the reach of all will, of all morals, a transposition of poles. We see this shifting in the life-picture going on everywhere. With the exception of one country—France.

Today France is perhaps the last refuge of love. In this country it still plays exactly the same *role* as of old. Thus all those who are still capable of love will make France the land of their pilgrimage. The rule of love is actually still so absolute in that country, that one cannot find there the slightest understanding of the new state of affairs as outlined here. Once, in Paris, when I turned the conversation to this subject, a handsome officer of marine broke into loud laughter: "All that is Nordic weakness! When our ship anchored in Copenhagen and Oslo it was found necessary to forbid us Mediterraneans to set foot on the land. ...." I replied: "I am glad to hear that. But are there Mediterraneans enough to rescue love?" In this regard things are at a bad pass with the celebrated Nordic. An authority in this field, L. F. Clauss, the idol of the German Volkische Partei, has this to say in his book *Rasse und Seele:* "For the Nordic, even the sex-act becomes a sort of task. Even here he has his objective outlook. The Mediterranean type is free from this: he loves and desires and weds as a master of the game." And again: "The young Nordic can stand for hours at the street corner where he has learned the young woman of his love must pass, swearing that this time, absolutely, he will accost her and tell her his love. But then, as soon as he sees the unsuspecting maiden approaching, he hides himself in the throng: from that undisturbed vantage he can watch her pass. He relinquishes his object from a distance and takes refuge in his world of dreams, there to celebrate in undisturbed possession." Is it not a matter for

astonishment that women should still want to have anything at all to do with Nordics? Is it not pure self-preservation when they plan to build up a world without love? . . .

In any case one thing is certain: love, no less than other things, calls for talent. There are entire peoples which are unerotic. The same is true of tremendous numbers of individuals of both sexes in every nation. In general, Spaniards and Italians know only passion. The majority of Germans, if they are not simply crude, pour themselves out in a Wertherian sentimentality. Englishmen are frigid to an unusual degree; nowhere in the world are there as many *mariages blancs* as in the Island Empire. In Russian life, love plays the minutest *role;* in fact it has recently been "scientifically" established in that country that love is a capitalistic invention: it is not a natural urge, but an ideological mechanism, which must crumble to pieces along with the capitalistic order; until then, a "League Against Love" must be founded. In the entire Orient love is of so little account that the centering of one's life about it, in the manner of the modern European novel, is absolutely incomprehensible.

Yet all this does not contradict the fact that women, everywhere on earth, are love-beings; fundamentally nothing could be more alien to them than that post of at best "friendly condescension" into which they have been forced by masculine "idealism." It was Eve that tempted Adam and not *vice versa;* so has it always been and so will it always be; it is the slyest feminine cunning which makes the contrary appear to be the case. . . . But most men are too stupid to play the game accordingly. Hence the involuntary position of monopoly occupied by those few who in one way or another, from time to time, tend toward the Don Juan type. I knew a German poet who in his later years found his pleasure in playing the Pietro Aretino to girls of the best society: so little competition did he encounter that not only was he literally besieged in his home, but his fame preceded him to all the capitals of the world, so that he only had to stretch his hand out and take. Again, I know of a Russian whose sexual charm was so contagious that once, in Venice, he won a wager which sounds fantastic; he wagered that if he were introduced into any house, preferably for the first time, he would in a high percentage of cases—exactly how high I no longer remember, but it was very high—need no more than half an hour to win the lady. It is certain that in the art of love, as in every other art, we have to do with a special kind of ability: a self-understood swinging together of body, soul and mind. It is this which makes love, as women understand it and as every man desires it for himself. Thus the French cult of love is something more than a question of a life-philosophy: it is based on a natural talent, a gift of grace. It is the expression of a wonderful ability. Enmity toward the senses, where it is not a sign of moral ugliness, is evidence of nothing better than impotence. For the saint transposes and sublimates only an innately powerful love-instinct. Never yet did an unsensual person become a saint. In this respect at least may France forever remain what she has always been. —From Count Hermann Keyserling's *Europe,* by permission of Harcourt, Brace & Company.

REMORSE is seldom more than the realization that we obtained something at too high a price. And forgiveness is usually nothing but a fainthearted attempt to restore {even at a sacrifice of justice, honor, and self-respect} some previous state of affairs which was pleasanter or more beneficial. Thus, remorse and forgiveness merely appear to readjust things—they are either an unconscious self-deception or a deliberate counterfeiting of the emotions.—Arthur Schnitzler, in *Vanity Fair*

Young Husband: I can't stand this suspense any longer. It will kill me.

Doctor: Calm yourself, my dear sir. I've brought thousands of babies into the world and never lost a father yet.—*Punch*

The Assassination of Rasputin

THUS Prince Felix Youssoupoff describes the slaying at St. Petersburg, in 1917, of the notorious impostor Rasputin, whose real name was Grigori Efimovich. Slain while at the height of his power, Rasputin was virtually ruling Russia through his hold on the Tsarina Alexandra Feodorovna. The situation was desperate. Here was a Siberian horse-thief appointing Ministers of State, a shameless debauchee posing as a holy man with miraculous powers, an almost illiterate peasant steering an empire into the abyss, while those who knew the truth were impotent to act.

The Tsarina believed that her invalid little son could only be saved by a miracle, and that Rasputin alone could perform the miracle. His gross betrayal of the imperial trust placed in him is, declares Prince Youssoupoff, the reason why he considered it a patriotic duty to kill the interloper.

Associated with him in the dark work were the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich, one Sukhotin, another Purishkevich and a Dr. Lazovert. The latter poisoned the beverages and cakes in the Youssoupoff palace, to which he and the Prince brought Rasputin one midnight in December, 1917, as here described. Youssoupoff first tells of calling for Rasputin at his home and finding him before a chest full of money.

HE {Rasputin} took some money from the chest, which he then carefully locked. He blew out the candle, and the room was again in semi-darkness—illuminated only by the lamp which burned fitfully before the ikon in the corner.

I was suddenly overwhelmed by a feeling of infinite pity for this man.

I felt disgusted and ashamed at the thought of the vile means and appalling deception with which I was luring him to my home. Here was my victim—standing before me, suspecting nothing, trusting me.

At that moment I was filled with the deepest contempt for myself; I asked myself how I could have decided to commit such a hideous crime; and I could not understand how it had happened.

He trusted me. . . . But what had become of his insight? What had happened to his instinct? It seemed as if fate had somehow clouded his reason, and blinded him to our intentions.

But then I saw, with amazing clearness, one scene after another from the life of Rasputin. All my qualms of conscience, all my remorse vanished, and gave place to a steadfast determination to complete the task which we had undertaken.

I hesitated no longer.

We walked towards the dark landing, and Rasputin closed the door behind him.

The lock again grated noisily, and a harsh, ominous echo rang down the deserted staircase. We were in total darkness.

I felt a vice-like grip on my arm.

"I'll show you the way," said Rasputin as he led me down. His grasp hurt me. I wanted to protest and shake it off; but I felt numb. . . . I do not remember anything that he said to me, or whether I replied. At that moment there was only one thing I desired: to get into the open air as soon as possible, to see as much light as possible, and not to feel the touch of that terrible hand.

As soon as we got downstairs my horror left me, and I again became cool and collected. . . .

We got into the car and drove off. . . .

On entering the house I heard my friends' voices, and the sounds of a popular American song on the gramophone. Rasputin stopped to listen:

"What's this going on?—a party?"

"No; my wife has friends with her. They will go away soon, so for the time being let's go down to the dining-room and have some tea."

We went downstairs. Rasputin removed his fur coat and proceeded to scrutinize the room and furniture.

He was particularly interested in a labyrinth cupboard. He showed quite a childish delight in it, and returned to it again and again, opening and shutting the small doors and examining the interior. He refused at first to take either

tea or wine. This was rather perplexing.

"Does he suspect anything?" I wondered; but I there and then decided that in any case he should not leave the house alive.

We sat down to the table, and talked. We discussed mutual friends, the G——s and Vyrubova; and we touched upon Tsarskoe Selo.

"Grigori Efimovich, why did Protopopov come to you? Is he in constant fear of a plot against you?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm a stumbling-block to a good many people, because I'm always telling the truth.... Your aristocrats don't like the idea of a common *muzhik* wandering about the Palaces. It's all sheer envy and malice. But why should I be afraid of them? . . . they can't do any harm to me: I'm proof against evil designs. They've had more than one try, but the Lord laid their plans bare. Take Khvostov. He tried it on, but he was punished and dismissed. They daren't even touch me. They'd only get into trouble."

His words sounded ominous.

But nothing could now dismay me. During the whole of that conversation I had only one idea in my head: to make him drink wine out of those poisoned glasses, and to eat the poisoned cakes.

He exhausted his ordinary topics after a time, and asked for some tea.

I poured him out a cup, and pushed a plate of biscuits towards him. Why I offered him the biscuits which were not poisoned, I cannot explain.

It was only some time afterwards that I took the plate of poisoned cakes and passed them to him.

He firmly declined them at first.

"Don't want 'em; they're too sweet," he said.

However, he soon took one, then a second. . . . Without moving a muscle I watched him take them and eat them, one after another.

The cyanide should have taken immediate effect; but to my utter amazement he continued to converse with me as if he were none the worse for them.

I then suggested that he should sample our Crimean wines.

Again he refused.

Time passed. I began to get impatient. I poured out two glasses, one for him, the other for myself. I placed his glass in front of him and began to drink out of my own, thinking that he would follow my example.

"Well, let me try it," said Rasputin, stretching out his hand for the wine. It was not poisoned.

Why I first gave him the wine in an unpoisoned glass I am also at a loss to explain.

By an apparent accident, however, I soon managed to knock his glass to the floor, where it smashed.

I took advantage of this to pour wine into one of the glasses containing cyanide of potassium. Having once begun to drink, he made no further protest.

I stood in front of him and followed each movement he made, expecting every moment to be his last.

But he drank slowly, taking small sips at a time, just as if he had been a connoisseur.

His face did not change; but from time to time he put his hand to his throat as if

ICELANDIC PEASANT POEMS

1

In the long, dark winter night
I arise and light my candle;
Not to do any work,
Not to see what is outside,
Not to write a poem—
But only to look at my wife.

2

To hear hell talked of
Makes Pall shudder;
I am frightened for my little soul.

3

(The Poet Sees Hay in His Wife's Shoes)

I wish I were a blade of hay
Drying in your shoe. . . .
I know you would tread so lightly on my faults.

[Continued on next page]

he found slight difficulty in swallowing. He got up and moved about the room, and when I asked him whether anything was the matter, "Oh, nothing much," he said; "just an irritation in the throat."

There was a nerve-racking pause.

"That's very good Madeira. Give me some more," said Rasputin, holding out his glass.

The poison still produced no effect. . . .

He looked at me with a cunning smile. I seemed to hear him say:

"You see! It doesn't matter how you try; you can't do me any harm."

But all of a sudden, his expression changed into one of fiendish hatred. Never before had he inspired me with such horror.

I felt an indescribable loathing for him and was ready at that moment to throw myself upon him and choke him to death.

I felt that he knew why I had brought him there, and what I intended to do to him. A mute and deadly conflict seemed to be taking place between us. I was aghast. Another moment and I should have gone under. I felt that confronted by those satanic eyes I was beginning to lose my self-control. A strange feeling of numbness took possession of me. My head reeled. . . . I saw nothing . . . . I do not know how long this lasted. . . .

Then he slowly raised his head and looked at me. His eyes were dim; with a dull, lifeless expression in them.

"Are you feeling unwell?" I asked.

"Yes, my head is heavy, and my stomach is burning. Give me another glass—that will ease me."

I poured him out some Madeira; he drank it at a gulp, and at once revived and regained his good spirits.

I exchanged a few sentences with him and saw that he was perfectly conscious, and that his mind was working normally. . . .

There I had been sitting all that time with a man who had swallowed an enormous dose of the most deadly poison; I had been watching every one of his movements in the expectation of a fatal issue. But what amazed me most was that in spite of his instinctive knowledge and insight, he should now be so utterly unconscious of his approaching end.

How could his sharp eyes fail to observe that, clenched in my hand, behind my back, was a revolver which in an instant would be aimed at him? . . .

Rasputin came right up to me, looking me full in the face, and he seemed to read in my glance something which he was not expecting. I realized that the supreme moment was at hand.

"God give me strength to end it all," I thought, and I slowly brought the revolver from behind my back. Rasputin was still standing motionless before me, his head turned to the right, and his eyes on the crucifix.

"Where shall I shoot?" I thought. "Through the temple or through the heart?"

A streak of lightning seemed to run through my body. I fired.

There was a roar, as from a wild beast, and Rasputin fell heavily backwards on the bear-skin rug.

I heard a noise on the staircase: my friends were hurrying to my aid. In their haste they caught against the main switch just outside the room, and I suddenly found myself in darkness.

Someone stumbled against me and called out in fright.

I did not move; I was afraid of stepping

The River Ranga
Was terrible to me
As the mouth of death
Narrowed with hunger.

So I drove my horse into the river.

But the stream pushed the ice-floes at me
And the little bridge creaked breaking
over my head
{The reality was tameless as my fear}
And I had to rein him back to shore.
What is sadder than such defeat?

—Pall Olafsson, translated by Gladys Oaks, in *The Nation*

(Pall Olafsson was born and lived most of his life in an Icelandic turf cottage. He was a small farmer. He died in 1905. These are believed to be his first poems to be translated into English.)

on to the body down there in the dark.

The light was switched on at last.

They all rushed towards Rasputin. . . .

He was lying on his back. His face twitched now and then; his hands were convulsively clenched; his eyes were closed.

There was a small red spot on his light silk blouse.

We bent over him, and looked at him closely. . . .

Rasputin lay motionless, but on touching him I discovered that he was still warm.

I felt his pulse. There was no beat.

From his wound drops of blood trickled, and fell on the granite floor.

It was an awe-inspiring and revolting sight.

I cannot explain why, but I suddenly seized him by both arms, and violently shook him. The body rose, leant sideways, and fell back into its former position, the head hanging lifelesslv to one side.

I stood over him for a little time longer, and was on the point of going away when my attention was arrested by a slight trembling of his left eyelid. . . . I bent down over him, and attentively examined his face. . . . It began to twitch convulsively. The movements became more and more pronounced. Suddenly the left eye half-opened. . . . An instant later the right lid trembled and lifted. . . . And both eyes. . . . the eyes of Rasputin, greenish and snake-like—fixed themselves upon me with an expression of devilish hatred.

My blood froze in speechless horror. I was petrified. . . . I wanted to run, to call for help; but my feet would not move, and no sound came from me.

I stood riveted to the floor as if in a nightmare. . . .

Then the incredible happened. . . . With a violent movement Rasputin jumped to his feet. I was horror-stricken. The room resounded with a wild roar. His fingers, convulsively knotted, flashed through the air. . . . Like red-hot iron they grasped my shoulder and tried to grip me by the throat. His eyes were crossed, and obtruded terribly, he was foaming at the mouth—a grewsome sight.

And in a hoarse whisper he constantly repeated my name.

I cannot convey in words the fear which possessed me.

I tried to tear myself away, but his iron clutch held me with incredible strength. A terrible struggle ensued.

This dying, poisoned, and shot-ridden creature, raised by the powers of darkness to avenge his destruction, inspired me with a feeling so terrifying, so ghastly, that the memory of it haunts me to this day.

At that moment I understood and felt in the fullest degree the real power of Rasputin. It seemed that the devil himself, incarnate in this *muzhik,* was holding me in vice-like fingers, never to let me go.

But with a supreme effort I tore myself free.

Rasputin groaned, and fell backwards, still gripping my epaulet, which he had torn off in the struggle. I looked at him; he lay all huddled up, motionless.

But again he stirred.

I rushed upstairs, calling on Purishkevich, who was in my study, to come to my aid.

"Quick! quick! the revolver! He is alive!" I shouted.

I myself was unarmed. I had given my revolver to the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich. At the door of my study I met Purishkevich, who had heard my desperate call for assistance. He was amazed to learn that Rasputin was still alive, and hurriedly took out his revolver from its holster. At that moment I heard sounds behind me. I realized that it was Rasputin, and in an instant I found myself in my study. Here on the writing-table, I had left the loaded stick, which Maklakov had given me "in case I might ever want it." I seized it, and rushed out.

Rasputin, on all-fours, was rapidly making his way up the staircase, bellowing and snorting like a wounded animal.

Suddenly, he gathered himself up and made a final leap towards the wicket-door leading to the courtyard.

In the full certainty that the door was

locked, and that the key was in the possession of those who had left us, I stood on the staircase landing, firmly grasping the loaded stick.

But to my horror and surprise, the wicket-door opened, and Rasputin vanished through it into the darkness.

Purishkevich immediately rushed after him. Two shots rang out, resounding all over the yard.

I was beside myself with the idea that he might escape us. I rushed to the main entrance and ran along the Moika quayside, towards the courtyard, hoping, in case Purishkevich had missed him, to stop Rasputin at the gates.

There were three entrances to the courtyard, and only the center gates were unlocked. Through the railing I saw that it was just to those gates that Rasputin, led by instinct, was heading.

A third shot rang out, and a fourth. . . .

Rasputin stumbled and fell near a snow heap. Purishkevich ran up to him, stood still for a few seconds, and evidently having decided that everything was now over, and that Rasputin was killed, with rapid steps turned back to the house. I called out to him, but he did not hear me.

After looking round and finding that the streets were empty, and that the shots had not attracted attention, I entered the courtyard and went up to the snow mound where Rasputin was lying. . . .

Some sort of paroxysm seized me.

I rushed at the body and began battering it with the loaded stick. . . .In my frenzy I hit anywhere.

At that moment all laws of God and man were set at naught.

Purishkevich subsequently told me that it was such a harrowing sight that he would never be able to forget it.

I lost consciousness.

In the meantime the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich, Captain Sukhotin and Dr. Lazovert returned in the closed car.

On hearing from Purishkevich all that had happened, they decided not to disturb me.

They wrapped the body in a cloth, placed it in the car, and drove off to Petrovski Island.

From a bridge there, the remains of Rasputin were thrown into the water.

—From Prince Felix Youssoupoff's *Rasputin*, by permission of The Dial Press

ZIONIST PROGRESS IN PALESTINE

THE idea of a return to the Land of Israel has been instinctive in Jewry since the first dispersal. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem; let my right hand forget her cunning." It has ever been the ambition of every devout Jew in exile to lie in his coffin with a small packet of Palestinian soil under his head, so that his last resting place should be on the land of his fathers; and throughout the centuries, individual Jews, impelled by a devotion which blinded them to all dangers, have migrated by ones and twos to Palestine, where colonies, haphazardly assembled, settled and survived precariously on the sufferance of this and that local authority. But it was not until 1880 that any organized movement toward Jewish colonization was started.

The incentive to organized action followed on a particularly ferocious outbreak of Jewish persecution in Russia and Central Europe, and was inspired by the energy and generosity of Baron Edmond de Rothschild. His colonies are products of a normal policy of immigration: refugees were installed in Palestine as simple peasants to work and worship in peace; their settlement had no ulterior motive. And therein lies the difference between the Rothschild and the Zionist programs.

In 1897, seventeen years after the beginning of Baron de Rothschild's colonizing activities, Dr. Theodor Herzl, an Austrian Jewish publicist and dramatist,

conceived the idea of Zionism as a political movement to crystallize into concerted action the uncoordinated efforts of his fellow Jews; and at the first Zionist conference which was held that year he succeeded in obtaining wide adherence to a new Jewish policy which would strive to win "a legally secured, publicly recognized home for the Jewish people in Palestine." . . . On Nov. 2, 1917, twenty years after the first conference, appeared the Balfour Declaration by which the British Government expressed its sympathy with "the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, . . . it being understood that nothing should be done to prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in the country." A month later Lord Allenby captured Jerusalem; a Zionist executive was established in Palestine to act as a link between British and Zionist interests; and the Zionist movement was in a position to put into effect a program which had already been worked out in theory during the years of waiting. . . .

> THE Jewish Question exists wherever Jews live in perceptible numbers. Where it does not exist it is carried by Jews in the course of their migrations. We naturally move to those places where we are not persecuted, and there our presence produces persecution. This is the case in every country, and will remain so, even in those highly civilized, France itself being no exception, till the Jewish question finds a solution on a political basis. The unfortunate Jews are now {1896} carrying anti-Semitism into England; they have already introduced it into America.
>
> —Theodor Herzl

The work of Jewish consolidation in Palestine depends on three factors: the strong financial support of Jewry throughout the world, the cooperation of Great Britain as mandatory of Palestine, and the economic success of the Jewish immigrants brought from abroad to settle on the land. . . .

After ten years of Jewish activity in Palestine, the present juncture finds Zionism in financial straits and facing critics whose financial help is needed. It is not easy to specify these criticisms; but in general, it may be said that . . . it allowed its scheme of immigration to outstrip practical economic limits; that its financial policy was on a scale too vast for a budget which relied solely on fluctuating charity; that loose organization resulted in a laxity of control and a tendency to concentrate on other than the essential issues, and that practical development was subordinated to idealism — an idealism over-tinged with politics. In short, there was extravagant diffusion of effort and avoidable confusion of policy.

It is easy to be wise after the event; and in fairness to the Zionist leaders it must be remembered that . . . they were pioneers; and like all pioneers, they have sown where others will reap.

What have they sowed? Which of their sowings will come into harvest?

They have acquired at a price much land — some fifty thousand acres. They have inaugurated elaborate Zionist medical and educational services, of which the latter, for lack of funds, had recently to be curtailed. Their immigrants numbering over 70,000 have too largely {the proportion is 4 to 1} drifted into their urban creation, Tel Aviv, with the result that many, especially among the small capitalist classes, have lost their all and are either on the dole or working on relief works; while the township itself, which as a result of astounding over-development between 1920 and 1924 now numbers 40,000 souls, is faced with a financial stringency which will for many years cripple its municipality. So far it is not an encouraging account. But a balance can be struck. The student visitor to Palestine will find the offset in

his investigation of the Jewish agricultural settlements. . . .

Pioneer work in Palestine on the land is of a type apart. The settlers were guaranteed against the anxieties of yearly deficits over the initial periods by the knowledge that in their difficulties Zionist support and Jewish charity were behind them. This knowledge eased the hardships of the early stages of their reclamation and cultivation of the land allotted to them. But these hardships were real. The conditions were new, and agricultural life and labor were unfamiliar to the majority. The country was strange and the standards and intellects around them far lower than their own. There were places where unsalubrious, waterlogged conditions had to be overcome; in others productivity could be wrung from a stone-bound land only by dogged and often dishearteningly hard work. And they themselves were a cosmopolitan "throw-together," lacking homogeneity and a common language, their only bond being a common religion and common ideals. Hebrew has given them a common tongue. They have learned it, and it is now theirs. Of themselves, they have evolved a new social system to cope with their other problems. . . .

Of the twenty-eight colonies founded by Zionism since the war, each with an average population of twenty to twenty-five families, seventeen have by their own wish adopted this system. The *Kevuzah* colony is lock, stock and barrel in the general ownership of all, and its development is a general charge on all its members. Each adult gives unpaid his or her labor in return for free food, lodging, clothes and medical care. Work is unspecialized, and each in turn, on the instructions of the council of the colony, assumes duties as diversified as stock raising, plowing and harvesting, poultry keeping and beekeeping, horticulture and viticulture, cooking and washing. The married couples have their own quarters, and the unmarried their dormitories by sexes; while the children, also separately housed, are divided into three categories, the infants whose mothers normally return to communal work six weeks after the birth of their babies. the kindergarten, where both sexes stay together until they reach the age of 7; and the school stage, when their education begins seriously in three languages, English, Hebrew and Arabic, and from which they graduate into the practical work of the farm among their elders. It is an interesting social experiment, designed especially to meet the initial problems of pioneer settlement. . . .

> THE Jews have a gift. They have few heroes but they immortalize them. Herzl stands clearly among the chosen few in four thousand years of history. He saw himself becoming a myth; he is already a very powerful legend. When the obscurity that veils Jewish life ceases; when the Jews take their place amongst the peoples; when Herzl's coffin, like Joseph's, is removed to Palestine, the epitaph that a grateful nation may write upon his tombstone should be as simple as the motive that forced him into nine years of ceaseless toil—"With unfathomable faith he loved his people."
>
> —Jacob de Haas, in *Theodor Herzl; A Biographical Study* (Brentano's)

The remaining eleven Zionist colonies founded since 1917 are organized as *Moshavim,* or small holding settlements on normal immigration standards, with average populations of 250 persons. Zionist credit supplies each individual settler with house and land and the necessary farm plant and equipment. The house and land are his to possess as soon as he has repaid the Zionist outlay. The plant and equipment are a general charge on the colony and for general use. Materials and stores are bought on a cooperative basis to assist economy;

the selling of the produce of the colony is similarly organized. Each *Moshav* has its own school, hospital, blacksmith and wheelwright. There is community of interest, but individualism of effort and independence in result. . . .

It cannot be denied, and a visit to the colonies will confirm the fact, that the great majority of the immigrants are advanced social thinkers, of an intelligence which it is amazing to find in a Palestine hamlet. . . . Newcomers invariably incur suspicion, and suspicion is prone to promote counter-suspicion. Time alone can allay it. In Palestine mutual Arab-Jewish suspicion was for years fanned by foolish and loose propaganda on both sides, and it is only slowly that the rank and file in both parties are coming to realize that the Arab and the Jew can supplement each other as Palestinians if they are left alone. . . .

Jews are learning Arabic; but it is not to be expected that the Arabs will learn Hebrew. Arab-Jewish cooperation will have to be built up on Arabic, and it is therefore rather distressing to find, as the traveler does find in a new Jewish town, no notices other than in Hebrew. Parochial exclusiveness on such lines will not attract Arab buyers to Jewish markets nor foster good understanding. . . . Meanwhile, the Jewish colonies have "found themselves" and are established as living Palestinian entities in the Land of Promise. — Captain Owen Tweedy, British Army, observer of Palestinian affairs, in *Current History Magazine*

CHANG TSO-LIN

Chang Tso-lin, one time conqueror of all China north of the Yangtse, dictator of Peking, and war lord of the three extra-mural provinces of Manchuria, recently succumbed to injuries received when his train was bombed by unknown assassins.

They say that Chang Tso-lin is dead—
I shall be sorry if that is true—
Seeing again his round black head
That nodded above his robe of blue
When, gravely polite, he talked to you.

He looked like a little Oxford don,
With his gentle voice, and his courteous smile—
A don in a gentian dressing-gown!
Full of humor and quiet guile.
{Where was the bandit all the while?}

But he was fearless as any in war
For all his bullet-proof limousines.
{He drove about in one of four
With Lewis-guns mounted on the screen
And silver spittoons behind the scenes.}s

I remember him at a foreign dance
In a robe of black brocade, that night,
Sliding his slow, impervious glance
Over the guests from left to right
Who filed before him, faintly polite.

To each who passed him face to face,
He made his little cautious bow.
But when he saw me, he left his place,
Smiled, stepped forward down the row,
*And clasped his hands, and said, "Nin hao?".**

So clasping mine, I said, "Ta Hsuai hao?"
{How may the Great Commander be?}
Chang beamed at that, and bowed down low,
Liking the ancient flattery
Of the Viceroy's title that used to be.

We went together and drank champagne;
Touched glasses, each with a courtly bend;
He spoke of the latest hydroplane
And magic—and said to me at the end,
"Nin wo-ti pang-yo!" {You're my friend.}

A few days later I came away:
I've not seen Chang Tso-lin since then,
Is he really dead, as the papers say?
Well, I shan't drink wine with him again—
Oddest of friends among all men!

*How are you?

—G. Allenby, in the London *Spectator*

A New Jerusalem in Siberia

THE Soviet Ambassador to France makes this important announcement in an interview obtained by Pierre Von Paassen, Paris correspondent of the New York Evening World.

In forwarding the migration of Jews to Siberia, the Soviet Government has discouraged further extensions of Jewish colonization in the Ukraine and the Crimea, which have been largely financed by Judeo-American subscriptions. Five hundred Jewish "pathfinders" have been sent ahead to look over and report upon the fertility and advantages of the Siberian region, in which it is hoped to settle 5,000 Jewish families in the near future.

THE Soviet Government has begun the creation of a distinctive Hebrew State, with home rule, their own schools, their own banks, places of amusement and worship, and co-operative shops to satisfy their special requirements. Located in Eastern Siberia, within three hundred miles of Vladivostock, and comprising two and a half million hectares {9,000 square miles}, it is quite a bit larger than Palestine and nearly the area of Belgium.

If sufficient Jews migrate from the cities to this new district, it will not be long before there will be a Jewish Soviet Republic within the great Union of Soviet Republics.

The New Jerusalem will be infinitely more suitable for colonization than the old Jewish homeland in Palestine. In the first place, the present population will not object to the influx of Jews, as is the case with the Arabs in Palestine. There are no more than one inhabitant to the square mile in the new Soviet territory to begin with. There are no barren stretches as there are in the Holy Land.

The Soviet Government did not act in the matter until the Jews themselves made the demand that new territories be set aside for them. They are immensely satisfied with what has been accomplished in the agricultural line for them in the Ukraine and in White Russia. But there is no possibility of extending their colonies in these regions on account of the presence of other racial groups in the immediate neighborhood. All the land is occupied.

It was for this reason that the Committee for the Agricultural Establishment of the Jews, the so-called "Komzet," asked the competent authorities to set aside for them sufficient land for the settlement of 100,000 Jewish families. In their request the Jews asked that the land set aside should be as little occupied by other groups as possible, and that it be so situated that it could form the territorial basis for the creation of an administrative autonomy.

The territory that was finally selected has an excellent climate. It possesses rich mineral deposits hitherto untapped. Its nearest large city is Khabarovsk. It is watered by two important rivers, the Armour and the Bidjan.

The new State will be known as Bira-Bidjan. It consists for the most part of some of Siberia's finest arable land, with fat pastures on the lower slopes of stately mountains clad with beautiful, profitable forests. No more than 27,000 Cossacks and Koreans at present occupy this concession.

The land is ready for them. It can be made to flow with milk and honey, and we are confident it will before long.

It is the object of the Soviet Government for the Jews to work out their own destiny unhampered and unhindered. There will be no ban upon whatever language they wish to adopt as their official tongue. They will simply lay the foundation of a Jewish State within the Soviet Union. The Far Eastern scheme must not be taken as a move opposed to the establishment of Jewish colonies in Palestine. It is far more important than Palestine. It will harbor more Jews within ten years than Palestine can possibly hold under present conditions.

Without any delay it is possible to create 35,000 farms in the new Hebrew territory. These farms will be 25 decia-

tines {67½ acres} each. Colonization will be no more expensive than in other parts of Russia. It is figured that the establishment of a family will come to 2,000 roubles, or $1,000. The new scheme does not mean that the older Jewish colonies will be abandoned. They are now in a state where their security is certain and where prosperity will not delay for long.—M. Dogalievsky, Soviet Ambassador to France

A PAGAN POLYNESIAN HOUSE-WARMING

DURING the last few years many truly handsome Maori carved houses have been built as communal meeting-houses in the villages throughout the North Island of New Zealand. And the ancient religious rites, once heavily frowned upon by the missionaries and denounced as incantations of the devil, are honored today as they have not been for many years.

Chief of all, there is the poetic service for the removal of the "tapu" ban which is supposed to attach to all important buildings hewn out of the forest timbers and carved in the semblance of traditional deities and venerated ancestors. No new communal house of this kind, the clan's assembly hall and guest-house, is opened for occupation without recital of the ancient prayers and poems, a true house-warming ceremony.

The house blessing by the priest begins with a charm to propitiate Tane-Mahuta, the god of the great forests, from whose domains the trees were taken to build the house. Tane's forests are sacred; those towering children of the wood gods must not be felled for any reason.

Then comes the chant for the removal of the tapu from the chisels, mallets and axes used in working the timbers of Tane into carved figures representing gods and departed sacred chiefs. The tools used by the carvers are placed in the front of the house while this chant is recited.

Next, the house is addressed as a personification of the forest god. It is Tane regarded as a home for man. This is a finely poetical passage. It prays that the various parts of the building may be bound firmly together, so that it may stand stoutly, steadfast:

"Bind, bind together, O Tane, that into thee may not enter the cold and stormy elements—the Frosty Wind, the Great Rain, the Long Rain, the Cold Sleety Rain, the Hail-stones. Stand firmly, O Tane, against the assault of the God of Gales, Tawhiri-matea! May all be safe and warm within thy walls. These shall dwell within thee—Warmth, Heaped-up Warmth and Glowing Heat—these are the persons that dwell within thee, O Tane, standing there before me. May all be joyful within thy walls!"

And there are "Amen"-like responses from the people gathered around {all this ceremonial takes place in front of the house, whose door is closed} the ancient chorus of "Hui-e! Haumi-e! Taiki-e!"

In the concluding portion of the rite the threshold is crossed for the first time by a woman, who must be a chieftainness or a relation either of the chief owner of the house or of the carvers. Until this woman enters and partakes ceremonially of cooked food therein no woman is allowed to cross the sacred portals.

Woman is decidedly an interloper about the place before the great opening day. The young ladies of present-day Maoridom are apt to give considerable trouble to the house builders who take their craft seriously. Not long ago the carvers at work on a large meeting house at Ohinemutu, Rotorua, complained to me that they had to keep continual watch lest the girls get into the house and spoil everything. Woman's insatiable curiosity—bother the tapu!—James Cowan, in *The Mid-Pacific*

THE superstition that all our hours of work are a minus quantity in the happiness of life, and all the hours of idleness are plus ones, is a most ludicrous and pernicious doctrine, and its greatest support comes from our not taking sufficient trouble, not making a real effort, to make work as near pleasure as it can be.—Lord Balfour

The Relationship of Science to Religion

In considering the perennial question of the relationship between science and religion, it is important to avoid any appearance—or reality—of burking the facts. It is the most honest and wisest course to consider in each separate science what exactly the results amount to, and what the theories represent.

One may say that religion is the attitude which the mind takes up toward the totality of existence or that it is the feeling we have of complete dependence upon the universe. Neither of these definitions really covers the ground.

If we consider the state of mind of people who quite obviously are religious, we always find an element of worship present—worthship, appreciation of value—the feeling that there is a supreme value to which the human mind can have some sort of relation.

Good is the real thing, and evil is a falling away—something less complete and real than good. Health is metaphysically the real thing, and disease is a falling away from health for various reasons.

In functional disease, or in the functional aspects of disease, it is the change of mind in the patient that is important and this is a change from the simple to the complex. Health is a simple thing; it is disease that is complex. Truth is simple; error is complex. There is one way of hitting the mark, but innumerable ways of missing it.

There are two forms of psycho-therapy, the first suggestion and auto-suggestion, the second, analysis. Bad auto-suggestion is the cause of a great deal of illness. . . .Beneficial suggestion is, really and fundamentally, faith. It develops a belief in the "worthwhileness" of things, and appreciation of values. If the patient can get that view of life, he is on the road toward faith and health.

In this respect it can be said that modern psychotherapy is in harmony with the teaching of our Lord in the Gospels as regards the regaining of health. . . .

> THERE is nothing to prevent us from holding the view that, although self-conscious mind may have developed out of simpler forms of biological process, it gradually achieves a greater and greater degree of independence and is able to react upon the body with an increased degree of freedom and indetermination of physical activity, and eventually may survive physical death. We cannot say for certain that the opposite is proved by modern science, viz., that the mind cannot survive bodily death. . . .
>
> —Dr. William Brown

Science when followed up in its own domain and according to its own rules leads on to something other than science—leads on to philosophy or metaphysics . . .

The most fundamental of the sciences is not physics or chemistry. The latter are abstractions from the point of view of measurement. They abstract from the factor of organic activity. Biology as the science which deals with this factor is the most fundamental physical science.

This view is not crude vitalism or neo-vitalism, but it is a view that saves us from the doctrine of blind mechanism which would seem to follow from the other way of putting things—of putting physics at the basis of reality and explaining degrees of reality in terms of degrees of mechanical complexity—explaining the animate in terms of the inanimate.—Dr. William Brown, psychologist, University of London, in a lecture at Yale

I have recently traveled in the Far East, and I have brought with me the deep impression that nationalistic, militaristic Japan, as it is still thought of in America and Europe, is a thing of the past.—Count Carlo Sforza, former Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs

THE FAITH OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

KATHERINE MANSFIELD was born in Wellington, New Zealand, as Kathleen Beauchamp. In 1911, when she was twenty-one and living in London, her first book, In a German Pension, *was published in England. It was recognized as the foreshadowing of a great literary power. Two years later she married J. Middleton Murry, eminent British critic, who has edited her remarkable* Journal, *from which these passages are taken. Hardly had the promise of her early work been fulfilled by the publication of* The Fly, *pronounced one of the best short stories in the language, and other tales, when, after a protracted illness, she died at thirty-four, feeling "happy—deep down" and that "all is well."*

OCTOBER {1915}. They are walking up and down the garden in Acacia Road {St. John's Wood, London}. It is dusky; the Michaelmas daisies are bright as feathers. From the old fruit-tree at the bottom of the garden—the slender tree rather like a poplar—there falls a little round pear, hard as a stone.

"Did you hear that, Katie? Can you find it? By Jove—that familiar sound."

Their hands move over the thin moist grass. He picks it up, and, unconsciously, as of old, polishes it on his handkerchief.

"Do you remember the enormous number of pears there used to be on that old tree?"

"Down by the violet bed."

"And how after there'd been a Southerly Buster we used to go out with clothes baskets to pick them up?"

"And how while we stooped they went on falling, bouncing on our backs and heads?"

"And how far they used to be scattered, ever so far, under the violet leaves, down the steps, right down to the lily-lawn? We used to find them trodden in the grass. And how soon the ants got to them. I can see now that little round hole with a sort of fringe of brown pepper round it."

"Do you know that I've never seen pears like them since?"

"They were so bright, canary yellow—and small. And the peel was so thin and the pips jet—jet black. First you pulled out the little stem and sucked it. It was faintly sour, and then you ate them always from the top—core and all."

"The pips were delicious."

"Do you remember sitting on the pink garden seat? Do you remember that?"

"I shall never forget that pink garden seat. It is the only garden seat for me. Where is it now? Do you think we shall be allowed to sit on it in Heaven?"

"It always wobbled a bit and there were usually the marks of a snail on it."

"Sitting on that seat, swinging our legs and eating the pears—"

"But isn't it extraordinary how *deep* our happiness was—how positive—deep, shining, warm. I remember the way we used to look at each other and smile—do you?—sharing a secret. . . .What was it?"

"I think it was the family feeling—we were almost like one child. I always see us walking about together, looking at things together with the same eyes, discussing. . . .I felt that again—just now—when we looked for the pear in the grass. I remembered ruffling the violet leaves with you—Oh, that garden! Do you remember that some of the pears we found used to have little teeth marks in them?"

"Yes."

"Who bit them?"

"It was always a mystery."

He puts his arm round her. They pace up and down. And the round moon shines over the pear tree, and the ivy walls of the garden glitter like metal. The air smells chill . . . heavy . . . very cold.

"We shall go back there one day—when it's all over."

"We'll go back together."

"And find everything—"

"Everything!"

She leans against his shoulder. The moonlight deepens. Now they are facing the back of the house. A square of light shows in the window

"Give me your hand. You know

that I shall always be a stranger here."

"Yes, darling, I know."

"Walk up and down once more and then we'll go in."

"It's so curious—my absolute confidence that I'll come back. I feel it's as certain as this pear."

"I feel that too."

"I couldn't not come back. You know that feeling. It is awfully mysterious."

The shadows on the grass are long and strange; a puff of strange wind whispers in the ivy and the old moon touches them with silver.

She shivers.

"You're cold."

"Very cold."

He put his arm round her. Suddenly he kisses her—

"Good-bye, darling."

"Ah, why do you say that!"

"Darling, good-bye. . . .good-bye!"

October 29, {1915}. A misty, misty evening. I want to write down the fact that not only am I not afraid of death—I welcome the idea of death. I believe in immortality because he is not here, and I long to join him. First, my darling, I've got things to do for both of us, and then I will come as quickly as I can. Dearest heart, I know you are there, and I live with you, and I will write for you. Other people are near, but they are not close to me. To you only do I belong, just as *you* belong to me. Nobody knows how often I am with you. Indeed, I am always with you, and I begin to feel that you know—that when I leave this house and this place it will be with you, and I will never even for the shortest space of time be away from you. You have me. You're in my flesh as well as in my soul. I give others my "surplus" love, but to you I hold and to you I give my deepest love.

November {1915}, Bandol, France. Brother. I think I have known for a long time that life was over for me, but I never realized it or acknowledged it until my brother died. Yes, though he is lying in the middle of a little wood in France and I am still walking upright and feeling the sun and the wind from the sea, I am just as much dead as he is. The present and the future mean nothing to me. I am no longer "curious" about people; I do not wish to go anywhere; and the only possible value that anything can have for me is that it should put me in mind of something that happened or was when he was alive.

"Do you remember, Katie?" I hear his voice in the trees and flowers, in scents and light and shadow. Have people, apart from these far-away people, ever existed for me? Or have they always failed and faded because I denied them reality? Supposing I were to die as I sit at this table, playing with my Indian paper-knife, what would the difference be? No difference at all. Then why don't I commit suicide? Because I feel I have a duty to perform to the lovely time when we were both alive. I want to write about it, and he wanted me to. We talked it over in my little top room in London. I said: I will just put on the front page: To my brother, Leslie Heron Beauchamp. Very well: it shall be done. . . .

The wind died down at sunset. Half a ring of moon hangs in the hollow air. It is very quiet. Somewhere I can hear a

I WONDER why it should be so very difficult to be humble. . . . There seems to be some bad old pride in my heart; a root of it that puts out a thick shoot on the slightest provocation. . . .This interferes very much with work. One can't be calm, clear, good as one must be, while it goes on. I look at the mountains, I try to pray and I think of something *clever*. . . .Anything that I write in this mood will be no good; it will be full of *sediment*. . . . One must learn, one must practice, to *forget* oneself. . . .Oh God! I am divided still, I am bad. I fail in my personal life. I lapse into impatience, temper, vanity, and so I fail as Thy priest.

—Katherine Mansfield

woman crooning a song. Perhaps she is crouched before the stove in the corridor, for it is the kind of song that a woman sings before a fire—brooding, warm, sleepy, and safe. I see a little house with flower patches under the windows and the soft mass of a haystack at the back. The fowls have all gone to roost—they are woolly blurs on the perches. The pony is in the stable with a cloth on. The dog lies in the kennel, his head on his forepaws. The cat sits up beside the woman, her tail tucked in, and the man, still young and careless, comes climbing up the back road. Suddenly a spot of light shows in the window and on the pansy bed below, and he walks quicker, whistling.

But where are these comely people? These young strong people with hard healthy bodies and curling hair? They are not saints or philosophers; they are decent human beings—but where *are they?*

> TO-NIGHT, when the evening-star shone through the side-window and the mountains were so lovely, I sat there thinking of death. Of all there was to do—of Life, which is so lovely—and of the fact that my body is a prison. But this state of mind is *evil.* It is only by acknowledging that I, being what I am, had to suffer *this* in order to do the work I am here to perform. It is only by acknowledging it, by being thankful that work was not taken away from me, that I shall recover. I am weak where I must be strong.
>
> —Katherine Mansfield

Wednesday. {*December 1915*}. Today I am hardening my heart. I am walking all round my heart and building up the defences. I do not mean to leave a loophole even for a tuft of violets to grow in. Give me a hard heart, O Lord! Lord! harden thou my heart!

October 10 {*1922*}. . . .My spirit is nearly dead. My spring of life is so starved that it's just not dry. Nearly all my improved health is pretence—acting. What does it amount to? Can I walk? Only creep. Can I do anything with my hands or body? Nothing at all. I am an absolutely helpless invalid. What is my life? It is the existence of a parasite. And five years have passed now, and I am in straighter bonds than ever. . . .

Think of five years' imprisonment. Someone has got to help me to get out. If that is a confession of weakness—it is. But it's only lack of imagination that calls it so. And who is going to help me?. . .One prisoner cannot help another. Do I believe in medicine alone? No, never. In science alone? No, never. It seems to me childish and ridiculous to suppose one can be cured like a cow *if one is not a cow.* And here, all these years, I have been looking for someone who agreed with me. I have heard of G. who seems not only to agree but to know infinitely more about it. Why hesitate?

Fear. Fear of what? Doesn't it come down to fear of losing J.? I believe it does. But, good Heavens! Face things. What have you of him now? What is your relationship? He talks to you sometimes—and then goes off. He thinks of you tenderly. He dreams of a life with you *some day* when the miracle has happened. You are important to him as a dream. Not as a living reality. For you are not one. What do you share? Almost nothing. Yet there is a deep, sweet, tender flooding of feeling in my heart which is love for him and longing for him. But what is the good of it as things stand? Life together, with me ill, is simply torture with happy moments. But it's not life. . . .You do know that J. and you are only a kind of dream of what might be. And that might-be never, never can be true unless you are well. And you won't get well by "imagining" or "waiting" or trying to bring off that miracle yourself.

Therefore if the Grand Lama of Thibet promised to help you—how can you hes-

itate? Risk! Risk anything! Care no more for the opinions of others, for those voices. Do the hardest thing on earth for you. Act for yourself. Face the truth.

True, Tchehov didn't. Yes, but Tchehov died. And let us be honest. How much do we know of Tchehov from his letters? Was that all? Of course not. Don't you suppose he had a whole longing life of which there is hardly a word? Then read the final letters. He has given up hope. If you de-sentimentalize those final letters they are terrible. There is no more Tchehov. Illness has swallowed him.

But perhaps to people who are not ill, all this is nonsense. They have never travelled this road. How can they see where I am? All the more reason to go boldly forward alone. Life is not simple. In spite of all we say about the mystery of Life, when we get down to it we want to treat it as though it were a child's tale. . . .

Now, Katherine, what do you mean by health? And what do you want it for?

Answer: By health I mean the power to live a full, adult, living, breathing life in close contact with what I love—the earth and the wonders thereof—the sea—the sun. All that we mean when we speak of the external world. I want to enter into it, to be part of it, to live in it, to learn from it, to lose all that is superficial and acquired in me and to become a conscious direct human being. I want, by understanding myself, to understand others. I want to be all that I am capable of becoming so that I may be {and here I have stopped and waited and waited and it's no good—there's only one phrase that will do} *a child of the sun.* About helping others, about carrying a light and so on, it seems false to say a single word. Let it be at that. *A child of the sun.*

Then I want to *work.* At what? I want so to live that I work with my hands and my feeling and my brain. I want a garden, a small house, grass, animals, books, pictures, music. And out of this, the expression of this, I want to be writing. {Though I may write about cabmen. That's no matter.}

But warm, eager, living life—to be rooted in life—to learn, to desire to know, to feel, to think, to act. That is what I want. And nothing less. That is what I must try for.

* * *

I wrote this for myself. I shall now risk sending it to J. He may do with it what he likes. He must see how much I love him.

And when I say "I fear"—don't let it disturb you, dearest heart. We all fear when we are in waiting-rooms. Yet we must pass beyond them, and if the other can keep calm, it is all the help we can give each other. . . .

And this all sounds very strenuous and serious. But now that I have wrestled with it, it's no longer so. I feel happy—deep down. *All is well.*—From the *Journal of Katherine Mansfield*, by permission of Alfred A. Knopf

THE political ideal of the world is not so much a single empire with a homogeneous civilization and a single communal will, but a brotherhood of free nations differing profoundly in life and mind, habits and institutions existing side by side in peace and order, harmony and cooperation, and each contributing to the world its own unique and specific best, which is irreducible to the terms of the others. The cosmopolitanism of the eighteenth century and the nationalism of the nineteenth are combined in our ideal of a world-commonwealth, which allows every branch of the human family to find freedom, security and self-realization in the larger life of mankind.—Professor S. Radhakrishnan, King George V Professor of Philosophy, Calcutta University, India

May heaven protect us from too much "understanding." It deprives our anger of its strength, our hatred of its dignity, our vengeance of its satisfaction, and our reminiscences of their delight.—Arthur Schnitzler, in *Vanity Fair*

THE RE-MAKING OF MEN AND WOMEN

THERE are only two ways by which world catastrophe may be averted in that Day after To-morrow which is coming for our children and our children's children, and maybe for ourselves. It is either to check the progress of science and kill off the scientists or to alter the character of mankind by reforming man's moral and intellectual nature. Shall we kill off the scientists? Some of them are pleasant fellows, I find. I should hate to see them killed. Nor, perhaps, would their death shut up the book of knowledge which they have bequeathed to us. Inquisitive minds would open it and carry on. There is only the reformation of man. Is that possible? Can we get sense into his head? Can we improve his morality or raise his standard of intelligence, so that nation will no longer fight against nation, nor class against class? It is all very difficult.

> DURING the past hundred years human life over great areas of the world's surface has been changed more radically in its social habits than in six thousand years, perhaps, of previous history. Now it rather looks as though during the next fifty years or less there are going to be even greater changes — more startling, more tremendous.
>
> —Philip Gibbs

The human standard of intelligence is being lowered by breeding from the unfit, says the advocate of birth control.

"Our civilization carries within it the seeds of its own decay and destruction," says Dr. Schiller, of Corpus Christi, Oxford. And this learned gentleman, with a pessimism which is quite terrible, declares that even if mankind can escape imperialist world-wars and class-wars and race-wars, the prospect will not really be much improved.

"The violent destruction of the human race by war," he says, "will only be more *dramatic*, it will not be more *fatal* than its gradual decay as its arts and sciences slowly fossilize or peter out in an overwhelming flood of feeble-mindedness."

All that is dreadfully gloomy. I do not endorse such a frightful warning except in relation to the dangers of another world war with new and more terrible weapons. It is within the will-power of man to use science for his service rather than for his own destruction. He is not, I think, incapable of increased intelligence and higher social morality. He may kill the seeds of decay within his own civilized state, if they exist, which I doubt. He may use all these new instruments of power to increase his range of wisdom as well as knowledge, reaching out to the spiritual world and getting closer into touch with eternal truth. I believe that the Day after To-morrow—shall I say the generation after next?—if we can only avert calamity till then, mankind may have cured itself of some of its social ill-health—especially the deadly struggle between races and classes for the possession of wealth, and have a higher minimum of individual comfort if not of happiness. . . .Happiness? It seems beyond the mind of man because he is always yearning for the unattainable and never satisfied with himself or this transient life, unless he has some spiritual vision or illusion which gives him comfort. It is, however, up to men themselves to avert the warnings of the scientists.

Because of that one alternative to catastrophe the scientists themselves are now turning their attention to the minds and bodies of man. They are in a hurry to reform him before their science may lead to his destruction and their own. "Man has not altered," they say, "since the beginning of time. Well, we will hurry up his evolution." There is a plot among the scientists to change him, willy-nilly. Why are some men kind and some cruel?

asks the physiologist. Why are some men brave and others cowardly, or passionate instead of placid, or idiotic and mentally undeveloped, instead of highly intelligent and quick of apprehension? It is all a question of internal secretions, says Dr. Louis Berman.

"Acuteness of perception, memory, logical thought, imagination, conception, emotional expression or inhibition, and the entire content of consciousness are influenced by these internal secretions."

It seems therefore that to alter the character of a man it is only necessary to intensify or diminish those physical secretions. . . .

The younger scientists have recently made a stupendous assertion about mankind, of which most of us are profoundly and perhaps happily unconscious. It is that we are capable of improving ourselves!. . .That is to say, man can actually control his own destiny by taking thought about it and learning from experience. He can study himself and say, "I'm not particularly pleased with the way I'm working out." He can search the secrets of his own body and brain and say, "I'm getting rather old-fashioned. I'm not moving with the times. Let's hurry things up a bit. Let's make a few structural alterations to suit out present environment and job in life. Let's develop certain physical and mental characteristics which will enable us to be more efficient—without the disharmonies which create unhappiness, and nerve strain, and foolish, unprofitable passions and stupidities. Let us speed up our own evolution which has been distressingly slow since the early cave man and his mate. . . .We are capable of improving ourselves." Man, in short, is to become his own architect, as an assistant to God. . . .

> THE scientists of today want watching by men-in-the-street, of whom I am one, because it is our life with which they are experimenting in quiet laboratories which we are not allowed to enter. We are the patients upon whom they are operating, though we are mostly unaware of their operations, and of plans for our future way of life. . . .The results of their experiments are going to make a lot of difference to the habits and home life of the ordinary mass of men and women who know nothing or very little of what these quiet gentlemen have in store for them.
>
> —Philip Gibbs

Imagine how utterly different life will become, they suggest, if we know—with a clear and all-revealing knowledge—the natural and physical causes of our actions, passions, stupidities, the chemical consequences of our bad tempers and our irritabilities, the influences of heredity upon our moral or immoral character, and the effect of food and environment, the lack, or over-abundance, of certain chemical properties, in the blood of our politicians and statesmen, our novelists and teachers. Yet the time may come—indeed, will come, if we wish it, say our leading young biologists—when, if we suffer from wickedness—certain criminal and anti-social instincts—a slight operation or a few simple chemical combinations may restore us to virtue. . . .

The whole system of crime and punishment will be altered in accordance with the new knowledge of biology if their teaching is adopted. Our judges will be medical men assisted by experts in chemistry, surgery, and mental suggestion. The "crook" will not be sentenced to a term of imprisonment during which he completes his studies of crookedness. His blood pressure will be taken. He will be subjected to chemical tests. If a very serious case, he may be handed over to a surgeon for a painless operation. If not organically diseased, he may get a week in a sanatorium on special diet. If a nervous subject whose criminality is due to an over-sensitive or hysterical state of health, he may get off with a dose of psycho-analysis, a touch of hypnotism,

or a sentence of compulsory vegetarianism with ultra-violet rays. . . .

All this sounds very fantastic. Let me admit at once that it is my own deduction from the claims put forward by some of the younger biologists and their more sensational interpreters. But if what is happening now, in private laboratories and surgeries, is developed much further, the things I have suggested will not be more startling and revolutionary than the changes in store for humanity. We have already to make up our minds whether we are going to allow these scientists to tinker about with the human body and experiment with the human mind. I for one see dangers ahead by which humanity may fall under a tyranny of science and lose its soul in trying to alter the natural laws of evolution, and the Design which some of us perceive. . . .

> FORTY years ago in America it required four hours and thirty-four minutes' labor to make a bushel of corn. Now it is forty minutes or less. The result is that fewer men are wanted on the farm. It is one reason of the drift to the cities in all industrialized countries, and especially those where there is no longer much elbow-room on the land.
>
> —Philip Gibbs

Take this question of prolonging human life. Do we *want* to live longer? What will happen to the world the Day after To-morrow if men and women double the present span of years? We have to face up to it, whatever our doubts. There are people walking about now—quite elderly people of seventy or more—who claim to have been rejuvenated so that their sense of vitality has returned, and their sense of sight and hearing have been restored, and their memory has come back, and—more wonderful still, perhaps—they have regained a joyousness in life such as belongs to youth. It is uncertain yet whether they will live to an advanced age, for the experiments upon them are still fresh. . . .

Those glands! They are the happy hunting-ground of the scientific gentlemen who have set their minds upon the re-making of men and women. In view of the things that may happen to us all, it may be well for the man-in-the-street to get a "close-up" view, as the movie makers say, of these remarkable parts of his own organism. . . .

It is hardly possible, it seems, from certain scientists of to-day, to exaggerate the importance of these vital elements. "Fifty years ago," says Sir E. A. Schafer, professor of physiology of Edinburgh University, "the thyroid, the pituitary body and the suprarenal capsules were mere names. Little was known of their structure, nothing of their functions. The account which we are now able to give of these organs reads like a fairy-tale. That one of the smallest should by its secretion be able to influence the growth and stature of the body, rendering this man a giant, that man a dwarf, that another should produce a material without which the nervous system is not in a condition to perform its functions—were secrets of nature which were unrevealed fifty years ago."

"Our stature," says Dr. L. F. Barker of Columbia University, "the kind of faces we have, the quantity and location of our fat, the amount and distribution of hair on our bodies, the tonicity of our muscles, the sound of our voice, and the size of the larynx—all are to a certain extent conditioned by the productivity of our glands of internal secretion.". . . .

"What exactly is a gland, anyhow?"

The answer seems simple, as far as I can make out.

"A gland," says Dr. Benjamin Harrow, of Columbia University {who knows all about them}, "is an organ that has the power of taking certain raw materials from the blood and manufacturing from them a product which plays a more or less

important part in the activity of the body."

There are two kinds of glands, I find. There are glands that have tubes or ducts connected with an outer surface like the mouth or stomach into which they pass their secretions such as the saliva or the bile. But the other kind are without tubes or ducts and pass their chemical products directly into the blood stream. Hence they are called ductless glands or glands of internal secretion. It is these ductless glands about which all the fuss is being made, because they seem to be vastly important in their action upon mind and body.

These internal secretions, which seem to be fairly simple in their chemical elements, contain certain agents called *hormons*, or chemical messengers, which set up or check certain actions in the blood and nervous system according as they are increased or reduced, and they are all intimately related with each other and send messages to one another when a physical or mental crisis happens in the body and brain, or to prevent such a crisis occurring.

The thyroid gland, situated in the neck, has extraordinary influence upon the human body and brain. When it becomes atrophied, or if it is artificially removed, many of the characteristics of old age are produced. According to Dr. Louis Berman the hair withers, the teeth drop out, there is a dry and wrinkled skin, a decrease of mental power, and the entire nervous system becomes tired and inactive. On the other hand, says Dr. Harrow, when there is too much thyroid, patients instead of being dull and apathetic become restless, anxious, and highly nervous.

"The human brain," says Dr. Voronoff, "cannot manifest its intellectual and psychic functions unless its cells are stimulated by the secretion which comes from the thyroid gland. Do away with it and the brain cells cease to function. The subject will become an idiot, just as children born without this gland are idiots and remain idiots."...

Another gland about the size of a pea and lying at the base of the skull has even more amazing influence upon our human nature. It is called the pituitary gland and has been studied profoundly by Professor Cushing of Harvard and other biologists who have discovered that over-development or some improper functioning of this agent leads to an enlargement of the head, hands and feet, and is probably the cause of abnormal people commonly called giants. Complete removal causes death, partial removal produces the same symptoms as lack of thyroid—that is to say stupidity and premature old age. Pituitary extract acts somewhat like the "Food of the Gods" as described by H. G. Wells upon the egg-producing power of chickens, and experiments on a batch of hens by a certain Dr. Clark showed that they laid 233 eggs before being dosed with this extract and 352 eggs on four succeeding days after being dosed.

Other glands, called the suprarenal or adrenal, because they are situated above the kidneys, influence the character as well as the body of a human being. The emotions or passions of a man cause an increase of secretion from these glands. "Pain and excitement, especially fear and rage," says Dr. Berman, "will bring about its discharge from the gland. With its entry into the blood there is a tremendous heightening of the tone, a *tensing* of the nervous system. The nerve cells become more sensitive to stimuli, more sugar is poured into the blood from the liver....The heart beats more strongly, the eye sees more clearly, the ear hears more distinctly, and the breathing is more rapid. The temperature rises, the hair of the head and body becomes erect, the skin gets moist and greasy. It will help a fatigued muscle to regain its normal tone." It is suggested that we may control human passions and emotions, alter human character itself, by using this knowledge.

Curiously also a decay of the suprarenal glands leads to a pigmentation or bronzing of the skin as well as to a general indolence....

Then there are the interstitial glands connected with the sex instinct. They are perhaps the most important of all, if there is any relative importance between

these internal secretions which seem to decide our fate one way or the other. Dr. Serge Voronoff has much to say about them:

"Suppress in a young man the two interstitial glands; the role of which is to furnish the stimulant indispensable not only to one organ or another but to the whole body, the stimulant which makes for clear thinking, which makes the muscles firmer and the arteries more supple, which increases vigor, tones up courage, and floods our organism with sprightliness, a feeling of well-being and plenitude of faculties; suppress these marvellous sources of vital energy and you transform a young man into a prematurely old one. His hair will become white, his skin will become wrinkled, the heart's beat will be retarded, the muscles will become atrophied, the arteries will lose their resiliency, the memory will begin to fail and life will be curtailed."

There is one more gland which I have to mention, not because I can find out much about it, but because it seems to be attracting the attention of those highly inquisitive gentlemen who are plotting to alter human nature and hurry up man's control of his own evolution. It is called the thymus gland, and according to two doctors—Williams and Hoag—it is a little ductless gland which is well developed at birth, remains active in early years of life, and dwindles away as childhood passes.

"There is good reason for believing," they write, "that it is indeed the gland of childhood, the gland which keeps children childish, and sometimes makes children out of grown-ups. At least we find this to be true: the peculiar type of individuals who retain their childish characteristics throughout life retain also their thymus glands which should have shrivelled up at puberty." . . .

It is easy to understand that these revelations about the ductless glands based upon many experiments and investigations by patient biologists have led to daring theories about the possibility of altering or modifying their operation in order to effect changes in the human body or even in our character. . . .

It opens up a vista alarming to the ordinary man and woman but exciting to the experimental scientists who hope to exert control upon physical and mental development by playing about with human glands as a pianist plays about with his combinations of notes. . . .

The idea sounds ridiculous. It cannot happen, we say, thrusting the thing away from us as a fantastic and rather frightful dream. And yet it is happening, as regards the postponement of death, or at least the rejuvenation of senile animals including ourselves. By grafting fresh glands affecting the reproductive organs into old goats and sheep, Dr. Voronoff has restored them to the vigor of youth. What is more astounding is that their progeny weigh more, produce better wool, and are superior in health and vigor to other animals of their kind whose parents have not been so treated. It seems to be a jump in evolution. . . .

Then there is Dr. Steinach, Director of the Biological Institute, Vienna. His method is different from that of Voronoff. He does not graft on a new gland but ties off one of the reproductive agents separating the two interstitial glands. This gives rise to an increase of the interstitial cells and to the *hormons*, or chemical agents, produced by them.

"The appearance of the patients," he says, "becomes youngish and fresh. Their bodily strength increases, the tremor of their hands disappears, memory and willpower return."

One of Steinach's earliest human subjects was a man of 71 who suffered from all the signs of old age, tiredness, shakiness, lack of appetite, failure of sight and memory. Some months after the operation "his appetite had come back, his spells of depression had given way to a new joy in life, his memory returned, he became fresh in looks and elastic in body, he could think clearly."

"The operation," says Steinach, "is a very simple one. Absolutely painless. Quite free from any risk. Takes no longer than fifteen minutes to perform."

—From Philip Gibbs's *The Day After Tomorrow*, by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTERS

THE Letters of Queen Victoria {Longmans, Green & Co.}, including entries from her journal and covering the period from 1879 to 1885, portray a woman who was every inch a sovereign, an ardent patriot and an enthusiastic promoter of English imperialism.

She scores her ministers like school boys when she regards them as lukewarm for the interests of the empire. She demands that campaigns in India and the Soudan and South Africa be fought through. She will not hear of losing a town once gained, or of relinquishing a campaign before its objects are fulfilled.

She weeps over the loss of the Earl of Beaconsfield {Benjamin Disraeli}, and deplores the accession of Gladstone to the Prime Ministry. Incidentally, Gladstone, on hearing that Disraeli, as Prime Minister, had made himself Earl of Beaconsfield, exclaimed: "Earl! I cannot forgive him for not having made himself a duke."

ON July 28, 1879, Queen Victoria delivered to Benjamin Disraeli, Prime Minister, whom she had created Earl of Beaconsfield, the following lecture on preparedness, apropos of existing difficulties in Egypt:

One great lesson is again taught us, but it is never followed: Never let the army and navy down so low as to be obliged to go to great expense in a hurry. This was the case in the Crimean War. We were not prepared. We had but small forces at the Cape: hence the great amount having to be sent out in a hurry. ' '

If we are to maintain our position as a first-rate power—and of that no one {but people of the Bright, or rather Anderson, Jenkins, &c., school} can doubt—we must, with our Indian Empire and large colonies, be prepared for attacks and wars, somewhere or other, continually. And the true economy will be to be always ready. Lord Beaconsfield can do his country the greatest service by repeating this again and again and seeing it carried out. It will prevent war.

In September, 1879, the Queen read Beaconsfield another military lesson, as follows:

The events in India are very distressing. She trusts that they may not lead to more serious consequences. But she thinks we ought to learn a lesson from it —viz., never to withdraw troops in too great a hurry, and never to say beforehand, to satisfy the House of Commons {and we have done this, as Lord Beaconsfield will remember, often against his own will and feeling, pressed and urged by his colleagues, and which does no real good}, that we shall keep nothing.

Our keeping these countries in India and elsewhere is {and will always be} because the native sovereigns cannot maintain their authority; like the Punjab and Oude, especially the former, when after replacing, after much bloodshed, the Maharajah Duleep Singh—then a child—on the throne under a Regency, it did not maintain its promises and we were forced to take possession of it after another war. It was not for aggrandizement, but to prevent war and bloodshed that we must do this.

' ' '

The maintenance of the power and dignity of England is the theme of much of her correspondence. Apparently expecting the overthrow of the Ministry headed by Beaconsfield, on September 21, 1879, Queen Victoria wrote to the Marchioness of Ely certain declarations which she desired to have conveyed to "the principal people of the Opposition" as "things which she could not consent to." These were:

1. Any lowering of the position of this country by letting Russia have her way in the East, or by letting down our Empire in India and in the colonies. This was done under Mr. Gladstone, quite contrary to Lord Palmerston's policy, which, whatever faults he had, was always for keeping up England, which of late years has quite gone down, so that we were despised abroad.

2. That I would never give way about the Scotch Church, which is the real and true stronghold of Protestantism.

These are points which I never could allow to be trifled with, and I could have no confidence in any men who attempted this. Our position in India and the colonies must be upheld. I wish to trust my Government, whoever it is, but they should be well aware beforehand I never could if they tried to undo what has been done.

In the same way I never could take Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Lowe as my Minister again, for I never could have the slightest PARTICLE of confidence in Mr. Gladstone after his violent, mischievous and dangerous conduct of the last three years, nor could I take the latter after the very offensive language he used three years ago against me.

Nevertheless, after these and other strong expressions regarding Gladstone, the Queen had to accept him as Prime Minister the following year.

In one of her first letters to Gladstone the Queen had this to say on the liquor question:

The tax on beer she also regrets, as the poor never drink wine and the loss of beer will be deeply felt by them. The rich classes who drink wine and are not in any way restrained in their indulgences can well afford to pay for wine. But the poor can ill afford any additional tax on what is in many respects their only beverage.

* * *

That the Queen agreed with critics of the policy of the Gladstone Government with regard to Ireland, where "liberal administration has taken the form of anarchy," is proved by an indignant letter she wrote to W. E. Forster, the Irish Secretary, in December, 1881, alluding to the influence of "two very Radical and very dangerous Members" of the Government—namely John Bright and Joseph Chamberlain:

The Queen is as sincerely liberal in her views for the improvement of her Empire as anyone can be, but she is *as sincerely* and *determinedly* opposed to those advanced, and what she must call destructive, views entertained by so many who unfortunately are in the Government. If *these* prevail instead of those of the moderate, far-seeing, and loyal ones, the Queen will not remain where she is; she *cannot* and will not be the Queen of a *democratic monarchy;* and those who have spoken and agitated, for the sake of party and to injure their opponents, in a very radical sense must look for *another monarch;* and she doubts {if} they will find one.

She wrote in her journal, in January, 1881:

I feel how sadly deficient I am and how oversensitive and irritable and how uncontrollable my temper is when annoyed and hurt. But I am so overdone, so vexed and in such distress about my country that this must be my excuse.

* * *

A typical royal scolding was administered to Gladstone in September, 1883, when, without consulting the Queen, the Prime Minister left England for a cruise into the Baltic, on which he met foreign sovereigns. The Queen wrote to him from Balmoral Castle:

The Queen received Mr. Gladstone's letter, posted at Copenhagen, yesterday. She gives him full credit for not having reflected at the time when he decided to extend his cruise to Norway and Denmark, that he ought not to do so without communicating first with the Queen.

The Queen cannot deny that she was VERY MUCH surprised, to say the least, at his visit to the latter country, especially at this moment when the Emperor of Russia and the King of Greece are staying there, and there are so many topics which cannot be discussed with foreign Sovereigns by the Prime Minister without due consultation with the Foreign Secretary and the sanction of the Sovereign. The Queen fully believes that Mr. Gladstone will have avoided politics with the Sovereigns he met at Copenhagen; but she doubts the public believing this and many remarks and surmises have been made and hazarded which may prove inconvenient. . . .

* * *

Queen Victoria displays another side of her nature in a letter to Gladstone, dated Balmoral, October 30, 1883:

The Queen has been much distressed by all she has heard and read lately of the deplorable conditions of the Homes of the Poor in our great towns.

She is well aware that this is a subject which has for a long time attracted public attention, and that Acts of Parliament have been passed and noble philanthropic exertions have been made to improve the wretched tenements and still more wretched occupants.

Notwithstanding the painfully depressing statements that have been published of the ever-increasing misery, these laws and good works have not been without some happy results; and the Queen is therefore encouraged to hope that further steps in the proper direction will in course of time mitigate this great and growing evil which threatens the prosperity of the country. . . .

The Queen will be glad to learn whether the Government contemplate to take any steps to obtain more precise information as to the true state of affairs in these over-crowded, unhealthy and squalid abodes.

She cannot but think that there are questions of less importance than this which are under discussion, and might wait till one involving the very existence of thousands—nay, millions—had been fully considered by the Government.

* * *

Lord Tennyson, the poet laureate, who was living on the Isle of Wight, paid several visits to the Queen when she was in residence at Osborne House on the island. Concerning one of these visits she wrote in her journal:

After luncheon saw the great Poet Tennyson, who remained nearly an hour, and most interesting it was. He was very kind and his conversation was most agreeable.

He spoke of the many friends he had lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there was another world where there would be no partings. "I am afraid I think the world is darkened," he said, "but I dare say it will be brighter again."

I told him what a comfort *In Memoriam* had always been to me, which seemed to please him; but he said I could not believe the numbers of shamful letters of abuse he had received about it. Incredible! When I took leave of him I thanked him for his kindness, and said how much I appreciated it, to which he replied: "You are so alone on that terrible height. I have only a year or two more to live, but I am happy to do anything for you I can."

Here is another extract from her journal, written on the train, November 30, 1883:

Finished *Jane Eyre*, which is really a wonderful book, very peculiar in parts, but so powerfully and admirably written, such a fine tone in it, such fine religious feeling, and such beautiful writing. The description of the mysterious maniac's nightly appearances awfully thrilling. Mr. Rochester's character a very remarkable one, and Jane Eyre's herself a beautiful one.

* * *

In her dislike of Gladstone, the Queen always cherished the hope that a party might be formed by the less advanced Liberals to destroy his supremacy. She expressed this longing in an impassioned letter to a political leader of the day, Mr. Goschen, apropos of the return of Gladstone to power in 1885, after the brief Salisbury Government:

Let me urge and implore you by *all* the sense of honor you so strongly possess, by your devotion and love for our dear, great country to do *all* you can to gather around you all the moderate Liberals, who indeed ought to be called *Constitutionalists* to prevent Mr. Gladstone recklessly upsetting the Government without being able to form a Government himself, which could stand, and which I could accept, for I should firmly refuse Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Ch. Dilke, for different reasons, as you can understand.

And she winds up the appeal to Goschen and Lord Hartington by saying that a Queen "well on in years and who has gone through terrible anxieties and sorrows, ought not to appeal in vain to British gentlemen who have known and served her long."

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

IS there any tale of the Thousand and One Nights, any romance of a cobbler made Sultan that could match in picturesqueness the life-story of Disraeli—"the little boy who grew up and became a Prime Minister after all." Here are the high-lights of his tempestuous career, one of vivid contrasts, of fulfilled hopes succeeded by crushing defeats, of overwhelming acclaim and thwarted ambitions, of triumphant leadership and coveted honors that came too late to give peace to a storm-ridden spirit.

IN establishing the powers of the House, a discussion had opened on a subscription . . . to furnish Protestant candidates with the funds necessary to fight the Catholics in Ireland. This subscription had been extremely distasteful, not only to the Irish, but also to the Liberals, who held it to be contrary to the liberty of the electors. O'Connell had just spoken on the subject with vehemence when Disraeli rose in his place. It had been arranged that Lord Stanley should reply on behalf of the Conservatives, but Disraeli had gone up and asked for his place as spokesman, and Stanley, surprised but indifferent, had granted it.

Irish and Liberals both looked with curiosity at the new orator who now rose opposite them. Many of them had heard it said that he was a charlatan, an old Radical turned Conservative, a novel-writer, a pompous orator. . . .The curls vexed them, and the costume. Disraeli wore a bottle-green coat, a white waistcoat covered with gold chains {"Why so many chains, Dizzy?" Bulwer had said to him. "Are you practising to become Lord Mayor, or what?"}, and a great black cravat accentuated the pallor of his complexion. It was a grave moment and he was playing a great part, as subsequent events proved....

Disraeli's voice was a trifle forced; its effect, one of unpleasing astonishment. Disraeli tried to show that the Irish, and O'Connell in particular, had themselves profited by very similar subscriptions. "This majestic mendicancy . . ." he said. The House had a horror of long words and there was a titter of laughter. "I do not affect to be insensible to the difficulty of my position. {*Renewed laughter.*} I am sure I shall receive the indulgence of honorable gentlemen —{*Laughter and 'Question!'*}; but I can assure them that if they do not wish to hear me, I, without a murmur, will sit down. {*Applause and laughter.*}" After a moment of comparative calm, another slightly startling association of words roused the storm. From the Irish group came hisses, scraping of feet, and catcalls. Disraeli kept calm. "I wish I really could induce the House to give me five minutes more. {*Roars of laughter.*} I stand here to-night, sir, not formally, but in some degree virtually the representative of a considerable number of members of Parliament. {*Loud and general laughter.*} Now, why smile? {*Continued laughter.*} Why envy me? {*Loud laughter.*} Why should I not have

ON November 15th, 1875, Frederick Greenwood, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, called upon Lord Derby at the Foreign Office. He had dined on the previous evening with a financier well versed in Egyptian affairs, and had learned that the Khedive, being short of money, was desirous of pledging his 177,000 shares in the Suez Canal. There were in all 400,000 Suez shares, the majority in the hands of French capitalists. Greenwood considered that it was in England's interest to acquire the Khedive's holding, as the Canal was the highway to India. Derby showed no great enthusiasm; he had a horror of large projects. But Disraeli's imagination was fired. He telegraphed to the British Agent in Egypt and learned that the Khedive had given an option to a French syndicate for £3,680,000 up to the following Tuesday. The Khedive was glad enough to deal with England, but he required money at once. Parliament was not in

(Continued on next page)

a tale to unfold to-night? {*Roars of laughter.*}"

From that moment onwards, the uproar became such that only a few phrases could be heard. ". . .—I am not at all surprised, sir, at the reception I have received. {*Continued laughter.*} I have begun several things many times—{*Laughter*}—and I have often succeeded at last—{*Fresh cries of 'Question!'*}—although many had predicted that I must fail, as they had done before me. {*'Question, question!'*}"

And then, in formidable tones, staring indignantly at his interruptors, raising his hands and opening his mouth as wide as he could, he cried out in a voice which was almost terrifying and suddenly dominated the clamor: "Ay, sirs, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me." . . .

In 1859 *Punch* published a cartoon representing a sleeping lion, which Bright, Disraeli and Russell were trying to rouse by prodding it with red-hot iron bars. On each bar was the word "Reform." The image was exact. Ever since the partial reform of 1832, which had enfranchised so limited a class of electors, every party strove in turn to interest the British Lion in a new measure. But the well-fed Lion continued to snore, and the parliamentary Limbo was peopled with the ghosts of still-born reforms. . . .

Suddenly, at the very outset of Derby's tenure of office, the British Lion quite inexplicably woke up in a bad temper, and burst the bars of his cage, as represented by the railings of Hyde Park. For three days on end crowds gathered loudly demanding Reform, and troops had to be brought up. The Home Secretary burst into tears. Watching the demonstrators from her window, Mary Anne saw that they had all the appearance of amusing themselves, and conceived a sympathy for them. The Queen summoned Derby to Balmoral. She told him that this question had now been agitating the country for thirty years, that one day it must be ended by being settled, and that this had best be done by a Conservative Ministry. All of a sudden Disraeli saw a magnificent stroke to play.

In his heart of hearts he had always been friendly to the idea of a suffrage extended to the more responsible section of the working-classes.... "Why not grant a domestic vote," he said to Derby, "one household, one vote, whatever the rental, with appropriate restrictions of time and residence?" It was at least a feasible principle, and a conservative principle; it could be argued that householders are always interested in the prosperity of the country, while these arbitrary lines drawn at £10 or £5 or £6, were absurd and impossible to justify. Moreover, the party which enfranchised these new electors would have some chance of rallying them to itself. Best of all, the Liberals would lose the most popular plank in their platform. Really, the risk was worth trying. But would the party accept it?

The party showed surprising intelligence. . . .Gladstone saw himself routed.

session, and four millions was not a sum which could be taken on to the Budget without a vote of credit. "Scarcely breathing time! But the thing must be done," wrote Disraeli to the Queen. The French Government offered no obstacles; on the contrary, the Duc Decazes was very anxious for Disraeli's support against Bismarck, and discouraged the French banks, who renounced their option. But £4,000,000 had to be found. On the day of the Cabinet's deliberation, Montagu Corry {Disraeli's secretary} was posted in the anteroom. The Chief {Disraeli} put his head round the half-opened door, and said one word: "Yes." Ten minutes later Corry was in New Court at Rothschild's, whom he found at table. He told him that Disraeli needed four millions on the following day. Rothschild was eating grapes. He took one, spat out the skin, and said: "What is your security?"

"The British Government."

"You shall have it."—Andre Maurois

The only wise attitude for him would have been one of triumph, but he was speechless at seeing the Spirit of Evil thus waving aloft the banner of the angels. He fell with inconceivable violence on the machiavellian foe, who, for his part, was careful by his air of unconcern to accentuate the picture of wild rage which Gladstone had just displayed. "The right hon. gentleman," said Disraeli, "gets up and addresses me in a tone which, I must say, is very unusual in this House. Not that I at all care for the heat he displays, although really his manner is sometimes so very excited and so alarming, that one might almost feel thankful that gentlemen in this House, who sit on opposite sides of this table, are divided by a good broad piece of furniture."

The division gave the Ministry a majority of twenty-one. In a hostile Parliament, Disraeli had put through a bill which the Whig Governments had vainly sought to pass for thirty years. It was a great parliamentary triumph. Gladstone felt as much, and noted in his diary: "A smash perhaps without example." He was deeply mortified. "I met Gladstone at breakfast," wrote one observer. "He seems quite awed by the diabolic cleverness of Dizzy." Derby was delighted; he recognized that the measure was "a leap in the dark," but he added, rubbing his hands, "Don't you see that we have *dished* the Whigs?"

After the division, the Conservative cheers on Dizzy's behalf were deafening and prolonged. Every one wanted to shake him by the hand. After leaving Westminster, many of them met at the Carlton and improvised a supper-party. Disraeli dropped in at the Club for a moment on his way home, and was once more welcomed with endless cheers. His friends beseeched him to sup with them, but he knew that Mary Anne was awaiting him, that she also had prepared a supper, and he did not wish to disappoint her. On the next day she said proudly to one of her friends, "Dizzy came straight home; I had got a pie ready and a bottle of champagne. He ate half of the pie and drank all the champagne, and he said to me, 'My dear, you are more of a mistress to me than a wife.'" She was then seventy-seven. . . .

"*June* 6, 1856.

"MY own dear Husband,—If I should depart this life before you, leave orders that we may be buried in the same grave at whatever distance you may die from England. And now God bless you, my kindest, dearest! You have been a perfect husband to me. Be put by my side in the same grave. And now, farewell, my dear Dizzy. Do not live alone, dearest. Some one I earnestly hope you may find as attached to you as your own devoted Mary Anne."

—A letter found among the papers of Lady Beaconsfield after her death in 1872

Disraeli was received by the Queen at Osborne. She seemed radiant, and held out her hand, saying, "You must kiss hands." He fell on one knee, and very whole-heartedly he kissed that small plump hand. He was profoundly happy. Outside a dazzling sun was shining. After all, life was worth living. One of the first members of Parliament whom he met was James Clay, who as a young man had discomfited him at Malta by his skill at billiards. "Well, Disraeli," said Clay, "when you and I travelled together, who would ever have thought that you would be Prime Minister?"

"Who, indeed! But, as we used to say in the East: God is great!—and now He is greater than ever."

On the whole his welcome was favorable. "A triumph of industry, courage and patience," even his adversaries admitted. When he entered the House of Commons for the first time as Prime Minister, the lobbies were thronged with men who had gathered to acclaim him. John Stuart Mill was making a

DR. GUSTAV STRESEMANN
From the Painting by Augustus John

This picture of the German post-war statesman, recently exhibited in both England and America, is pronounced "one of the most cruel portraits in the world . . . and one of the greatest of this era." A characteristic of the English artist who executed it is that "occasionally he catches fire at some suggestion in the sitter, his whole spirit goes up in smoke and flames, and in the midst of the horrid alchemy, perhaps the devil gains the upper hand—as he undoubtedly did here."

speech and had to break off for several minutes.

A month later Mary Anne, as the wife of the Prime Minister, gave a great reception at the Foreign office, where Lord Stanley had been good enough to lend her the necessary rooms for the evening. The weather was wretched; London was swept by a hurricane of wind and rain. Nevertheless, everybody was there, the whole Conservative party, some Liberals too, the Gladstones among them, and many friends. Dizzy, in all his glory, escorted the Princess of Wales round the rooms; on the Prince's arm was Mrs. Dizzy, looking very old and very ill. For a month now she had had a cancer, and knew it, but she refused to tell her husband. This mixture of the glorious and the decrepit added a touch of melancholy to the evening of triumph. A wave of sympathy had enveloped this old couple after all their struggles. They had been accepted. In every drawing-room in London the wife of the Prime Minister was simply known as "Mary Anne". Disraeli himself bore in mind the astounding acrobatics which had brought about his elevation. "Yes," he replied to those who offered their congratulations, "I have climbed to the top of the greasy pole." . . .

What possible pleasures can power bestow? One at least: the press of business which allows one to forget oneself. But what vexations also: railway journeys when every station brings its crowd of enthusiasts shouting, "Here he is!" small boys running after one and standing open-mouthed before the compartment; young ladies begging for autographs; town bands at the door of the hotel. Ah, how little suited Disraeli was for these popular familiarities! One day he was waiting for a train at Swindon, slowly pacing up and down the platform, when a bagman, a hearty, downright fellow, approached him. "I have always voted for you, Mr. Disraeli, for twenty years now . . . and I should like to shake you by the hand." Disraeli raised his tired eyes and shook his head. "I don't know you," he said, and resumed his pacing to and fro. Mr. Gladstone, on a similar encounter, would have given both hands to the man and noted the fact in his journal. But Mr. Gladstone had the enthusiasm of a vigorous woodman; and this old man was worn out.

One passion survived in his beaten body, and that was the taste for the fantastic. When he was alone, forced by his sufferings into silence and immobility, unable even to read, he would reflect with all an artist's pleasure on his marvellous adventures. . . . In this old heart Young England lived on. Amid "all his grandmothers," in the Russian Ambassador's mocking phrase, he believed himself at the tribunal of the Queen of Beauty. He gathered his feminine acquaintance into an order, and gave to each newly-elected lady a brooch fashioned like a Bee. True enough, the order was mainly composed of grandmothers—Lady Chesterfield, Lady Bradford—but there were a few young women too, such as the Princess Beatrice, with the permission of the Queen. And no doubt its Grand-Mistress was the Queen herself, whom he styled no longer the Queen, but the Faery.

Osborne. The green shades were restful to the eye after the fervent glare of the voyage. From the house one could see the blue bay studded with white sails. Hardly had the old visitor time to sit down for a moment in his room, before the august mistress of the place was asking for him. Downstairs he would come, and she would receive him with such delight that for an instant he thought she was going to embrace him. So full of smiles was she that she looked younger, and almost pretty. She twittered and glided about the room like a bird. She was happy. She had recovered her Minister, the only Minister who gave her confidence in herself. For the Queen had had a difficult life. She had been unpopular, very unpopular. She had seen people in London turn their backs on her carriage in the streets. First it was because of Lord Melbourne; and then it had been poor Albert, whom the public would not pardon for being a German; and then the Queen had been reproached for her mourning, and not one of her

Ministers had defended her. All those Whigs were jealous of the Throne. But Mr. Disraeli had the same ideas on the Monarchy as the Queen herself. Doubtless he did not desire the Queen ever to oppose the will of Parliament, but he believed that the wisdom and experience of a constant and impartial witness provided a valuable ballast for the ship of Empire. Mr. Disraeli gave such fine expression to those ideas which had always been in the Queen's mind! "To think of you having the gout all the time! How you must have suffered! And you ought not to stand now. You shall have a chair!"

Mr. Disraeli was overcome by this unprecedented favor. No one had ever been seated during an audience with the Queen. Lord Derby had once told him, in token of her great kindness, how the Queen, seeing him one day when he was very ill, had said, "I am very sorry that etiquette does not allow me to ask you to be seated." Mr. Disraeli remembered the incident, and sighed with contentment; but he declined. He could very well remain standing. The Queen was kinder and kinder; she opened her heart to him on all subjects; and as she knew his curiosity, she showed him her most secret correspondence. She talked, she talked without stopping. She talked like Mary Anne, talked as women can talk. But she had risen greatly in Mr. Disraeli's intellectual esteem. She really had good sense, and was a sound judge of character. For instance, she saw through Gladstone. How lucky it was for Disraeli that England had a Queen and not a King! At dinner the conversation was lively and pleasant. Mr. Disraeli had never felt less constrained. He said all he had to say, in the most surprising terms, and the Queen thought she had never seen any one so amusing. She was enchanted by the bold simplicity with which he asked her over the table: "Madame, did Lord Melbourne ever tell your Majesty that you were not to do this or that?" Sometimes when they were alone, the Minister's compliments became flowery and almost direct. But the Queen excused him when she recalled that he had Eastern blood. The Queen loved the East. She delighted to have an Indian servant standing behind her chair, and at the head of her Realms this ingenious and sentimental Grand Vizier.

She invited him everywhere. She asked him to come and see her at Balmoral, where life was simpler and more free. Unfortunately, the guest was often ill. The long journeys fatigued him. The Queen sent her physician, the famous Sir William Jenner, to Mr. Disraeli's sick-room. Sir William insisted on the Premier keeping his bed. In the morning the Queen came to see him. "What do you think," he wrote to Lady Chesterfield, "of receiving your Sovereign in slippers and adressing-gown?" Seeing him so weak, she became maternal. Their relations became entirely human. She talked to him of Albert; he told her of Mary Anne. Minister and Sovereign had both found happiness in marriage, in the past, and here was one more bond between them. . . .—From Andre Maurois' *Disraeli*, by permission of D. Appleton & Company

HAVE any of you ever thought why we all wear these stiff, armor-plated shirt fronts? I have been told that the origin of them was this: About one hundred years ago men wore soft, pleated shirts in the evening, and then, when mangles were invented, it was found that the shirts were returned from the laundry with the buttons ground and broken into fragments. So studs were invented. But studs won't stay "put" in a soft shirt, so our ancestors decided to have their shirts starched, and that, I believe, is the evolution of the "boiled" shirt, which has caused us, and, in fact, the whole human race, such untold misery.—The Prince of Wales

The Church cannot and will not unite except for the purpose of a Cause which is immensely more important than the Church itself: the salvation of humanity. —Elie Gounelle, editor of *Le Christianisme social.*

HAS THE MONEY-CREDIT SYSTEM A MIND?

. . . . THE origins and development of monetary devices, so far as I can learn, were an intricate and illogical tangle of processes. How money emerged in the rude processes of primitive barter is still an imperfectly traced story. How metals were first real commodities handled in lumps and how they then became more and more standardized lumps and abstracted counters in reckoning must have involved a complex succession of mental phases about which we are still merely speculative. The psychological route of it has still to be mapped in detail.

And how money spread from being a mere traders' accessory into the general life of the community and how its use gradually released the serf and the slave by the spread of the conception of wages, finds no record in the preposterously military and national history upon which rests the muddle of our social and political ideas.

No one ever planned and plotted a monetary society beforehand. One thing led to another, and we find ourselves in a monetary society with the most intricate system of payments, debts, proprietary claims and taxes holding us together.

We find ourselves in a society in which to be without money or credit is to be without command of food, clothing, shelter—even the bare permission to exist. And that money-credit system rests on no clear, simple, definite foundation at all. It works to hold together and sustain reciprocities in a far larger, more unified and more productive social organism than is conceivable under any other conditions. But it works with manifest friction, obvious wastefulness of life and very considerable social stress and injustice. Since none of us has completely mastered its inherent nature, we have no measure of its inherent weaknesses and dangers. . . .

However unpremeditated and incoherent its origin, the monetary-credit system of the world is now, in effect, the nervous system of collective mankind. Its ultimate fibers end in human beings and touch and work us all. It distributes incentive. It evokes industrial production here and inhibits it there. . . . So that we have at present the paradoxical situation that the real controlling organization of human affairs is apart from and ostensibly under traditional controls that must in fact consult and consider it at every turn and are quite incapable of replacing it.

We are living, in reality, in the meshes of a money-credit network which seems to be collectively unaware of its own importance — a thing unawakened — while we pretend and even believe that we are still living in a number of sovereign states descended from the chieftainships, monarchies, tribalisms, and so forth, of the past.

This state of affairs has come upon us almost unawares. Our ideas of human governments are based on legal concepts about localized, national and imperial sovereignty, and in theory every sovereign state has its own money-credit system in complete subordination to itself. In practice the modern money-credit system altogether transcends the boundaries of these sovereignties. So that a banker who begins to think of the conscious exercise of financial power finds himself, almost from the outset,

> NOT only wrong-doing and dishonesty are sin. There is the sin of not understanding your world to your utmost. There is the sin of not making your way plain to your fellow creatures so that they can judge and help you. There is the supreme sin of finding power in your hands and letting the occasion pass you by. And since you ask me about it, these are the sins that I lay at the door of the banking community of the world today.
>
> —H. G. Wells

thinking in terms that are treasonable to the hates and patriotism he learned at his mother's knee. His mind has to step from home to cosmopolis if he is going to think clearly and fully about all that is implicit in his business.

The general disposition is to blame the bankers for hard times, phases of unemployment, and the like. These disagreeable things may be due to restrictive tariffs, military expenditure, adverse climatic phases, or many other causes, but the banker gets the blame — for want of foresight, for failure to alleviate. There may be a certain rough justice in putting the blame on him. In practice it will do him little good to plead that he is not responsible. That will be like a bad chauffeur, whose tires are too tight and whose springs are rusty, pleading that a road he ought to have inquired about is a bad road and responsible for breakage and breakdown. His plea is not accepted.

> WHAT I get from the great lights in the banking world are discourses which strike me—forgive me!—as intellectually feeble denunciations of Socialist experiments, cheap sneers at faddists and the like, and not a gleam of light upon the real and true methods the banker on the defensive would have us believe he keeps hidden up his sleeve. I do not believe, therefore, that he has very much hidden up his sleeve. I do not object to his not knowing—we are all born ignorant—but I do object to the fact that in this rapid and needy flow of events he does not seem to be exerting himself very much to find out and tell the world of better things.
>
> —H. G. Wells

The past century has seen some formidable agitations for popular amateurish currency experiments, and there is always a muttering agitation for nationalization—which means, in effect, the introduction of the harsh and needy claw of the politician into every bank directorate. Better far, I suggest, for the good of the world quite as much as for the good of banking, to put the house in order from within.

But only in the most general terms can we outsiders say how the house can be put in order.

Three main things the world requires from its money-credit organization. The first is trustworthy wages. By that is meant a payment for a day's work, or a week's work, or a month's work, that will surely keep its promise to the worker. It must represent absolutely stable purchasing power. It must never evaporate. If the worker chooses to hold his wages for a time and then buy, he must find that they can still buy what he reckoned to get when he earned them. When money will give that full assurance, the worker will work his best. So far as it fails to do that, his irritation and demoralization will develop.

Some will be disposed to tell me with a pitying smile that this is not so easy to contrive. Exactly. That is why I want them and not an outside horde of inspired faddists, politicians, adventurers and agitators, to set about the business. It will be far better done in a research institution than at the street corner or in the popular press. But it has to be done.

And next to this question of security of payment, in pursuit of this problem of a happy and productive humanity, is the question of security of employment. Why, we ask—we who are outside and ignorant—are there seasons of easy credit and ample employment, and seasons when hundreds of thousands of good and willing workers, through no fault of their own, find the days of their lives going to waste and themselves in need? You ought to know in there—in the centers of credit. You ought to have a diagnosis of this periodic fever and exhaustion, and a scheme of remedies. You ought to be telling the world

clearly what it ought to do or not do to change that disagreeable and demoralizing rhythm. You ought not to be accepting these things as part of the necessary order of the universe.

If you do not know, you ought to be most strenuously finding out. Are you finding out, or are you just drifting along—pretty comfortably—until a swarm of faddists, politicians, agitators—dreadful people of my sort—come storming in upon you, worked up to a state of intellectual desperation that at any price they will mend or end this unsatisfactory machinery? Is the banker's gray matter bankrupt, or is he both willing and capable to handle these drastic reconstructions of the conventions and system by which he lives and exercises his influence? Or is there an element of truth in the communist argument that property makes men acquisitive, stagnant and obstructive in proportion to the amount they hold, and that only the stark proletarian can produce even the will for this urgent, this overdue, task? And if the banker has not the will, as the proletarian certainly has not the ability, what is to become of all the intricate social system that this breaking web has held together? . . .

A particular point which I think we common people may reasonably require of our world money-credit system and those in expert control of it is that it should work as a restraint upon war. For that, manifestly, it needs a consciousness of itself as a world factor and a common conception of its role in human life. If it had that, it could act as a most powerful brake upon war preparations. That indeed—that want of a consciousness of itself as a world factor—is what I am driving at in all this discourse.

The money-credit organization of the world is the center of power in human affairs and it is no good for bankers to go on pretending and imagining they are a lot of irresponsible, innocent, honorable, trustworthy gentlemen who just want to be let alone to take charge of other people's money and lend it on sound security. . . .

In the application of big business and world finance to the creation of one organized world community lies the possibility of a world philosophy by which a great number of energetic and influential men may direct their lives and work in harmony. But their work has to be done with open eyes. A world philosophy that never gets beyond annual addresses to stockholders, after-dinner talks, vague allusions and private meditations will not stand the strain of this adventure.—H. G. Wells, in *The Saturday Evening Post*

IN Europe we are accustomed to servility and patronage. The class system still survives. During my stay in the States I met at the dinners, lunches and other functions what we call in Europe all classes—captains of industry, leaders of public life, Archbishops, Cardinals, editors, literary men—and what impressed me was the absolute equality on which all met. I had heard about this, but never realized what it meant.

I have been trying in our Irish Government to introduce this idea of equality, but have not been as successful as I wished. I go back now with a new inspiration and new courage and new hope.—William T. Cosgrave, President of the Irish Free State, after visiting America

THE charge that Germany is guilty of the greatest of all wars, we, the German people, repudiate in all its phases. Not envy, hate, nor eagerness for conquest caused us to resort to weapons. War was a last resort for us, and the requiring of the greatest sacrifices of the entire people was the last means of maintaining our prestige against a host of enemies.

With pure hearts we marched out to defend the Fatherland, and with pure hands the German Army wielded the sword. Germany is ever ready to prove it before impartial judges.—President von Hindenburg, of Germany, dedicating the Tannenberg Memorial.

The Purpose of Philosophy

It is sometimes thought that philosophy ought to aim at encouraging a good life. Now, of course, I admit that it should have this effect, but I do not admit that it should have this as a conscious purpose. To begin with, when we embark upon the study of philosophy we ought not to assume that we already know for certain what the good life is; philosophy may conceivably modify our views as to what is good, in which case it will seem to the non-philosophical to have had a bad moral effect. That, however, is a secondary point. The essential thing is that philosophy is part of the pursuit of knowledge, and that we cannot limit this pursuit by insisting that the knowledge obtained shall be such as we should have thought edifying before we obtained it. I think it could be maintained with truth that *all* knowledge is edifying, provided we have a right conception of edification. When this appears to be not the case it is because we have moral standards based upon ignorance. It may happen by good fortune that a moral standard based upon ignorance is right, but if so knowledge will not destroy it; if knowledge can destroy it, it must be wrong. The conscious purpose of philosophy, therefore, ought to be solely to *understand* the world as well as possible, not to establish this or that proposition which is thought morally desirable. Those who embark upon philosophy must be prepared to question all their preconceptions, ethical as well as scientific; if they have a determination never to surrender certain philosophic beliefs, they are not in the frame of mind in which philosophy can be profitably pursued.

But although philosophy ought not to have a moral purpose, it ought to have certain good moral effects. Any disinterested pursuit of knowledge teaches us the limits of our power, which is salutary; at the same time, in proportion as we succeed in achieving knowledge, it teaches the limits of our impotence, which is equally desirable. And philosophical knowledge, or rather philosophical thought, has certain special merits not belonging in an equal degree to other intellectual pursuits. By its generality it enables us to see human passions in their just proportions, and to realise the absurdity of many quarrels between individuals, classes, and nations. Philosophy comes as near as possible for human beings to that large, impartial contemplation of the universe as a whole which raises us for the moment above our purely personal destiny. There is a certain asceticism of the intellect which is good as a part of life, though it cannot be the whole so long as we have to remain animals engaged in the struggle for existence. The asceticism of the intellect requires that, while we are engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, we shall repress all other desires for the sake of the desire to know. While we are philosophizing, the wish to prove that the world is good, or that the dogmas of this or that sect are true, must count as weaknesses of the flesh—they are temptations to be thrust on one side. But we obtain in return something of the joy which the mystic experiences in harmony with the will of God. This joy philosophy can give, but only to those who are willing to follow it to the end, through all its arduous uncertainties.

> It has been customary to demand of a philosopher that he should show that the world is good in certain respects. I cannot admit any duty of this sort. One might as well demand of an accountant that he should show a satisfactory balance sheet. It is just as bad to be fraudulently optimistic in philosophy as in money matters. If the world is good, by all means let us know it; but if not, let us know that.
>
> —Bertrand Russell

The world presented for our belief by a philosophy based upon modern science

is in many ways less alien to ourselves than the world of matter as conceived in former centuries. The events that happen in our minds are part of the course of nature, and we do not know that the events which happen elsewhere are of a totally different kind. The physical world, so far as science can show at present, is perhaps less rigidly determined by causal laws than it was thought to be; one might, more or less fancifully, attribute even to the atom a kind of limited free will. There is no need to think of ourselves as powerless and small in the grip of vast cosmic forces. All measurement is conventional, and it would be possible to devise a perfectly serviceable system of measurement according to which a man would be larger than the sun. No doubt there are limits to our power, and it is good that we should recognize the fact. But we cannot say what the limits are, except in a quite abstract way, such as that we cannot create energy. From the point of view of human life, it is not important to be able to *create* energy; what is important is to be able to direct energy into this or that channel, and this we can do more and mor eas our knowledge of science increases. Since men first began to think, the forces of nature have oppressed them; earthquakes, floods, pestilences and famines have filled them with terror.

Now at last, thanks to science, mankind is discovering how to avoid much of the suffering that such events have hitherto entailed. The mood in which, as it seems to me, the modern man should face the universe is one of quiet self-respect. The universe as known to science is not in itself either friendly or hostile to man, but it can be made to act as a friend if approached with patient knowledge. Where the universe is concerned, knowledge is the one thing needful. Man, alone of living things, has shown himself capable of the knowledge required to give him a certain mastery over his environment. The dangers to man in the future, or at least in any measurable future, come, not from nature, but from man himself. Will he use his power wisely? Or will he turn the energy liberated from the struggle with nature into struggles with his fellow-men? History, science and philosophy all make us aware of the great collective achievements of mankind. It would be well if every civilized human being had a sense of these achievements and a realization of the possibility of greater things to come, with the indifference which must result as regards the petty squabbles upon which the passions of individuals and nations are wastefully squandered.

Philosophy should make us know the ends of life, and the elements in life that have value on their own account. However our freedom may be limited in the causal sphere, we need admit no limitations to our freedom in the sphere of values: what we judge good on its own account we may continue to judge good, without regard to anything but our own feeling. Philosophy cannot itself determine the ends of life, but it can free us from the tyranny of prejudice and from distortions due to a narrow view. Love, beauty, knowledge and joy of life: these things retain their luster however wide our purview. And if philosophy can help us to feel the value of these things, it will have played its part in man's collective work of bringing light into a world of darkness.—From Bertrand Russell's *Philosophy,* by permission of W. W. Norton & Company.

DEFINITION OF A JOURNALIST

A GOOD journalist is one who can expand the material for a paragraph into a whole article, but never does so if he can avoid it; who is widely informed, but respects the limits of his information; who is violent in expressing his opinions, but reasonable in forming them; and who seeks to win the agreement of his readers, but would rather inspire their indignation than their indifference.

—*Nation and Athenaeum* {London}

The local railway train is going the way of the sedan chair, the stagecoach and the tramcar.—Sir John Jarvis

America in The League of Nations

ONE of the foremost among contemporary German students of political economy here analyzes the part that the United States is positively, though somewhat obscurely, playing in the League of Nations. That the American spirit is speaking continuously in European councils, is apparent to this writer, who, like the German people, "bears no malice toward America" because "the first dove with the olive-branch, the first sign of humanity, came from across the sea."

AS things are today, the problem of the relation between Europe and the League of Nations is first of all the problem of the relation between the League and America. Because of the overwhelming industrial and political significance of the United States, the problem becomes primarily a question of the relationship existing between the League and the United States. Superficially viewed, the problem seems nonexistent. The United States declined to sign the treaty of Versailles. It concluded the separate peace of 1921 with Germany, and has not entered the League. . . . This unique blend of official absence and effective presence characterizes the relations existing between the United States and the League-Europe realities.

To the League there belongs an array of American States which are termed "sovereign" for various reasons, but which are dependent upon the United States, and the foreign policies of which are subject to the "control" of the United States. Countries like Cuba, Haiti, San Domingo and Nicaragua are members of the League and may even become members of the League Council. Nevertheless they are dependent upon the United States not only industrially and factually, but also by reason of treaty stipulations. . . .

We are not concerned here with the details of this modern method of rule and control. But it is clear that a State so controlled is anything else but an independent, sovereign State which decides as it will about such matters as independence and public order. The American States we have named belong to the political system of the United States, by reason of international agreements legally entered into. If they become members of the League, the result is that, side by side with the British empire, another political system enters the Geneva picture. And it enters in unique fashion: these controlled States are present at Geneva, but the State in control is absent.

The structure of the League is determined by America for still another reason. By Article 21 of its constitution, the League is expressly rendered subject to the Monroe Doctrine. The article stipulates that the Monroe Doctrine is not "incompatible" with the constitution of the League. Whether this assertion be true is one question. Its practical meaning is that the Monroe Doctrine, with all its far-reaching implications, takes precedence over the League constitution. . . . The United States is not present at Geneva; but since the Monroe Doctrine and other American States are present there, it is not absent in fact.

This blend of absence and presence is not at all a curious accident. It is not explained by the personal character of President Wilson or by other peripheral circumstances. It is deeply rooted in the nature of European conditions as a whole, and comes to the surface whenever an important problem is raised. . . .

In every decisive—that is, every political—moment in the execution of the Dawes plan, an "American citizen" appears. Whenever the Reparations Commission meets to decide a question raised in connection with reparations, a citizen of the United States takes part in the deliberations and has the right to vote. He is a "citizen" of the United States, but not its official representative. He is appointed by the unanimous vote of the Reparations Commission or {possibly} by the president of the Permanent International Tribunal at The Hague, but not by the United States Government.

When there is question of determining a failure to carry out the reparations obligations—which, because it involves determining the dependability of the sanctions upon which the whole agreement rests, is the essentially political act of the reparations policy—a "citizen of the United States" again makes his appearance. . . . This unique role assumed by an American citizen, who is not official and yet not merely private, is a symptom and a symbol. From the German point of view, the introduction of this "citizen" creates the possibility for a more equitable decision than could be expected from the European members of the Commission—that is, from European Governments. . . .

The United States decided who was to win the World War. It participated in the Peace Conference and, already at that time, effected a series of modifications favorable to Germany. In other words, it already, then, took up a kind of arbitral position between victors and vanquished. This position it has maintained until now. It is revealed in varied methods of participation and interference in European affairs, veiled for various reasons, but creating that unique conjuncture of absence and presence which we have described. No loss of effectiveness is involved.

And so our question—"What is the relation between Europe and the League?" finds an answer. The judge of all fundamental European problems is not the League of Nations but the United States; and what the conquered peoples hope to get in the way of justice or fitness they expect not from Geneva, but from the United States. . . . The Geneva League strives to become a universal, not a specifically European, organization. . . .

In so far as European States and their affairs are concerned, this universality is still so remote that the presence of non-European, specifically American, States in the League is considered a pledge of justice. In so far as the United States is concerned, its blending presence and absence likewise constitute a guarantee of neutrality. . . .—Carl Schmitt, in *The Commonweal*

THE VOICE OF AMERICA

I WISH, in all seriousness and even humility, that the American critic would tell *me* exactly what has happened to American literature; and why so much that set out in the mood of Walt Whitman has ended in the mood of Theodore Dreiser. There was really suggested in *Leaves of Grass*, rightly or wrongly, something that seemed as if it could be a new poetry of equality. But, whatever else the new poetry is, it is not a poetry of equality. It may consider itself a poetry of superiority; but I fear it is chiefly superiority in the sense of superciliousness. Unfortunately, a man does not need to be an American in order to be supercilious. Americans have sometimes even been so perverse as to perceive the quality in Englishmen. There is nothing particularly American about turning up one's nose at one's breakfast or one's family. What I may call the fastidious school of realism is not in any sense national, but rather cosmopolitan. It does not even claim to be what Whitman wanted to be, the voice of America; any more than the *Spoon River Anthology* can be considered a very patriotic paean in praise of Spoon River. I would not suggest that America is becoming Anti-American; but I do say it would be difficult to praise the best work in America without praising much of the dispraise of America. Meanwhile, another factor has appeared, too distinguished and delicate to be considered briefly; a sort of literature that seems not only beautiful, but subtle and traditional; American, no doubt, but not what the nineteenth century would have associated with America. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* may yet be a bridge between the Old World and the New.—G. K. Chesterton, in *The Illustrated London News*

American Responsibilities for Peace

Viscount Cecil, former Assistant Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, British Minister of Blockade, and Lord Privy Seal on several occasions British representative at Geneva, here gives "the reasons why America is so unpopular in Europe."

Foremost among the things Europe holds against the United States, according to Viscount Cecil, are avoiding the responsibility of joining the League of Nations or the World Court, and enforcing the payment of the war debts. He asserts that "the circumstances out of which this debt arose does not tend to decrease the unpopularity of its enforcement."

We have not struck the balance-sheet of the Great War yet. The world was thrown suddenly out of joint, and many of the dislocations are still not remedied. I am no pessimist and I do not look to the future with alarm, but it would be idle to pretend that there are not many features in the present that provoke grave disquiet. . . .

Fundamentally what the world is suffering from is loss of faith in the things it once believed in. A characteristic symptom is the decay of parliamentary government in many countries. Men no longer trust themselves to order their own affairs. Democracy for the moment is in eclipse. . . .

> THERE is a catchword that has been running round the world since the war. It emanated, I think, from America. At any rate it has been used widely, and is this: "We must make the world safe for democracy." I will give you a much truer catchwood than that, and one which means a much more difficult task. We have got to make democracy safe for the world.
>
> —Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister of England

How stands it—to put a question I claim no title to answer—with the United States? If the unity of mankind is what I believe, it would be strange that America should remain untouched by the disintegration of ideas and the depreciation, temporary or permanent, of moral values. Conditions differ, of course, in many notable respects on the two shores of the Atlantic Ocean. America, in particular, is wealthy, while Europe is impoverished. But wealth will not be mistaken for moral health. The two may subsist together—that is quite possibly the case in America today—but at least the alternative is possible too. There can be increasing wealth with decreasing moral health. Spiritual values need not rise commensurately with bank balances. But that is America's affair, on which Americans can frame their own conclusions on the basis of knowledge I cannot claim to possess. But while a foreigner may hesitate to express himself with assurance on questions domestic to the United States, he may perhaps be permitted to make certain comments, from the standpoint not of critic but of dispassionate observer, on certain tendencies which seem to be manifest in the external policy of the United States.

Let us take, for example, one fundamental canon of American policy. The avoidance of entangling alliances is consecrated by a tradition going back to the first days of the Republic, and the circumstances that dictated the formulation of the doctrine are as completely intelligible as the considerations which have maintained it from that day onwards in the forefront of the political philosophy of the United States.

There has often been enough that is distasteful in the play and interplay of European diplomacy to justify abundantly the resolve of the United States

to avoid implicating itself in controversies and intrigues from which it was happily in a position to hold aloof. But that, of course, is not the only possible explanation of the reverence paid to the doctrine of non-entanglement.

Without serious inappropriateness, it might be said of the two passers-by in the Biblical parable that they left the man who had fallen among thieves lying wounded where he was because they had been educated to avoid entangling alliances. A doctrine wise in its inception and frequently beneficial in its application may need to be differently characterized if it is ever taken as mere shelter from the sacrifices attendant on full cooperation in the heavy task of straightening out the difficulties of the world and building up again the ruined fabric. The doctrine of non-entanglement so interpreted and put to such use might be thought to be more akin to national selfishness than to national prudence.

America, it is said, remained out of the war for nearer three years than two, while the nations with which she later was associated were almost worn down by the stress of the conflict. Later, when the folly of the Germans forced her into war against her will, her weight was only felt in the field in the closing months of the war, and between then and the Armistice she suffered comparatively little, if sufferings was computed in the terms of what the other Allies had borne. The intervention of America was of vital importance; it may indeed be claimed with some show of reason that it was actually decisive; but to the end the great bulk of the fighting was of necessity done by others. . . .

After the war came the work of reconstruction. By far the greatest outcome of the peace settlement was the League of Nations. In international affairs it is the one hope of the world. In the first half of 1919—in April when the Covenant was adopted by the Allies, in June when it received the signature of the Allies and the Germans as the first chapter of the Treaty of Versailles—it was before all things the League of President Wilson. Thought had been applied to it in other countries. The Covenant in its final form was as much British as American. But it was President Wilson who had given the League idea currency; and President Wilson, and through him his country, reaped the credit which no one endeavored or desired to deny him. But the United States, avoiding responsibility, withdrew from the League and left to the others the task of launching it and keeping it afloat.

The World Court, again, was as much an American conception as a European. One of the most distinguished of American jurists, Mr. Root, took a leading part in framing its Statute. But America stands aloof from the Court. She came near identifying herself with it in 1926,

> AMERICA and Europe are growing asunder at a tremendous pace. America's Colonial age has ended and the fact is now that the two nations which speak English are psychologically more different than any other two nations. The greatest freak of nature is that the English and the Americans speak the same language, but are entirely different in all other respects, such as the lack of reserve among Americans and the extreme cultivation of it by Englishmen; the extreme privacy there, extreme publicity here; the highly developed political sense of the Englishman and the absolute lack of it in the American; the striking individualism of the English and the strong social outlook of the American; the hierarchy and caste system in England and the democracy here; the lack of any essential likeness between the two peoples.
>
> —Count Hermann Keyserling

and the reasons that finally dictated her absention are understood. But the fact remains that the United States has recoiled from this largely American expression of what is historically an American idea.

In other spheres American aloofness has made itself equally felt. There is the whole question of war-debts. I have no intention of discussing that here. America is fully within her legal rights in the line she has taken. So far as Great Britain is concerned there is only one policy—to honor our engagements and to continue at whatever sacrifice to pay what we undertook to pay. But a policy that may be legally justified is not of necessity attractive. After all, creditors are seldom popular and the circumstances out of which this debt arose does not tend to decrease the unpopularity of its enforcement.

Further back, there was Armenia. That story is largely forgotten now, but at the Peace Conference no nation was more eloquent than America on the rights of the Armenians and the need of enabling them to reestablish themselves on an independent, or at least an autonomous, basis in the region of their historic home. America was insistent on that till it came to the question of assuming responsibility towards the Armenians and offering them some kind of protection and support. From that America recoiled as decisively as she was recoiling from the idea of association with the League.

Later still we have had the Three-Power Naval Conference at Geneva. The assembling of the Conference was due to the initiative of President Coolidge and his action does him nothing but honor. But America, say her European critics, having brought the Conference into being, declined to make the concessions which could have rescued the Conference from failure. She wanted large guns in large cruisers, and on the question of large guns the final breakdown occurred. There were, of course, other difficulties regarding which criticism must be directed elsewhere, but without reopening recent controversies I must affirm my personal conviction that it was within America's power, not less than it was within Great Britain's power, to have carried away from Geneva an agreement entirely honorable and in no way disadvantageous to herself.

What, the critic asks, has become of the traditional idealism of Americans? Has wealth submerged it? Was it never more than words? Will America offer only counsel and not collaboration, and, if that be so, must we see in it one more result of the general devitalization of national purpose consequent on the war? . . . .I have no desire to attempt to estimate the justice of the comments. If they are wholly without basis, then it is matter for congratulation that one country at least is free from a general disease with which the whole world seemed afflicted. But no American, I

WHY is it that the United States is unpopular in Europe? To pretend that it is not unpopular would be mere affectation, though doubtless the degree of its unpopularity is often grossly exaggerated. Still, it is at the moment not popular, just as I am told there is no excess of enthusiasm for Great Britain today in the United States. If I try and indicate briefly what is frequently said about the United States in different European countries today, it must not be thought that I am making this picture and these ideas my own. I am not. I agree broadly with some of them and disagree profoundly with others. But if the present misunderstandings between Europe and the United States are to be lessened or removed—and in the interest of mankind nothing is more necessary—it may perhaps help if I state with frankness what is commonly felt on the subject. Put crudely it amounts to this—that the United States is binding on men's backs burdens grievous to be borne and lifting not one of its fingers to lighten the load.

—Viscount Cecil

am certain, would claim that his country has wholly escaped the contagion. To recognize this world-wide evil is not to despair of a remedy. No doubt the disease must run its course and time be an ingredient in its cure. But that does not mean leaving Nature to do her work unassisted. It is the business of statesmanship in all countries in Europe, in America, and in Asia, to take hold of the situation and shape the destiny of a world that otherwise would only drift.

The disease may be spiritual and moral, and so it largely is. To that extent a more real religion and a more consistent observance of moral standards will do much to set the wrong right. For the individual that perhaps is the best remedy of all, but in world affairs individuals must act as societies. The instruments of statesmanship are national policies, and it is one result of the inertia which is part of the moral disease of the world that the approach to such problems as disarmament and arbitration has hitherto been so nerveless. The will, it is true, is not completely lacking. Many nations are anxious to do something so long as there is no danger of their being asked to go beyond the modest limits they have set themselves. Britain will disarm, France will disarm, every country will disarm, so far as is consistent with security. And security perpetually vanishes because every nation arms to make itself secure and its rivals arm more to make themselves securer.

Only one policy has been framed which gives hope of any practical result. War between individual States must be banished from the world, as America is foremost in demanding, but it can be banished in one way only. To take the place of war there must be a system of arbitration, effective, comprehensive, inspiring confidence. That policy involves definite undertakings by individual States. They must be willing to accept an arbitral decision in all cases instead of a decision by war. Only if a nation knows that the State with which it is in controversy has already given a binding pledge to that effect will it relinquish the idea of gaining its ends by war. And only if the small State knows that it is sure of the execution of a judgment in its favor even against a great one, just as a poor man in a civilized State is sure of the execution of a judgment in his favor even against a millionaire, will those States or any others be willing to trust themselves to a system which banishes the possibility of war from the world,—except indeed that form of war, if war it can properly be called, which consists of common action by the States of the world in an ultimate emergency to restrain any single State endeavoring to thwart the agreed processes of law by a sudden and treacherous appeal to force.

Realization of that policy would mean the substitution of law for war—not in words, but in solid reality. To attain such an end would be a great moral achievement for the world. But like other great ends it is not to be attained without sacrifice. No nation unwilling to accept the responsibilities of cooperation, whether that reluctance be described in formulas about entangling alliances or not, can contribute to the establishment of a moral order consonant with the highest ideals of the most trusted leaders in every country, in America at least as much as anywhere. America's decision in such a matter must, of course, be America's alone.

If her traditions, her geographical position, her mentality, compel her to confine herself to concerting declarations instead of cooperating in the establishment, and if need be the defence, of a world system in which war shall be quite absent, and armaments almost so, then the rest of the world must go that road as best it may without her presence and cooperation. . . .

If Americans today care for the great principle of world-peace and disarmament as Lincoln cared for the principle of the Union, can they for ever resist the conclusion, forced remorselessly on Lincoln, that an order based on a common contract must be defended in emergencies by other means than affirmations of belief in it, however eloquent?—Viscount Cecil, in *Foreign Affairs*, an American Quarterly Review

BISMARCK

THIS biographer of Bismarck sets aside the popular image of the "Iron Chancellor" as a disciple of brute force and as an obedient servant of three German emperors, and calls him instead, "a revolutionist, a dangerous man, who changed his color like a chameleon." His study is based largely on documents not published until after the German Revolution. It shows how Bismarck anticipated the Revolution. For twenty-eight years he governed. Twenty-eight years after he was dismissed, the old dynastic system collapsed. Its master mind is revealed, not so much as a cynic but as the "bitterest thinking and bitterest tongued man that has ever lived."

AT first, hundreds of thousands of Germans had regarded the dismissal of Bismarck as a somewhat harsh but salutary action, indicative of the emperor's genius and tact. Now it was plain to every one that William had neither the one nor the other. Consesequently, the last feelings of hostility towards Bismarck in the country were dispelled by an outburst of popular acclamation, such as had never before greeted, in Germany, any man who wore neither a crown nor a uniform.

Bismarck had had to reach the age of eighty before he conquered the German people. As deputy, he had been their enemy; he had fought them as prime minister of Prussia; he had been the foe of the Reichstag as imperial chancellor; in his own house, on his country estates, he had always lived among the members of his own class, had been out of touch with the bourgeoisie, even with the intellectuals, numbering among his acquaintances neither professors nor men of business nor artists. For sixty years, he had lived only among politicians and noblemen. At most during two wars, or in his life as gentleman farmer, had he breathed the same air as this people for whose welfare as a nation he had been working for several decades.

Now there were crowds to welcome him in all the places through which he passed on the journey from Vienna to Kissingen; the towns implored the honor of giving him a public reception; the German tribes he had conquered or oppressed, the Saxons and the South Germans, paid him homage. . . .

For a few hours or weeks, his inborn scepticism is stilled, and he asks himself whether truer and deeper tones may not come from these common people than from his own class, which when he was in power had envied him, then betrayed him, and in the end overthrown him. During the receptions, the students' drinking parties, and the torchlight processions, which make his progress through South Germany a via triumphalis, this intimacy and warmth force him, more and more, to wonder whether it would not have been well to grant more power to such a people. Thus late in the day, and only as the out-

YOU cannot write about a great man in the cool, dispassionate manner of the average scholar. You have got to have a love affair, not just a marriage, with the person you are describing. You have got to be with him constantly; you must have him in your thoughts all the time. Without a little passionate, furious, mad relationship to your subject you will not be able to make him live in your writings.

The professors dislike me because of my method. They cannot excuse my habit of beginning with a vision of my man and then getting my sources and historical details. And people do not seem to understand that I cannot pick any name and write a life without feeling some deep, profound interest in the subject.

—Emil Ludwig

come of the injustice he has suffered, does Bismarck realize how he has missed his opportunities. These are the first popular addresses he has ever delivered. They are spoken in town halls and beer cellars, from balconies and in public squares, from Dresden to Munich. In them, the old man utters his belated warnings:

"The essence of the constitutional monarchy under which we live is that it should be a collaboration of the monarchical will with the conviction of those who are ruled. Perhaps I myself have unwittingly contributed to the lowering of the influence of parliament to its present level. I do not wish that it should permanently remain at that low level. I should like to see parliament once more possess a stable majority, without which it cannot have the authority that is desirable. . . . The permanent duty of the representative assembly is that it shall criticize, control, warn, and in certain circumstances guide the government. . . . Unless there should be such a Reichstag, I shall be anxious concerning the durability and the solidity of our national development. . . ."

> SINCE 1847 I have always defended the monarchical principle, and I have held it aloft like a banner. But now I have seen three kings naked, and often enough the behavior of these exalted gentlemen was by no means kingly. —Bismarck

Above all, even in old age he remains a fighter. When Keyserling {his old friend} urges him to become, now, a harmonious personality, he rejoins defiantly: "Why should I be harmonious?" When, on his eightieth birthday, the trains of pilgrims expect to find a tranquil old man, they hear him say from the balcony of his house the ardent words: "Creative life issues out of struggles. From the plant, through the insects to the birds, from the birds of prey up to human beings—there is no life without struggle!" In this mood, he allows himself to be elected to the Reichstag. He says: "I should like to see their faces at the governmental table when I come to sit in the floor of the hall. . . . I am a chemical drop which decomposes everything when it is poured into a debate." When some one extols content, he says: "What could there be more unhappy than a millennium of general content which kills ambition, paralyses progress, leads to moral stagnation?"

Long ago, his Christianity had become a mere matter of form; now, it is over and done with. At the close of his life, as in the early days, his mind is dominated by a scepticism in which from time to time a sort of pagan mysticism shapes itself. The only man who can venture to question him about these matters, Keyserling, the friend of his youth, gives a sympathetic explanation: "His religious sentiment" {the words are penned after Keyserling's last visit to his old friend} "seems to have experienced ebbs and flows. . . . In his old age, his erotic impulses have gone to sleep, and therewith, perhaps, the aspiration towards a god with human feelings has vanished. This throws a strong light upon the intimate connection between love and religion." Keyserling records, as Bismarck's last confession: "I am sorry to say that during the struggles of the last two decades, I have moved away to a great distance from God. In these sad times, I find this severance painful."

In the autumn {of 1894} Johanna {his wife} dies, at the age of seventy. Overnight, she had been able to speak to him at supper time. In the morning, when he went into her room, he found her dead. The old man, the man of might, barefooted and in his dressing gown, sat down and cried like a child. He had lost something utterly irreplaceable. It was characteristic of his twofold life that, the same evening, he should have compared the close of his political career with the close of this life of faithful companionship: "This is a more not-

able terminus than 1890 was, and it cuts deeper into the configuration of my life. . . . If I were still in the service, I should bury myself in work. That consolation is denied me."

Next day he picks a white rose out of a wreath, goes to the bookcase, takesdown a volume of German history, and says: "This will distract my thoughts." . . .

Next summer {1897}, the emperor sends Tirpitz to the prince, hoping that Bismarck will say something on behalf of the German navy. But the ex-chancellor is obdurate. Instead of doing what he is asked, he expresses his views of the emperor "so unreservedly" that Tirpitz points to the uniform he is wearing. "Tell the emperor," says Bismarck in conclusion, "that I want nothing more than to be left alone, and to die in peace." But the young master will not leave him alone, despite all the mortifications received at Bismarck's hands. The lure exercised by Bismarck is irresistible, and, six months before the ex-chancellor's death, William comes uninvited to see him, followed by a great train.

The old man is sitting in a wheel chair in front of his door, and lets them all defile before him. When Lucanus offers the hand with which he had given Bismarck the letter of dismissal, the prince remains "like a statue, not a muscle stirring, as if contemplating a hole in the air." Lucanus stands before him, face twitching, understands at last, and takes his departure. Subsequently, over dinner, the host ponders how he can give one last warning to his guest and opponent whom he will never see again. Inspired by his traditional pride, he begins, for the first time after seven years, to talk to the emperor about world policy. William turns the conversation with a jest. Bismarck tries again. Another witticism. Even the court generals are horrified. The younger Moltke whispers: "It is terrible!"

Then Bismarck becomes a seer. The hour is passing; his life is passing; never again will he see the young man who has snatched away his life work, the empire. Sooner or later, the emperor will lose his country and his crown; he must be told of the risks he is running; perhaps a dying man's voice will move him. Suddenly, therefore, Bismarck "with apparent nonchalance," but so loud that every one at table can hear, says: "Your Majesty! So long as you have the present officers' corps, you can, indeed, do what you please. But when this is no longer the case, matters will be very different." The emperor is deaf, he prattles, he departs.

The old statesman still utters his warnings and prophecies in private. Every one of them has been fulfilled.

"If the country is well ruled, the coming war may be averted; if it is badly ruled, that war may become a Seven

COURAGE, pride, hate—these were the pillars of Bismarck's character. Courage he inherited from the race whose blood flowed in his veins; from independent knights who had lived in Prussia for centuries on their own lands and at times threw down the gauntlet to their kings. Pride was engendered in him by a precocious self-consciousness, which he possessed long before he attempted to prove its existence to himself and to the world. Hatred for mankind and, in a general way, the passionate craving to strike at personal, not national foes, arose in him in proportion as he won success, and dominated him so completely during the second half of his life that there was left over within him but little room for love. Once, when somebody quoted in his presence the lines: "Happy he who shuts himself up without hate from the world," Bismarck scornfully dubbed the author of the lines a poltroon. The author was Goethe. —Emil Ludwig

Years' War! The wars of the future will be decided by artillery. Troops can be replaced in case of need; big guns must be made in time of peace. . . . In Russia, the coming of a republic is perhaps nearer than most people suppose. . . . In the fight between labor and capital, labor has won most of the victories, and that will happen everywhere as soon as the workers possess the vote. When the final victory occurs, it will be the victory of labor."

No less bold are all his exhortations to Germany. His intellectual lucidity grows until he is able to pass judgment on himself: "Perhaps my dutiful behavior has been the cause of the deplorable lack of backbone in Germany, and of the multiplication of place-hunters and time-servers. . . . The most important thing is to strengthen the Reichstag; but this can only be effected by electing thoroughly independent persons. At present the Reichstag is on the down grade. . . . If that continues, the prospects are gloomy indeed. . . . I am convinced that crises are all the more dangerous, the later they come. . . . I have invariably thought it better to obey no one, rather than try to command others; I had, if you like to say so, a republican view. . . . Perhaps God will send Germany a second era of decay, followed by a fresh period of glory—that will certainly be upon a republican basis."

THE forest whence he had come is Bismarck's last home. His wife and his friends have gone; the horses and dogs he had loved are all dead; he has little interest now in either children or grandchildren. Power has been taken from him, and even anger at the loss of power has ceased to stir within him. He suffers from shooting pains in all his limbs; senile gangrene threatens; and he, who at eighty had still been able to keep a whole company silent under the spell of his powers of narration, has himself become taciturn. He sits in his wheel chair at the corner of the table, drinking little, now, and listens while the young folk prattle. 'Tis only the shade of Bismarck!

In the last year of its master's life, the greenwood is there, as of old; and at eighty-three Bismarck still goes out driving in the forest—silent, communing with his own thoughts. "I have only one refuge, now," he says; "the forest." He no longer cares about the fields. The chief attraction is the Douglas pines, which he planted many years before; the nurseries are also a lure; likewise the oldest parts of the woodland, where the tall veterans rustle in the breeze. When the starlings flock together at the back of the house, he says: "They're holding a parliament to-day; I suppose it's because the spring is so near." In the evening, he waits for them to appear on the top of the bank; he knows every starling. "Only five, as yet; there ought to be seven; the leader comes last. They can go to bed and get up without any pain." Then he drives to the pond, and meditates on the best way of settling the perennial dispute between the swans, the ducks, and the rats. When a visitor is about to go out driving in a tall hat, Bismarck offers his own wide-awake, saying: "Spare my trees the sight of that object!"

For he loves his trees more than he loves any visitor; more even than he loves Germany. Once he had said of the trees that they were ancestors; now he would fain go to his last rest among them. He has chosen two giant pines, and he shows them to favored guests, saying: "There, between those trees, up in the free air of the forest, is where I should like to have my last resting place, where the sunlight and the fresh breeze can get at me. The thought of confinement in a narrow box under the sod is repulsive to me." He goes on to talk of the Teutons of old, and of the Indians, who hung their dead among the tree tops; yet he knows, all the time, that his tomb is awaiting him elsewhere, a princely mausoleum. He knows that thevery inscription is already graven, yet his heart is fain to be with the giants of the forest. Could he follow his own bent, he would have neither tomb nor tombstone; only the sunlight and the wind.

We see that Bismarck ends as he began —a pantheist and a pagan, a true revolutionist. Every confidential utterance

betrays this. None the less he chooses now, as he has chosen before, to observe the forms proper for one who believes in the God of the Christians. Furthermore, this man who could never serve any one, and commanded others for forty years, will have himself described on his gravestone as his king's faithful servant. Why did he ever forsake his forests, in which he was alone with the light and with God, king of his own acres? Why did he ever turn his back on the peasants, leave the wild, abandon the ancient oaks beneath which he had played as a boy, up to which he had looked as a youth, in whose shade he had sought rest from the cares of State, to whose rustling foliage he loved to listen in old age? What did his heart gain from this migration?

Not satisfaction, surely? Returned from his travels to an old age of enforced renunciation, he vainly seeks {when in reminiscent mood} for memories of hours when action brought him a glow of real happiness. Neither completion, nor honor, nor glory, has filled him with ecstasy; not even victory; hardly even vengeance. His work is endangered by the folly and carelessness of his successors. As the new century approaches, what he has built up is tottering; what he has covenanted is called in question. Worse than all, the central pillar of his own statecraft has been shattered; the king is no longer supreme, and the people is no longer contemptible. Uprooted, torn from his sphere of action, thrust back into the dappled shade of the forest, he finds that the nihilistic questionings which perplexed him in youth when he rode along these woodland ways are still unanswered, when, an old and broken man, he drives through the same forest—silent, communing with his thoughts.

After thirty years the Germans stand beside Bismarck's grave, and lower their flags to salute him. So simple and strong was his work that it has outlasted the fulfillment of the masterbuilder's own prophecy. All the German princes, those upon whom he had founded the empire, vanished into nonentity. Not one of them dared to draw the sword which the prince of Friedrichsruh would have drawn boldly even at the age of eighty. . .—From Emil Ludwig's *Bismarck,* by permission of Little, Brown & Company

THE SUPER ARMOR-PLATED AIRSHIP

AT the Zeppelin airship works at Friedrichshaven, we are building now a giant airship which is intended for commercial use, but which, turned into a war vessel—and a week's work would do it—could carry a total of five hundred fully-armed men, a machine-gun corps, and necessary stores and mnuitions to launch a strong attack.

Besides this, this giant dirigible could carry enough explosives to blow either London, Paris, or New York almost to pieces. It would hold enough stores to feed an army corps for a week; or carry three hundred wounded men comfortably in proper medical accommodation if used as a Red Cross airship.

Experiments are being made in certain countries to find an alloy that will retain the lightness of aluminum with the resistance of armor-plate. Supposing this is accomplished, what would it mean? The entire Zeppelin would be armor-plated, proof against all except big shells, and totally impervious to machine-gun fire; and, further, it would be protected from bomb attacking aeroplanes by means of bomb-catching nets, after the fashion of the torpedo nets used by navies. Thus would be formed the aerial warship *par excellence*—more powerful than the largest aeroplane yet built—with a capacity which will be appreciated by any General of Division.

Build a fleet of fifty such dirigibles and you have a fighting force which, supplemented with fast flying fighting-planes, could descend on an enemy within a few hours, and, if they were taken unprepared, blow them almost out of existence within a few minutes.—Dr. Hugo Zeppelin, in the London *Graphic*

THE GREAT LESSON OF IMPERIAL GERMANY

THE efforts which Germany had made after 1870 to adapt its old monarchical and aristocratic institutions to modern life excited so much admiration because it was after 1890 that Europe began to perceive the inconveniences and difficulties of the democratic regime in the great European countries.

Still, the movement which drove Europe towards democratic government continued. The German Government in 1918 was still the admiration of the world because it was a barrage against this movement. And yet the only really revolutionary result of this immense war, which overthrew everything yet hardly changed anything at all, was perhaps the destruction of that barrage. And what was still more strange, that barrage, which all the world admired, fell before the redoubled blows of the whole world in the midst of general acclamations. . . .

Once it was admitted that all men are equally the sons of God and that the only difference that counts between them is that of their respective merits, it became difficult to recognize that certain men had a hereditary right to command their fellows, without rendering an account of their actions to any one. The rationalism of the last centuries, by arming that passion with the force of philosophical arguments, increased its strength, which after the French Revolution became one of the energies which animated modern civilization.

It has cost us dear. All the wars and revolutions which have steeped Europe in blood from 1789 until 1918 proceeded directly or indirectly from that passion. The political regimes to which it has given rise are everywhere troubled by profound disorders and unsolvable contradictions. Everywhere they present themselves, ostensibly to make the rights of the people triumph; in reality they only serve to increase the already long list of their duties. The peoples now not only have the duty of instructing themselves, of working, of making war: they have also the duty of governing themselves if they do not wish to fall into anarchy or under the rule of a despot. But that master passion is so strong and so general, it penetrates so deeply into the whole moral and social life of our epoch, that it seems to me not possible that it should be arrested anywhere by utilitarian considerations. The world is prepared still to suffer a great deal more in order that its equalizing rationalism should be more and more satisfied.

Let us add, in order that we may well understand the actual situation of the world, that historical accidents have during the last ten years served this passion beyond all forecasts that might reasonably have been made. If it was easy to foresee that the defeat of Germany would have annulled 1870, and weakened the monarchical and aristocratic principle throughout Europe, who could have imagined that the Romanoffs, Hapsburgs, and Hohenzollerns would all have fallen together? The formidable surprise of the World War was that triple catastrophe; the Russian monarchy, not having the strength to await the day of victory, anticipated the fate of the dynasties

THE HARLOT

All the world over in every town and city
there is a furtive shuffle of tired feet,
and the invisible hounds that know not pity
pad after them in alley-way and street.
All men are whippers-in of that foul pack,
and follow them to life's supreme disaster
as certainly as if you heard them crack
the huntsman's whip, or halloa like the Master.
Their sin is all our sin, ours is their shame,
and while a single woman earns her bread
by blasphemy committed in love's name
not only she, but all our world, is dead.
Then God call off the hounds, and bid the whore,
and all who made her, go and sin no more!

—From Humbert Wolfe's *Requiem*, by permission of George H. Doran Company

which she had contributed to conquer. The day when the three dynasties fell the whole monarchical system of Continental Europe was virtually destroyed.

We shall not see our way in the confusion of our time so long as European and American opinion does not understand the capital importance of that enormous event, and the lesson to be learnt from it for the future. The old world is very troubled, and the new one does not sleep on a bed of roses. Anxious voices, alarms, pessimistic forecasts, reach us from America also, and every day become more numerous. Remedies are everywhere sought for the obscure and complicated ills by which all States are more or less tormented. At the same time, we ought never to lose sight of this very simple principle, which is, as it were, the conclusion of that long history and the great lesson which the catastrophe of Imperial Germany has bequeathed to us: that the more power in a Government is founded on privileges which are repugnant to the equalizing rationalism of our time, the more will the people expect of it.

This is the great danger inherent in dictatorship to-day. In all the countries of Europe there are movements of opinion which only see salvation in the organization of a dictatorial power—that is to say, absolute power exempt from all control or discussion. In certain countries these movements have emerged from the field of theory and discussion, and have succeeded in grasping power. At bottom these dictatorships are only attempts to resuscitate, as far as possible, the old monarchical power. The principle of heredity is abandoned to save from the absolute power of the Kings of former days that control of discussion which takes infallibility for granted. The dictators of the moment are absolute Kings, but temporary ones, who replace the fallen royalty or who prop up an enfeebled throne.

Their power wounds the modern conscience less than the former absolute power of the Kings because it is not hereditary, and it always supposes at least the presumption of real qualities in the dictator. But it still wounds our conscience, for we can no longer allow the gift of infallibility to any man made of the same flesh as ourselves, and consequently we cannot admit an indisputable and uncontrolled power. Dictatorships therefore find themselves in the same position as that of the German Government in the years which preceded the war; they are forced to justify their extraordinary powers by exceptional services and success. The people obey, but they become exacting. They demand increasingly that the infallibility should not be a constitutional fiction, but a reality. "A dictatorship," said an authority on these subjects, the Empress Eugenie, to M. Paleologue, "presupposes a compact with fortune."

It is easy to see to what dangers a Government may be exposed, and into what adventures it may be drawn, which finds itself in this position at a moment when such exceptional services belong to the world of dreams, when new Bismarcks are impossible, and when the mind of the public of all peoples so easily loses the sense of what is and what is not within the range of possibility. For there is still this additional complication: in an epoch and in countries where the public mind does not easily allow itself to be drawn outside realities, one might always hope that it would not pass certain limits in its exigencies towards even absolute Governments. But it is difficult to foresee to-day what a people might believe to be possible, and demand as an indisputable right, from a Government that wished to escape from the trials, obligations, and humiliations imposed by the equalizing rationalism of our day upon all those who wish to command.—Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, distinguished Italian philosophical historian, in *The Illustrated London News*

I have recently traveled in the Far East, and I have brought with me the deep impression that nationalistic, militaristic Japan, as it is still thought of in America and Europe, is a thing of the past.—Count Carlo Sforza, former Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs

IMPENDING WAR

ALTHOUGH Comrade Stalin wrote this lurid prophecy of war for a Berlin publication, it obviously was intended for home consumption in Russia. The present head of the Soviet Government trains his verbal artillery on England particularly as the one conservative European Power whose very existence is a menace to Bolshevism. Doubtless the Red Army relishes propaganda of this character.

ANOTHER imperialist war is unquestionably impending. It is not a vague possibility; it is an actual and imminent threat, and its first objective will be the Soviet Union.

Already the redistribution of the world into new spheres of influence after the World War is out of date. Younger modern States like America and Japan are pressing forward, older countries like England are losing ground, Germany is recovering from her defeat, Italy has experienced a renaissance and gazes covetously at France. A mad competition for markets, for investment opportunities, and for the control of trade routes has begun. A new distribution of territories is already mooted. New causes of conflict are thus arising between America and England, Japan and America, England and France, and Italy and France. Simultaneously social tensions are increasing within the capitalist States, and manifesting themselves from time to time in revolutionary outbreaks like the General Strike in England last year and the riots in Vienna. Conflicts combining the features of a social revolution and a military conflict between the imperialist Powers and the colonial nations have broken out in China, Java, Morocco and Central America. This growing accumulation of explosive materials signifies a crisis in the world's present capitalist organism—a crisis which, notwithstanding all efforts to alleviate it, is incomparably more acute than the one before the last war.

The survival and prosperity of the Soviet Union under a proletarian dictatorship accentuates this crisis. Consequently it is not surprising that the imperialist Powers are girding their loins for a new war, for that is the only way out of their pressing difficulties. They are strengthening their armaments by land and sea, adopting Fascist methods of government, pursuing the Communists more vigorously than ever, intensifying their campaign of defamation against the Soviet Union, and intervening directly in China, under the impulse of a single force—the drift toward a new war to redistribute the world's resources.

These Powers would already be at each other's throats were it not for their common fear of Communism at home, and for the Soviet Union's persistent policy of peace. They fear to weaken each other lest they fall victims to this new and formidable enemy. I believe that this fear

> HAD there been no American Revolution, the British Empire, as it exists at present, with its splendid resources, its unexampled vitality and unrivalled possibilities, would not have been created. This, because North America would have drained the forces of the United Kingdom to an extent which would have left nothing over for enterprise in other parts of the world.
>
> Not only that, but if the link had been further maintained the growing colony would have overshadowed the homeland, and London would have become the appendix of New York, and Britain of no consequence in the international councils. Alternatively, the vastness of North America would have remained undeveloped—a loss to the whole race.
>
> —"Augur," in the London *Fortnightly Review*

of undermining their common imperialist front is one of the weightiest influences in the world to-day against a war among the capitalist nations. They are willing to sink their own differences for the time being in order to unite against their common foe, the Soviet Union, and thus gain a brief respite from their own dissensions.

We find it perfectly logical that the prime mover in this policy of organizing an alliance against the Soviet Union should be the Conservative Party in Great Britain. English capitalism has always been a relentless enemy of popular liberty. From the outbreak of the French Revolution in the eighteenth century down to the present Chinese Revolution, England has stood in the forefront of those who strove to prevent the emancipation of the masses. The common people of Russia will never forget the atrocities, the looting, the military devastation, which their country suffered from the invading hirelings of British capitalism after the World War. It is perfectly consistent, therefore, that English capital and the British Conservative Party should now busy themselves organizing war against the stronghold of the proletarian revolution.

England does not like to do her own fighting; she has always preferred to get foreigners to fight for her. And she has sometimes succeeded in finding nations foolish enough to pull her chestnuts out of the fire. That occurred during the French Revolution, when England was able to form an alliance of European States against revolutionary France. It was again the case after the October Revolution in Russia, when the English, after attacking the Soviet Union directly and suffering defeat, tried to ally fourteen nations against us. They are playing the same game to-day in China, where they are trying to forge a chain of hostile Governments against the independence movement. All this makes perfectly intelligible the British Conservative Party's present preparations for a war against the Soviet Union. With traditional patience and persistence, it is trying to create a Holy Alliance of the Powers against us.

For a long time these manoeuvres were pursued under cover. Recently, however, Britain's war plotters have come into the open, believing that they were ready to strike. Their first public act was the raid upon the Soviet Embassy in Peking. It had a double purpose—to secure evidence of the Soviet Union's 'demoralizing activities' that would arouse indignation against our Government in other countries, and to raise an issue between us and the Chinese authorities at Peking that might result in hostilities. That move failed.

Britain's second outright offensive was the raid upon the Arcos premises in London and the diplomatic break with the Soviet Union. Its purpose was to inaugurate a general diplomatic blockade against us throughout Europe. But it likewise failed.

The third direct attack was to instigate the assassination of our envoy, Voikov, at Warsaw. This murder, perpetrated at the instance of agents of the British Conservative Party, was designed to do what the assassination at Serajevo did thirteen years ago—to start hostilities this time between Russia and Poland. That effort likewise has apparently failed.

Why have these three blows missed their mark? Chiefly because the capitalist Governments have too many causes of conflict among themselves. Some of them believe it is for their interest to maintain commercial relations with the Soviet Union. Furthermore, our own Government has resolutely pursued a policy of peace. Last of all, the States more or less dependent on England, from Chang Tso-lin's military satrapy to Pilsudski's Poland, refuse to be made England's tools; they are presumptuous enough to prefer their own interests to those of their lordly would-be master. Apparently the English Conservatives overlooked this fact.

Does this mean that Britain will cease her attacks? By no means. Quite the contrary. She plans to hit harder next time. Indeed, she has no choice in the matter. Her policy is fatally forced upon her by the international situation, by the

condition of her business classes at home and abroad, and by the interests of the Conservative Party. Evidences of her intention multiply daily. She is organizing a financial blockade against the Soviet Union, she is holding secret conferences with the Powers for joint action against Russia, she is aiding and abetting the "emigre governments" of the Ukraine, Georgia, Azerbaijan, Armenia, and our other federated States, to start revolts against us. She is financing spies and terrorist groups to blow up bridges, to set fire to factories, and murder our political representatives. All this indicates that the English Conservative Cabinet is determined to make war upon us.

What does it behoove us to do? First of all, to sound the alarm in every country in Europe, to put the workingmen and the common soldiers of those countries on their guard. We must constantly din into the minds of the masses the necessity of stifling a new war in the cradle; we must persuade every labor leader that this war peril is not a figment of the imagination, and we must convince the rank and file of the workers that any labor leader who refuses to see this danger is a conscious or unconscious traitor to their cause.

This is not the first time that our speedy demise has been predicted, that our army has been slandered as a weak and disorganized mob. Neither is it the first time that our enemies have calculated wrong in judging our strength. Eight years ago the capitalist press was filled with the same sort of propaganda we see today—and the whole world knows how conspicuously its falsity was proved when our defeated invaders were rolled back across our border, a disorganized mob of fugitives. It would be well for foreign fire-eaters to ponder on history before they act.

We have another duty, however: it is to strengthen our economic defenses in every possible way, to improve our industries—not only the manufacture of war supplies, but the manufacture of the articles used in peace. We must keep our workers and peasants and Red Army troops on the alert. We must inspire them with a willingness to sacrifice all for their country. We must also strengthen ourselves in the rear by purging the land of aristocratic terrorists and incendiaries.

We must also continue with unshaken resolution our present policy of peace. We must not let our resentment at unprovoked attacks excite us to rash action. Our foes will taunt us with being weak and cowardly. That arouses the indignation of many of our people and makes them demand strong retaliatory measures. But this spirit is merely a symptom of weak nerves, of lack of self-control. We cannot, we must not, dance to the tune of our enemies. We must pursue our chosen course without deviating from it. That is the only policy which will enable us eventually to unite all the workers of the world under our banner when the enemy finally attacks us. —Josif V. Stalin, in *Die Rote Fahne* {Berlin Communist daily}, translated for *The Living Age*

AT intervals the War office issues a pathetic appeal to ex-soldiers to claim their medals. According to a statement this week they have on their hands apparently many thousands of medals unwanted by those who are entitled to them, and no doubt are obliged to keep a small staff to deal with belated applications. The utter indifference shown by many ex-soldiers to their decorations is a queer illustration of how far they have put the war behind them. So much is this so that they will not even trouble to send their names and addresses on a postcard to the War Office. And yet these war medals have at least some personal significance in so far as the name of the recipient is engraved on each. This alone, one assumes, may lend some interest to them to future generations. It is possible, however, that besides wanting no reminder of a tragic period of their lives, the careless attitude of these ex-soldiers reflects also a silent protest against the trumpery nature of the token of their active service.—The London *Nation and Athanaeum*

THE GREATEST POLAR FLIGHT EVER MADE

"NO flight has been made anywhere, at any time, which could be compared with it." So Roald Amundsen, who flew in the dirigible Norge *over the North Pole in 1926, declared when he heard of the safe arrival at Spitzbergen, on April 21, 1928, of Captain George H. Wilkins and of his sourdough pilot, Carl B. Eilson. They had flown 2,200 miles over the "roof of the world" from Point Barrow, Alaska, in twenty hours and twenty minutes.*

For three years Captain Wilkins, an Australian with a war record, had been trying to make this flight. His triumphant journey was mainly over a desert of ice. He found no land where Peary and others thought it lay. Just before he reached his goal he and his companion were trapped for five days on Dead Man's Island, so called because during one winter not long since thirteen men marooned there starved to death. His account of his exploit is distinguished by simplicity and close attention to ice conditions and atmospheric changes from latitude to latitude.

WITH Carl Ben Eilson's skillful piloting, a perfect monoplane and engine, reliable gasoline and oil, good weather most of the way, with good luck and by careful navigation, we have traveled 2,200 miles above Arctic ice from Barrow, Alaska, to Green Harbor, Svalbard {Spitzbergen}. Three parts of the way were above an area never before seen by man. Our course led from Barrow to longitude 75, latitude 84, thence to the northwest end of Svalbard. If weather favored, we planned to land at King's Bay a week ago.

> THE flight we made might be the forerunner of transarctic transportations, a scenic air route which in years to come would serve curious tourists speeding from Alaska's sea-level tundras to awe-inspiring Grant Land, glaciated Greenland and Svalbard's jumbled peaks, a trip perhaps in future not more unusual than now from the plains of Lower California to the high Sierras. —Captain George H. Wilkins

At Barrow we were hopeful. Today we are thankful that aeronautical engineering skill, conscientious workmen, and our accumulated Arctic experience have brought us through safely in comparative comfort.

Yet the trip was not without adventure. Our machine weighed, empty, 1,800 pounds. Our load in the plane was 3,400 pounds; three times before we finally rose in the air we had tried to get off and failed. One pair of metal skis had broken after each try. Our Eskimo friends at Barrow, thirty-three men, shoveled more and more snow, lengthening the runway. We finally abandoned the runway, 3,500 feet long, and with ten men and twenty-five dogs hauled the plane over snow to a lagoon five miles from Barrow village. Another runway, 5,000 feet long, was cut, this work occupying two perfect flying days. We were already a week late in starting.

On Sunday April 15th, the weather was still good. Eilson, with great skill and not a little nerve, guided the machine at eighty miles an hour along the fourteen-foot-wide ditch in the snow. We lifted a thousand feet from the end of the runway and headed straight out on the first leg of our course, a Great Circle course, that would change twenty-two times in as many hours, sometimes as much as twenty-five degrees at a time by compass.

The way was clear for the first five hundred miles. Then a cloud bank obscured the ice for a hundred miles. We hated to lose sight of ice, for each mile unseen was a mile unexplored.

We flew for an hour at three thousand

feet altitude, needing to change the course frequently because of cloud banks. Strict attention to frequent compass changes made navigation strenuous but not more difficult than piloting, surrounded as we were with even grayness, no lights or shadows, no horizon.

Then clear weather favored us right west of where Peary, Stefansson and MacMillan saw indications which led them to believe land might be in that vicinity. The horizon was clear on every side. We saw no sign of islands. Leads of open water were frequent. The ice in general was rough and closely crisscrossed with ridges, but was not heavily pressed and showed no indication of even shallow soundings....

Our engine functioned perfectly. The sun was clear and well above the horizon. Frequent sextant observations kept us more or less on our course, but even without those observations, our ordinary boat-navigator's magnetic compass behaved much in the ordinary way, reading within a few degrees of what we figured it should read at its position.

We were quite comfortable in the plane. The temperature in the cabin at the start had been 22 degrees Fahrenheit. In eight hours it had dropped to 10 degrees above. Outside it was 20 below when we started....

The machine, which by this time carried a normal load, climbed above the lowest clouds at 6,000 feet. The highest banks were too high to climb over. We dodged some and plowed through others. We had hoped to check our course by actually sighting Grant Land in the distance, but a heavy high storm ahead gave us an excuse to turn more southerly, and in a half hour, just thirteen hours from starting, we caught fleeting glimpses of the tops of Grant Land mountains, peeping through the clouds. It was impressive.

Our course turned sharply there. The real flight of exploration was over.

But we still had 900 miles to go to reach our goal. Guided by the sun's position and our compass, we headed straight for Spitzbergen. Through the clouds we caught glimpses of ice beneath us. Our drift indicator showed a strong wind in our favor. On the far horizon toward Greenland a heavy, stormy sky forbade a cross-flight to that ice-covered country, so we edged along the storm area. Our course here was almost due east. The wind was at our back.

Three hours after sighting Grant Land one lone peak of the most northerly end of Greenland showed dimly in the clouds far to the southward. Each hour Ben Eilson swung the ship steadily on the plotted course, and as the course trended southward the wind swung, speeding us on our way....

Suddenly two sharp peaks, almost needle-pointed, appeared beneath us. Down we spun through a break in the clouds for a closer view. The air was

THERE are many things which make Wilkins's flight stand out. He took off from the Alaskan coast for a comparatively small archipelago on the other side of the "top of the world," and hit his objective squarely.

He made a non-stop flight of 2,200 miles over a part of the world where nothing could have saved him if he had come down and had been unable to rise again.

He penetrated the center of the great unknown area between the path made by the dirigible *Norge* and the top of the American continent, and determined that no land existed in that section.

Almost any one of these achievements would have been noteworthy, and Wilkins and Eilson in their tiny plane packed them all into one thrilling journey of less than twenty-one hours.

—Russell Owen, in the New York *Times*

turbulent above the heavy clouds, between and beneath them it was boisterous. Our now almost empty plane was tossed like a cork on a stormy ocean. Loose things in the cabin tumbled and rattled. With nothing to hold on to, I could not keep my seat. Eilson's valuable training and skill then proved its worth. With the plane nosed down and engine full on, he held her as she bucked like a bronco.

Close to the ice-strewn water the wind was furious. Salt spray whipped from the sea-filled air. Over the land the snow drifted high and thick. To judge distance was impossible. A smooth patch of snow-covered land flashed by for a moment, then dead ahead a mountain loomed. With a quick swerve it was avoided by a narrow margin. We swung broadside to the wind and crabbed low over the water. Soon it appeared that what we had missed was an island. The glimpse was too fleeting to identify it.

As we were running short of gas, the safest procedure was to find a smooth spot we had noticed and try to land. I asked Eilson to do this. Practically blinded by the snow and oil on his windshield, he landed with the same skill and perception with which he brought down our plane in the dark on the ice near Point Barrow a year ago. . . .

We could see but a few feet on each side. An ice pick was handy in the plane. With it we discovered we were on land, fast in the ice. The machine was undamaged. We were safe. Our non-stop, coast-to-coast flight had ended. We had been 20 hours and 20 minutes in the air. The thick drift of the snow prevented us from examining our location. The only thing to do was to beat the snow from our clothes, climb into the cabin of the machine and await clear weather. We were not unduly tired nor anxious. King's Bay or Green Harbor could not be far away. Our fear was that we had barely enough gas to stay in the air for another hour. At the worst we might walk or construct a boat and reach some habitation or wait on the coast until some boat came by.

When we awoke from our sleep, the sun shone dimly. We appeared to be on an island. Across the open water in the hazy distance we faintly saw what looked like houses. But the Arctic mirage plays curious tricks with objects. It is easy to imagine that shadows thrown up resemble any known physical thing. . . .

For the next four days there was no opportunity to judge our position more accurately. High winds blew from the north-northwest, then changed suddenly to southeast and as suddenly back to north again. I have never seen worse weather in the Spring in the Arctic. Drifts four feet high formed about and over the skis of the plane, fortunately holding her fast to the ice, otherwise she would have toppled during the gusts. We were housed comfortably in the windproof snug cabin of the plane, eating biscuits and chocolate, smoking the few cigarettes we had and patiently waiting for the weather to clear.

We sighted Svalbard at 6:15 P. M. local time on Monday, just twenty hours after leaving Barrow. We first landed twenty minutes later. It was not until Saturday at 3 A. M. that the weather was again fit for flying. . . .

Since the sky had cleared we had been far too busy trying to get away to think of our exact location, but soon after we circled a headland, having climbed to 3,000 feet, we could see in the distance the wireless mast at Green Harbor ice bay. We had been storm bound for five days on Dead Man's Island.

At Green Harbor, Herr Islen, manager of the radio station, and all other officials at the station and mines, treated us with bountiful hospitality. Our Norwegian pilot, Ben Eilson, had brought us safely through. Our new Norwegian friends are friends forever.—Captain George H. Wilkins, in the New York *Times*

Romance is now on every tongue, but when history is calmly written the Wilkins-Eilson flight from Alaska to Spitzbergen will come to be looked upon as the final necessary pioneer stride toward the realization of the Elizabethan dream of a practicable highway to the East Indies.—Vilhjalmur Stefansson

Man and His Goal

FIVE hundred million years ago, says the author of this article—the most famous speculative scientist in England—our ancestors were fish of a primitive type, combining the characters of the shark and the lamprey—{whatever that may be}. Later, we were newts or mud-puppies. A mere sixty million years ago we were not unlike lemurs. But the origin of life itself was long before the fossils began to keep their diary for us—probably a thousand million years ago. As to the future of the human race, his interesting theory is that man is not a creature of fate but is the shaper of his own destiny.

FIRST let us consider the stage for our drama. The earth has existed for over a thousand million years. During most of this period its surface temperature has not been very different from that now prevailing. The sun has not cooled down appreciably during that time, and it will probably be only a little cooler a million million years hence, though somewhere about that time it is quite likely that the earth's surface will be destroyed owing to the disruption of the moon by tidal forces. Six hundred million years ago our ancestors were worms, ten thousand years ago they were savages. Both these periods are negligible compared with our possible future. Provided, therefore, that man has a future lasting for more than a few million years we can at once say that our descendants may, for anything we can see to the contrary, excel us a great deal more than we excel worms or jellyfish.

There are, however, several alternatives to this prospect. A catastrophe of an astronomical order, such as a collision with a stray heavenly body, is unlikely. The earth has lasted a long time without any such disasters. The sun may possibly swell up temporarily, as similar stars occasionally do. In this case the human race will be very rapidly roasted. A disease may arise which will wipe out all, or almost all, mankind. But there is nothing in science to make such up-to-date versions of the apocalypse very probable.

> IN scientific work the imagination must work in harness. But there is no reason why it should not play with the fruits of such work, and it is perhaps only by so doing that one can realize the possibilities which research work is opening up. In the past these results have always taken the public and the politicians completely by surprise. The present disturbed condition of humanity is largely the result of this unpreparedness. If the experience is not to be repeated on a still greater scale it is urgent that the average man should attempt to realize what is happening to-day in the laboratories.
>
> —J. B. S. Haldane

Even if man does not perish in this dramatic manner, there is no reason why civilization should not do so. All civilization goes back to a common source less than 10,000 years ago, very probably in Egypt. It is a highly complicated invention which has probably been made only once. If it perished it might never be made again. When in the past its light was extinguished in one area—for example, when the Angles and Saxons wrecked Roman Britain—it could be lit again from elsewhere, as our savage ancestors were civilized from Italy and Ireland. A modern war followed by revolutions might destroy it all over the planet. If weapons are as much improved in the next century as in the last, this will probably happen.

But unless atomic energy can be tapped, which is wildly unlikely, we know that it will never be possible to box up very much more rapidly available energy in

a given place, than we can already box up in a high explosive shell, nor has any vapor much more poisonous than "mustard gas" been discovered in the forty-one years that have elapsed since that substance was first produced. I think therefore that the odds are slightly against such a catastrophic end of civilization.

But civilization as we know it is a poor thing. And if it is to be improved there is no hope save in science. A hundred and forty years ago men, women and children were being hanged in England for stealing any property valued at over a shilling, miners were hereditary slaves in Scotland, criminals were publicly and legally tortured to death in France. Europe was definitely rather worse off, whether in health, wealth or morals, than the Roman Empire under Antoninus Pius in A. D. 150. Since then we have improved very greatly in all these respects. We are far from perfect, but we live about twice as long, and we do not hang starving children for stealing food, raid the coast of Africa for slaves, or imprison debtors for life. These advances are the direct and indirect consequences of science. . . .

> IF it is true, as the higher religions teach, that the individual can only achieve a good life by conforming to a plan greater than his own, it is our duty to realize the possible magnitude of such a plan, whether it be God's or man's. . . . Man's little world will end. The human mind can already envisage that end. If humanity can enlarge the scope of its will as it has enlarged the reach of its intellect, it will escape that end. If not, the judgment will have gone out against it and man and all his works will perish eternally. —J. B. S. Haldane

And pure science is a delicate plant. It has never flowered in Spain, and today it is almost dead in Italy. Everywhere there are strong forces working against it. Even where research is rewarded, the usual reward is a professorship with a full-time programme of teaching and administration. The bacteriologist can most easily earn a title and a fortune if he deserts research for medical practice. The potential physicist or chemist can often quadruple his income by taking up engineering or manufacture. In biology and psychology many lines of research are forbidden by law or public opinion. If science is to improve man as it has improved his environment, the experimental method must be applied to him. It is quite likely that the attempt to do so will rouse such fierce opposition that science will again be persecuted as it has been in the past. Such a persecution may quite well be successful, especially if it is supported by religion.

A world-wide religious revival, whether Christian or not, would probably succeed in suppressing experimental inquiry into the human mind, which offers the only serious hope of improving it. Again, if scientific psychology and eugenics are used as weapons by one side in a political struggle, their opponents, if successful, will stamp them out. I think that it is quite as likely as not that scientific research may ultimately be strangled in some such way as this before mankind has learnt to control its own evolution.

If so, evolution will take its course. And that course has generally been downwards. The majority of species have degenerated and become extinct, or, what is perhaps worse, gradually lost many of their functions. The ancestors of oysters and barnacles had heads. Snakes have lost their limbs and ostriches and penguins their power of flight. Man may just as easily lose his intelligence.

It is only a very few species that have developed into something higher. It is unlikely that man will do so unless he desires to and is prepared to pay the cost. If, as appears to be the case at

present in most parts of Europe and North America, the less intelligent of our species continue to breed more rapidly than the able, we shall probably go the way of the dodo and the kiwi. We do not as yet know enough to avert this fate. If research continues for another two centuries, it is probable that we shall. But, if, as is likely enough, the welfare of our descendants in the remote future can only be realized as a very considerable sacrifice of present happiness and liberty, it does not follow that such a sacrifice will be made.

It is quite likely that, after a golden age of happiness and peace, during which all the immediately available benefits of science will be realized, mankind will very gradually deteriorate. Genius will become ever rarer, our bodies a little weaker in each generation; culture will slowly decline, and in a few thousand or a few hundred thousand years—it does not much matter which—mankind will return to barbarism, and finally become extinct. If this happens I venture to hope that we shall not have destroyed the rat, an animal of considerable enterprise which stands as good a chance as any other of evolving towards intelligence.

In the rather improbable event of man taking his own evolution in hand—in other words, of improving human nature, as opposed to environment—I can see no bounds at all to his progress. Less than a million years hence the average man or woman will realize all the possibilities that human life has so far shown. He or she will never know a minute's illness. He will be able to think like Newton, to write like Racine, to paint like Fra Angelico, to compose like Bach. He will be as incapable of hatred as St. Francis, and when death comes at the end of a life probably measured in thousands of years he will meet it with as little fear as Captain Oates or Arnold Von Winkelried. And every minute of his life will be lived with all the passion of a lover or a discoverer. We can form no idea whatever of the exceptional men of such a future.

Man will certainly attempt to leave the earth. The first voyagers into interstellar space will die, as did Lilienthal and Polcher, Mallory and Irvine. There is no reason why their successors should not succeed in colonizing some, at least, of the other planets of our system, and ultimately the planets, if such exist, revolving round other stars than our sun. There is no theoretical limit to man's material progress but the subjection to complete conscious control of every atom and quantum of radiation in the universe. There is, perhaps, no limit at all to his intellectual and spiritual progress.

But, whether any of these possibilities will be realized depends, as far as we can see, very largely on the events of the next few centuries. If scientific research is regarded as a useful adjunct to the army, the factory, or the hospital, and not as the thing of all things most supremely worth doing, both for its own sake and that of its results, it is probable that the decisive steps will never be taken. And unless he can control his own evolution as he is learning to control that of his domestic plants and animals, man and all his works will go down into oblivion and darkness.—From J. B. S. Haldane's *Possible Worlds*, by permission of Harper & Brothers through the author.

RELIGION should act in us as a chemical analysis of the soul, to see that it is kept as pure and serene as possible. The method of the analysis varies according to race or country.

Greece said: Be moderate—know thyself.
Rome said: Be strong—order thyself.
Confucianism says: Be superior—correct thyself.
Buddhism says: Be disillusioned—annihilate thyself.
Hinduism says: Be separate—merge thyself.
Mohammedanism says: Be submissive—bend thyself.
Modern Materialism says: Be industrious—enjoy thyself.
Modern Dilettantism says: Be broad—cultivate thyself.
Christianity says: Be Christlike—give thyself.—J. D. Bush, in a Y. M. C. A. address at Shanghai, China

Christ Depicted on the Japanese Stage

WHILE a student in Germany some years ago, Koryoku Sato, then becoming known as a Japanese poet, witnessed the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau, and wrote critical appraisals of it in the press of Japan. On his return to Tokyo he was persuaded to try his hand at the theme. His version of the Passion Play, which has had an extraordinary reception in Japan since its premiere last January, is the result.

A MUCH misunderstood and almost heroic Judas is one of the central figures in the Japanese drama *Christ*, written by the well known playwright and novelist, Koryoku Sato, and produced recently in Tokyo and Osaka.

The play, which in Osaka attracted large audiences and received generous press comment, was a financial failure when it opened in Tokyo. Subsequently it was a pronounced success. There is considerable speculation in Japanese theater circles as to what sort of reception the play might receive if it were produced in New York or London.

The incidents in the drama follow the Biblical account of the life of Christ, but the author has introduced several characters who do not belong rightfully to the period. For instance, we find Herod and Salome providing a highly dramatic scene, when the wicked King discovers that his order putting to death all the babes born on a certain day has been executed all too literally, and that his own son has been slain. As the King falls senseless on hearing the news, Salome greets his bitter grief with taunting laughter.

And in a later scene Herod is represented as sentencing Christ to death while Salome urges crucifixion because she does not consider the ordinary method of execution sufficiently exciting.

The play opens with a prelude showing the three Wise Men following the Star of Bethlehem. The stage background is a black curtain. One of the three carries a light and they are disputing among themselves as to what they will find when they reach their destination. Day breaks and the Wise Man carrying the light makes a gesture to extinguish it, but is restrained by one of his companions, who says, "It is not yet time." In the finale the Wise Men again appear, saying that they have seen "the light of love which illuminates the world." Another adds: "We can now put out the light," and the beacon is extinguished as the curtain falls.

The action starts a few months before the death of Christ and follows with the various incidents leading up to his betrayal and crucifixion. In the first scene the disciples are playing about like ordinary Japanese boys while waiting for their Master, who is on the mountain praying.

The two most interesting characterizations are Mary Magdalene and Judas Iscariot, although Mr. Sato's interpretation of both will undoubtedly arouse much controversial comment if the drama is staged in America or Europe.

For dramatic purposes of his own, the Japanese author has represented Mary Magdalene as the fallen woman regenerated by Christ, not, however, through a love that is spiritual but by the passion of a physical infatuation. Miss Chieko Yamaji, who takes the part, plays the role of a coquette, attracted to Christ by a love that unmistakably smacks more of the mundane than the divine. Spurned by him on one occasion for her frivolous conduct, her love is momentarily turned to hate, and she expresses the wish to kill the Saviour, but the mood passes.

Mr. Sato's conception of Judas is at the same time one of the strongest and most unorthodox touches in the entire play. Christ's betrayer appears as an honest and loyal disciple whose motives are constantly being misconstrued by his brother disciples and on one occasion by Jesus himself. What to the other followers seems avarice in Judas, according to Mr. Sato's interpretation, is a desire to provide the Master with the physical comforts of life. Judas's violent temper is revealed in one scene when a quarrel with the other disciples develops over the former's efforts to minister to his

Master's physical wants. Christ, overhearing the dispute, censures Judas and the latter's anger is so inflamed that he is on the point of slaying his Master.

The betrayal occurs at the Last Supper. After the Saviour has washed the feet of Judas the false disciple betrays him, but when Jesus is being led away to the cross Judas flings away the thirty pieces of silver and follows his Lord to his death. According to the betrayal scene, the exchange of the thirty pieces of silver was only incidental to Judas's treachery, the real motive being the selfish and jealous nature of Judas's love for his Master, which could not suffer the companionship of Jesus to be shared with the other disciples. . . .This interpretation of Judas's motives was confirmed by the correspondent in an interview with the Japanese playwright. Mr. Sato added an Oriental touch to his explanation by comparing Judas's action in betraying Christ to that of a mother whose love for her child is sometimes so great that she would rather kill the loved one than be parted from it.

Shojiro Sawada, in interpreting the role of Christ, has accentuated the divine rather than the human side of the Master, which is not altogether in keeping with Mr. Sato's personal conception of how the part should be played. . . .

The actual crucifixion takes place on the stage. The effect of this scene is greatly heightened by making use of the narrow passage which extends from the back of a Japanese theater to the stage and which is frequently used for exits and entrances. The procession, showing Christ burdened under the weight of the cross and accompanied by the thieves and the rabble, slowly winds across the passageway from the rear of the theater to the stage, adding another touch of realism to the crucifixion scene.

The final scene showing the resurrection leaves the impression that Mary Magdalene, faithful to the end, sees Christ risen from the dead in a vision. . . .

Mr. Sato stated that in writing *Christ* it was his purpose to present Jesus as he might have been had he lived his life in the Orient. He had been greatly disappointed when witnessing the Passion Play to see Christ, whom he had always considered a man of strong character and will, represented as a weak and almost womanly man. He resolved to write a play representing an Oriental Christ, shorn of the womanly attributes which he felt were too predominant in the Jesus depicted at Oberammergau and possessing all the manly and admirable traits which he felt that an Oriental Christ would exemplify.

But it was not until nearly four years later that the author, who gave up dramatic writing for novel writing ten years ago, thought seriously of attempting the play. Sawada requested Sato in October of 1927 to write a play for him. Sato suggested the life of Christ, and as the subject met with the approval of the actor he promised to prepare the play at his earliest opportunity. Several months later he took up the work and completed the play in one month. The stage action lasts for three and a half hours.—Victor Keen, of Kobe, Japan, in the New York *Herald Tribune*

ACTING is an art, not merely an exhibition of emotions. An actor doesn't lose himself on the stage. If he did there would be nothing to prevent his walking off the stage in his transports of emotion and finishing his big scene in the public square. But his emotion need be no less sincere because it is harnessed: it may be just as true. In real life we have to exercise control. When we are in the greatest distress we are generally conscious that we must not make an exhibition of ourselves, but we do not feel grief any the less poignantly. And so in feeling on the stage, the fact that we are conscious of our audience and of the mechanical limitations of the theater should not prevent the trained actor from deep feeling.

My opinion is that the practiced actor is at his best when he feels the emotion that he is attempting to convey to his audience.—George Arliss, in *The Christian Science Monitor*

A Japanese on His Countrymen

DR. NITOBE is the well-known author of Bushido. The following article is mainly a reproduction of a lecture delivered at Keio University after his return from a sojourn of several years at Geneva, where he was an official of the League of Nations.

NO nation dislikes criticism more than the Japanese, or reflects upon it with more searching of soul. We therefore profit by learning what foreigners say about us. At Geneva, where forty nations are represented among the resident League officials, many witty sayings are current regarding the distinctive qualities of different peoples. For instance, it is said: "One Englishman signifies stupidity, two Englishmen sport, three Englishmen an empire." Another is: "One Pole, a charming companion; two Poles, a heated argument; three Poles, three political parties." There are said to be seventy political parties in Poland. Coming to our own people, the saying is: "One Japanese, silence; two Japanese, smiles; three Japanese, a mystery."

Our Government has had representatives from time to time on all the forty or more international committees at Geneva. They seldom speak, however, many of them apparently imagining that on account of their imperfect command of other languages they uphold the dignity of their country better by keeping silent. Indeed, they are almost irritatingly taciturn, although they understand the subject under discussion, as is clear from the manner in which they cast their votes. Two Japanese smile. In fact, when two Japanese meet they invariably laugh, or at least grin broadly. Three Japanese are a mystery—at least, that is the impression they make on foreigners. "Mystery," moreover, is meant to be understood in a bad sense, as crafty and disagreeably incomprehensible. Why do we produce such an impression? . . .

> ONE of the oldest and most serious charges brought against the Japanese is that they are dishonest in business. Many people still imagine that our countrymen are so untrustworthy that even our own banks employ only Chinese in responsible positions. This is an exceedingly stubborn superstition. Foreigners will trust our Government, but they place little reliance upon our word as individuals. The reason for this seems to me to be that we Japanese are so anxious to appear polite and amiable that we are inclined to say what we think will please a person, regardless of whether it is true or not.
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> —Dr. Inazo Nitobe

To begin with, Japan has had little time comparatively to practise the art of intercourse with foreign nations. She lived in seclusion for centuries, and opened her door to foreigners only a short sixty years ago. Added to this are the barriers of language and writing, and above all a radical difference in the way of thinking. The Occidental thinks inductively; the Oriental, as Bergson has pointed out, thinks intuitively. These inevitable obstacles to mutual understanding have been aggravated by some of the diplomatic measures of our Government. . . .

Since Japan has taken an active part in the work of the League of Nations, however, her foreign policy has lost some of its former mystery. Except in respect to the opium trade, our official attitude on international problems has been clear and definite. I do not consider that policy wise in every respect, but it is a policy that reflects the better qualities rather than the worst qualities of our national character. The Chinese are called a nation of traders, and the Japanese a nation of knights—*bushi*. That is cited to justify the statement that

CHRIST DEPICTED ON THE JAPANESE STAGE

In an oriental version of the Passion Play, acclaimed in Japan, the part of the Savior is taken by Shojiro Sawada, a noted Japanese actor, who brings a deep sense of reverence and beauty to the part. With him is shown Miss Chieko Yamaji, as Mary Magdalene. (*See* Christ Depicted on the Japanese Stage, *Page* 144).

a Chinese merchant always keeps his word and a Japanese official always keeps his word, but a Japanese merchant's promise cannot be relied upon. In short, the Japanese Government is not open to the charges of dishonesty that are not infrequently made against the Japanese as individuals. . . .

A great English historian has counted tolerance among the four fundamental elements of civilization. This is a quality in which we are deficient. Our measures for controlling dangerous thought illustrate this. Such dragooning of the public mind would be inconceivable in Great Britain—at one time I should have said also in the United States. Any pleasant Sunday afternoon you can hear in Hyde Park people holding forth to their hearts' content on Socialism, Communism, the abolition of the monarchy, and so on indefinitely. I was in London during the General Strike, and was deeply impressed by the tolerant way in which the strikers were treated even by those members of the public who were most inconvenienced by their action. The miners' leader, Cook, who would have been promptly clapped into prison, or even executed, in Japan, went about freely in public without any thought of a threat to his life and liberty. We think this too lenient, but that is because we still lack that essential of high civilization —tolerance. The deficiency may not be innate with us, it may be due to a lack of experience and training, but it determines the action of the Government, and creates a bad impression upon foreign observers.

Our official attitude regarding social welfare, the protection of labor, trade-unions, and progressive movements in general, shows that we have yet much to learn regarding liberty and tolerance. A powerful movement for the prevention of cruelty to animals exists in Western countries. It is even urged that organized international propaganda be started along these lines. But in Japan we exhibit curious psychological inconsistencies upon this subject. In certain ways we show great respect for animals, even for dead animals. Geisha girls meet from time to time to hold funeral services for cats sacrificed to make the samisens they play. Memorial services are sometimes held for the souls of dead horses. These ceremonies are quite in keeping with the faith of the Buddhists, who hold that all life is one, and that living beings, whether cats, horses, or even insects, are in a larger concept the brethren of men. One would suppose, therefore, that cruelty to animals would be extremely rare in our country. Nevertheless, while passing through Shiba Park on the way to the University to deliver this lecture, only an hour ago, I saw a horse treated more brutally than I ever saw one treated in Europe during my eight years' sojourn there. Such incidents make foreigners believe that we are at heart a cruel people.

Passing now to private behavior, as explaining certain traits disapproved by foreigners, let me relate a personal experience. When I was returning home last time a European lady on the steamer exclaimed, when we were passing through the Inland Sea, "What beautiful scenery!" A Japanese student who was standing near her at once said, "Thank you." Later, when she pointed to the forests on a certain island as remarkably beautiful, the student bowed again and said, "Thank you." I have no doubt that when this lady returned home she related this incident to illustrate the exaggerated pride the Japanese take in their country. . . .

Some years ago a very popular play in America and Europe, which has now happily been discontinued, was *The Typhoon.* Once when I was in New York City it was being given simultaneously in four theaters there. The plot centered around the idea that exaggerated patriotism is characteristic of the Japanese—that they will shrink from nothing to further the interests of their country.

Our people have the reputation of being very polite—so polite, as we have seen, that they must thank a foreigner even for praising the scenery of their country. But this politeness has become so conventional that it differs

greatly from what is meant by that word in Europe. There it means the courteous desire to spare people with whom we associate inconvenience and annoyance, to impress them agreeably, and to make them feel at ease. That should be the very essence of all etiquette. Japanese politeness, however, is apt to produce the opposite result. To illustrate by a single example: when visitors call and are shown into a drawing-room, they insist on sitting near the door as a mark of humility, although by so doing they get in the way of other callers and inconvenience the whole company. They prefer to affect humility rather than to make things agreeable for others.

Foreigners are particularly struck by our habit of smiling or laughing without visible reason. "I have not seen you for a long time, ha-ha!" "Father died yesterday, ha-ha!" Such indiscriminate and untimely affectation of mirth produces a disagreeable impression upon many people. Here again we probably have an exaggerated effort to seem humble. The speaker is really and sincerely grieved at the death of his father, but he seeks to give the impression that the death of the father of a man of such small importance as himself is of such slight moment that it may be mentioned lightly. Lafcadio Hearn has in one of his volumes a long essay entitled *The Japanese Smile,* in which he tries—rather unsuccessfully, I think—to elucidate to his foreign readers the various types of smiles in our country.

Again, notwithstanding our reputed politeness, we have a habit of spitting everywhere and of clearing our throats with a loud noise in the presence of company. We also blow our noses violently, and pick our teeth in public. We converse and go about with a toothpick in our mouth. In consulting our own comfort, therefore, we pay little regard to the comfort of others. In Europe only the people of the lowest class spit in the presence of company. An English friend of mine who had leased a Japanese house at Shiba, in Tokyo, told me, when I asked him how he liked his new home, that he was awakened every morning by his neighbor's gargling. . . .

Some of our national defects are attributable, I think, to our food, clothing and housing. No other nation is as badly fed as our own; in no other country are food and the necessaries of life so dear. Consequently we are a poorly nourished race, and high-strung nerves and certain peculiarities of temperament are the natural result.

Foreigners also criticize us as awkward and aloof in social intercourse. Many of our people are apparently so formal and ceremonious that they cannot easily establish themselves on a free footing with others. . . .

During my eight years' residence at Geneva one of my duties was to introduce prominent gentlemen from my country to Europeans. But some of these gentlemen, whom I had previously mentioned to my foreign friends as great authorities on such and such subjects, or as otherwise distinguished in my own country, were so awkward in shaking hands and so uncouth and boorish in conversation that they produced a very unpleasant impression. Of course this is all explained by their lack of familiarity with Western etiquette. But it really lies deeper; it is partly a matter of mental attitude. Instead of looking a man in the face when they shook hands with him, they would turn around and glance sideways or stand staring at the feet of their new acquaintance.

These may seem superficial matters, but we must bear in mind that even the trifles of courtesy are extremely important both in private and in international intercourse. As a rule we judge foreigners, individually and collectively as nations, by their manners. Japan as a Government holds a creditable and honorable place among the countries of the world. An English financier recently remarked to me that, of all the Governments that have borrowed money in the London market during the last sixty years, Japan and Chile are the only ones that have invariably met their liabilities. We should strive to bring our private conduct and manners up to a level with the conduct of our Government.—Dr. Inazo Nitobe, in *The Japan Weekly Chronicle* {Kobe}, translated for *The Living Age* {Boston}

China Changes Its Religion

THE author of this article, who is dean of the Peking National University, points out that China, one of the last nations to accept Christianity, is one of the first to change from it. In his final paragraph he makes a statement that gives all enlightened Americans food for thought. Because of his work in education, the author is called "the Father of the Chinese Renaissance."

THE future of Christianity in China is a question which should be considered apart from the question of the past services rendered to China by the Christian missionaries. The part played by the missionaries in the modernization of China will long be remembered by the Chinese, even though no Christian church may be left there. They were the pioneers of the new China. They helped the Chinese to fight for the suppression of opium which the pirate-traders brought to us. They agitated against foot-binding, which eight centuries of esoteric philosophizing in native China had failed to recognize as an inhuman institution. And they brought to us the first rudiments of European science. The early Jesuits gave us the pre-Newtonian astronomy, and the later Protestant missionaries introduced modern hospitals and schools. They taught us to know that there was a new world and a new civilization behind the pirate-traders and gunboats.

Many of the Protestant missionaries worked hard to awaken China and bring about a modern nation. China is now awakened and determined to modernize herself. There is not the slightest doubt that a new and modern China is emerging out of chaos. But this new China does not seem to promise a very bright future to the propagation of the Christian faith. On the contrary, Christianity is facing opposition everywhere. The dream of a "Christian occupation of China" seems to be fast vanishing,—probably forever. And the explanation is not far to seek.

It is true that there is much cheap argument in the narrow nationalistic attack which sees in the Christian missionary an agent of imperialist aggression. But we must realize that it is nationalism,—the self-consciousness of a nation with no mean cultural past,—that once killed Nestorian Christianity, Zoroastrianism, and Manicheism in China. It is the same nationalism which four times persecuted Buddhism and finally killed it after over a thousand years of complete Buddhistic conquest of China. And it is the same national consciousness which is now resisting the essentially alien religion of Christianity.

And more formidable than nationalism, there is the rise of rationalism. We must not forget that Chinese philosophy began two thousand five hundred years ago with a Lao Tse who taught a naturalistic conception of the universe and a Confucius who was frankly an agnostic. This rationalistic and humanistic tradition has always played the part of a liberator in every age when the nation seemed to be under the influence of a superstitious or fanatic religion. This cultural background of indigenous China is now revived with the new reinforcement of the methods and conclusions of modern science and becomes a truly formidable safeguard of the intellectual class against the imposition of any religious system whose fundamental dogmas, despite all efforts of its apologists, do not always stand the test of reason and science.

And after all Christianity itself is fighting its last battle, even in the so-called Christendoms. To us born heathens, it is a strange sight indeed to see Billy Sunday and Aimee McPherson hailed and patronized in an age whose acknowledged prophets are Darwin and Pasteur! The religion of Elmer Gantry and Sharon Falconer must sooner or later make all thinking people feel ashamed to call themselves "Christians." And then they will realize that Young China was not far wrong in offering some opposition to a religion which in its glorious days fought religious wars and persecuted science, and which, in the broad daylight of the twentieth century,

prayed for the victory of the belligerent nations in the World War and is still persecuting the teaching of science in certain quarters of Christendom.—Dr. Hu Shih, in *The Forum*

MODERN CHINESE PIRATES

BIAS BAY extends some twenty miles into the Chinese mainland from a point forty-five miles north-east of Hong-Kong. On the west side of the Bay there are many small islands, and at the extreme north-east corner there is the Fan Lo Kong Creek. On the sides of that creek are some small villages inhabited in all by some ten thousand people, who ostensibly pursue the innocent and even beneficent occupation of farming. Their farming, however, is less serious as agriculture than as camouflage. The menfolk of those apparently peaceful villages derive their main interest and their main profit out of life by piratical exploits which would win the admiration of any schoolboy. The difficulty of dealing with the Bias Bay pirates has always been that it was impossible to know which of the peaceful farmers of one day had been the pirates of the day before.

The method of operation had generally been for a scratch crew to be collected for a particular act of piracy, immediately after which the crew would disperse to the fields with their various shares of the loot. The act of piracy generally follows a certain routine. The said farmers book passages on a given ship whose journey passes somewhere near Bias Bay, and when the ship is near Bias Bay those Chinese passengers by a concerted plan produce their weapons, hold up the ship's crew and force the captain to proceed to Bias Bay. The ship is there looted, and then released, the pirates at the same time dispersing with the loot. Such outrages are frequent. They average about one a month. Their victims are impartially chosen from ships of all nations, British ships being the favorites because they often have attractive cargoes. . . .

Bias Bay, therefore, remains a problem. It is difficult to deal with because pirates, by their nature, have a taste for an adventurous life, and the burning of a village is only of passing value as a deterrent. . . .

It is impossible for passenger ships in Chinese waters to refuse to carry Chinese passengers for fear that they might be carrying pirates in disguise, for most of them necessarily are Chinese. It must be accepted as one of the curiosities of the day that a band of pirates can live in security on the Chinese mainland, and can carry out their piracy with impunity in the neighboring seas, although they and their work and the places they live in are known to everyone concerned.—George Glasgow, in *The Contemporary Review, {London}*

SPEEDING NOWHERE

TALKING of the habit of hurrying, an American friend gracefully told me a story against himself. He had been visited "down town" by a Japanese whom he wanted to take to his home somewhere "uptown" for luncheon. At one of the junctions in the subway he pulled the Japanese out of the train, rushed him across to another platform, and shoved him into another train that was about to start. "I thought," said the Japanese when he had recovered from his surprise, "that the train we were originally in went to your station?" "So it does," said the American, "but I saw that we could change to this train, and now we shall save a minute and a half." "And what," asked the Japanese simply, "are we going to do with it?" My friend admitted that to this relevant but unexpected question he had no answer. The conventional assumptions of the West were faced, tested, and found wanting by the philosophic inquiry from the East.—J. B. Atkins, in the London *Spectator*

By ridiculing the religious beliefs of other people you invite ridicule of your own.—Ameer of Afghanistan

WHY I SHOT A CHINESE GENERAL

SOLDIER, inventor, adventurer in dangerous places, General Frank A. Sutton, of the British army, late chief munitions officer to Marshal Chang-tso-Lin, War Lord of North China, tells the inside story of China at war.

Finding himself after the Gallipoli campaign in the World War with but one arm and a reduced fortune, General Sutton set out to find a place where his inventive genius and his taste for adventure would both bring cash returns. Eventually he found himself in the very center of the war in China and tells thrillingly of his experience as a foreigner in a country gone mad.

I LEFT Russia {in 1920} with about £20,000, all that my year-and a-half of dredging, bartering and bribing of commissars had produced, and landed in Shanghai, feeling that China could at least offer nothing more crooked than the gang of cut-throats I had left behind me. . . .

Then it occurred to me that I might as well take a hand in one of the local wars. Everyone was at war, and the principal industry seemed to be the bombing of one's neighbor. Bombs are my hobby. Why not turn an honest penny, then, and combine business with pleasure?

Off I went to Hankow, and there spent two months in trying to interest Wu-Pei-Fu—the biggest local war lord of the moment—in trench mortars. I had had a good deal of experience of this type of weapon both in the war and on the Trench Warfare Board and was particularly interested in the Stokes gun, while the Sutton bomb fuse was my own little pet invention. Wu was a difficult fellow to deal with, and matters were not improved by the fact that I could speak no Chinese, and had to employ an interpreter, who was a shark. . . .

Six months later, long after the attempted arrangement with Wu-Pei-Fu had crashed—owing to the interpreter putting in a much higher price than my own—a Chinese called at my flat in Hankow one day and said that he was a general of the army of General Yang Sen, the war lord of Szechuan, and wished to talk to me about my gun. I had made a specimen trench mortar in Hankow, and had a few shells with which to demonstrate.

> WE have lived dangerously; but although we have lived dangerously I see signs growing clearer and clearer that not the qualities of the governing class but the energy, the patience, the generosity and vitality of the British people as a whole are going to carry this country through to that goal to which we are entitled by our exertions in the war. Once again it will be as true as it was when it was said by a great statesman in the moment of his mortal agony, "England has saved Europe by her example, and herself by her own exertions."
>
> —The Earl of Birkenhead

Szechuan merely sounded like a sneeze and conveyed nothing. I said so. He produced a map and pointed to a yellowish blot away on the headwaters of the Yang-tse-Kiang, apparently about eighteen hundred miles up-country as the crow flew and about three thousand as the river wriggled. I failed to see many dollars sticking out of that small yellow obscurity, and said so.

"Oh! we have a population of sixty-seven millions!" said the general. "You will be well paid."

I asked him if he played poker. He did. "Then," I said, "you will realize that in poker it is customary to put up an 'ante.' My 'ante' for going all the way up the confounded wriggles of that river is three thousand dollars. It looks a very long way, you know."

He agreed, took up his hat, and said that he would be back in a few minutes.

I thought I had got rid of him rather well. Ten minutes later he returned, pressed a wad of three thousand dollars in notes into my hand, and said, "There is your 'ante.' We are in earnest." He had called my bluff with a vengeance.

After this there was nothing for it but to depart for the yellow spot up-river; but another difficulty arose—that of getting my gun on board the river steamer. The Customs knew what I was up to, and they watched me like cats.

However, a hundred-dollar bill to one of the engineers on the boat worked like a charm, and the gun went aboard in a sack as a spare propeller shaft, while the shells followed as "engine room spares."

* * *

For about ten days we steamed up-river, through marvellous gorges, between woods and endless paddy fields, up through the centuries-old beauty of a civilization that modern China is destroying recklessly. Chun-king, the capital of Szechuan, a city of about 700,000 inhabitants, came in sight—a beautiful medieval vision of jumbled roofs and pagodas piled up the hillside. The water front was alive with soldiers, flags and scurrying sampans, and as we drew alongside a band burst forth in martial welcome, a group of highly decorated officers came to greet us, and a guard of honor presented arms.

It was positively royal. I, with nothing in my pockets and nothing in the world beyond what I stood up in, wondered. Later I was to know the cause of all this fuss.

I was put into a gorgeously decorated sort of palanquin and borne by eight be-uniformed bearers up to the Government offices, where General Yang Sen greeted me most hospitably. There was a marvellous dinner that evening, and next day the General, his staff and I proceeded three or four miles up river to the mint—practically every mint in China is now an arsenal or munitions factory, and this one was no exception.

* * *

Yang Sen, I discovered, was commandant of the Second Army, then more or less the pre-eminent power for hundreds of miles, and his wealth came from the fact that he controlled the only salt-mines in the province. Salt is a most valuable commodity in China, and these mines yielded him *a million pounds a year!* It is not surprising that he could afford to give me a contract at £2,000 a month.

The mint, I found, was a large collection of buildings set round a beautiful lily pond, in the center of which was a marble pavilion on a little island. Various native houses made a small village nearby, and the river Yang-tse-Kiang flowed within a few yards.

I was put in complete control of the mint, which had until then been in charge of a benign old Chinaman of about seventy, the mint director. I asked him how many men he had. Seven hundred and fifty, he said. I could not see half that number.

Yang Sen had presented me, before departing, with a bodyguard of 200 soldiers, so I stopped all work, told every man to stand to his place, posted soldiers to see that they did so, and counted the personnel. They were only 250, despite the 750 names on the pay-roll. The mint director had been drawing the odd 500 salaries. One could not blame him for this. It is the usual thing all over China.

> I AM not convinced that in the present phase of inflamed nationalism a better understanding between nations and creeds is desirable. It may be held very plausibly that the less they know of one another's minds the better. Co-operation so far has been established on hypocritical pretenses, and the truth as to what the parties really think of one another would probably make an end of it and substitute a furious hostility.
>
> —George Bernard Shaw, cablegram to *The American Hebrew*

I established myself in the island pavilion as my headquarters, but not before I had a second bridge built from the pavilion to dry land. I was not going to sleep in any place which had only one gateway!

However, five months passed in complete and perfect peace, during which I turned out about seventy to eighty guns and twelve to fourteen thousand shells. I trained and drilled the men pretty thoroughly, with the result that the 250 became a fairly good force to be reckoned with. Chinese soldiers are brave individually and useless collectively, but they can be turned into quite good troops with British training and British officers.

Training them in the use of the guns was a little embarrassing at times, as the country was densely populated and they lobbed their bombs anywhere and everywhere. Several farmhouses, complete with occupants, went west in this way, but no one seemed to bother.

Soon after this Yang Sen announced that he was going south with about 15,000 men to chastise the First Army, which was becoming hostile, after which he would do a flanking movement to the north to deal with the Third Army, which was also growing restive, at Chen-tu. The First Army was at Wah-Shien, where the "steamer incident" took place not long ago.

There are always three parties in China, and inevitably two of them conspire to jump on the third. This was what happened in this case.

* * *

I rather foresaw trouble, so I set my men to work fortifying the place, digging trenches, throwing up earthworks, sand-bagging and so forth. The mint stood in a fairly strong position, for it was on a flat plain approached by three valleys running down out of the hills. These valleys I carefully tested for range and marked out the various distances with white posts, so that we could rake all three with a deadly crossing fire up to two miles range.

Meanwhile Yang Sen had departed, leaving Chun-king garrisoned by five thousand troops. Weeks went by and no news of the great flanking movement. Then came rumors that the Third Army was in the hills. Country people began to come in with the news that a great body of troops was on the way, that we should all be shot, that they were as numerous as the grains of rice.

Finally, one bright morning, shells came screaming over, and through the glasses I could see masses of troops concentrating in the valleys. We had the range to a yard, so we let them have it back in great style. The siege of our mint had begun; but we were two hundred against forty thousand, the soldiers left in the town having escaped into the hill-country.

It went on for eight days in all. They used shrapnel mostly, and had about twenty-five German field guns; but although they ripped most of the roof off the mint, they did not damage it as much as one might have expected.

I lost about seventy killed, but the rest of the men stuck it marvellously. The reason was that I went to the mint-director every second day, and said, "Look here, I want a box of silver for the men. Your life hangs on it, so hand it over!"

That little formula worked like a charm. The men were happy, and so was the director. They had more money than they had ever seen before, and he knew well enough that he would not have it in any case—win or lose!

At the end of the eighth day of the siege a Chinese colonel and an aide-de-camp approached our lines under a white flag and asked me to accompany them to the headquarters of General Ma Jui, the commandant of the besiegers. This was at midnight on a brilliantly moonlit night.

I had not slept more than an hour at a time for eight nights and I was not feeling particularly bright or diplomatic, but a white flag seemed to have a genuine touch about it; so off I went, just as I was —in an old khaki shirt, a pair of football shorts, and dirty knees. I took an interpreter and a couple of guns.

We marched up and down hillsides, through the terraced paddy fields, for

about three miles, keeping to the little banks which divide one water-logged field from another. Finally we came to a small village packed with troops, and marched into the largest house and straight into a big room.

General Ma Jui sat at a table in the center of the room, five or six of his staff behind him and an armed guard with fixed bayonets by his side. Every window was crammed with peering, chattering faces, for the troops outside intended to have a good ringside view of the high politics within.

The packed troops at the door made a passage for us, and as we entered a murmur ran round and the interpreter went ashen with fright.

"*They are saying that we are to be murdered as soon as we get inside!*" he whispered.

* * *

I tried to think quickly. A diversion was the thing to give one time to act.

"Tell the General that it is not courtesy to receive an honorable opponent with fixed bayonets, and ask him kindly to order his men to pile arms," I said, looking straight at the men as I did so.

The interpreter began to translate this, and had hardly got the words out when the guard piled arms of their own accord.

The clatter of their rifles seemed to rouse Ma Jui. He rose, bowed courteously, sat down, and whipped up a revolver which was lying on a chair beside him.

I looked right down the barrel for one horrid fraction of a second. It was shaking badly! A spurt of flame, almost in my eyes—we were only six feet apart, with the table between us—and a bullet cracked by my ear.

My hand flew to my holster, and even as he fired again I let drive at him from the hip, plumb into his stomach.

He sagged, flopped down, and his head hit the table like an auctioneer's hammer. He was dead.

Even in that brief half-second I thought, as one does sometimes in moments of crisis, of an entirely trivial matter—the advice of an old prospector I knew in Mexico. "Boy," he said, "never plug a feller in the head. It's too small. Aim at his belly—it's the biggest part!"

He had fired twice at my head at six feet range and missed. I had fired once at his stomach—and got him.

Pandemonium broke loose. Everyone started firing everywhere. The staff dived for me, the guard dived for their rifles, and I dived for the door. The interpreter got it in the first burst—straight through the head. Somehow they all missed me.

* * *

Two fellows got in my way at the door, and I pushed a gun into their faces and fired—blew their heads and brains all over the doorposts—a ghastly sight. Then I was outside, going hell-for-leather down the path through the village for the paddy fields and home.

The troops opened up like magic as I plunged out and through them, but they closed in and yapped along behind like hounds in full cry. It was a devil of a racket. Luckily, they all seemed to have lost or mislaid their rifles, for scarcely a shot was fired.

After the first mile the row died down and the pursuit tailed out, with the result—marvellous and incredible to relate—that I got right through their lines and into my own "fort" within half an hour or so of pushing Ma Jui out in his final boat for Heaven.

The Yang-tse district was obviously no place to make a quiet living in, so I departed, bearing a letter from Yang Sen to whom it might concern.

So I went to Moukden in Manchuria, where Chang-tso-Lin then had his headquarters. It was impossible to get near the old man himself but I succeeded in seeing his son, young Chang, a bright semi-Westernized youngster of twenty-two who spoke fair English and had an intelligent grasp of things. I managed to convince him that I could make guns and shells locally which would fulfil all his father's requirements, so I was given another mint-turned-arsenal and set to work.—General Frank A. Sutton, in the London *Graphic*

De-Bunking the Mexican Indian

IT is almost impossible for the white people to approach the Indian {in Mexico} without either sentimentality or dislike. The common healthy vulgar white usually feels a certain native dislike of these drumming aboriginals. The highbrow invariably lapses into sentimentalism like the smell of bad eggs.

Why?—Both the reactions are due to the same feeling in the white man. The Indian is not in line with us. He's not coming our way. His whole being is going a different way from ours. And the minute you set your eyes on him you know it.

And then, there's only two things you can do. You can detest the insidious devil for having an utterly different way from our own great way. Or you can perform the mental trick, and fool yourself and others into believing that the befeathered and bedaubed darling is nearer to the true ideal gods, than we are.

> TO the Indian there is no conception of a defined God. Creation is a great flood, forever flowing, in lovely and terrible waves. In everything, the shimmer of creation, and never the finality of the created. Never the distinction between God and God's creation, or between Spirit and Matter.
>
> —D. H. Lawrence

This last is just bunk, and a lie. But it saves our appearances. The former feeling, of instinctive but tolerant repulsion, the feeling of most ordinary farmers and ranchers and mere individuals in the west, is quite natural, it is only honesty to admit it.

The Indian way of consciousness is different from and fatal to our way of consciousness. Our way of consciousness is different from and fatal to the Indian. The two ways, the two streams are never to be united. They are not even to be reconciled. There is no bridge, no canal of connection.

The sooner we realize, and accept this, the better, and leave off trying, with fulsome sentimentalism, to render the Indian in our own terms.

The acceptance of the great paradox of human consciousness is the first step to a new accomplishment.

The consciousness of one branch of humanity is the annihilation of the consciousness of another branch. That is, the life of the Indian, his stream of conscious being, is just death to the white man. And we can understand the consciousness of the Indian only in terms of the death of our consciousness.

And let not this be turned into another sentimentalism. Because the same paradox exists between the consciousness of white men and Hindoos or Polynesians or Bantu. It is the eternal paradox of human consciousness. To pretend that all is one stream is to cause chaos and nullity. To pretend to express one stream in terms of another, so as to identify the two, is false and sentimental. The only thing you can do is to have a little Ghost inside you which sees both ways, or even many ways. But a man cannot *belong* to both ways, or to many ways. One man can belong to one great way of consciousness only. He may even change from one way to another. But he cannot go both ways at once. Can't be done.

So that, to understand the Indian conception of entertainment, we have to destroy our own conception.

Perhaps the commonest entertainment among the Indians is singing round the drum, at evening, when the day is over. European peasants will sit round the fire and sing. But they sing ballads or lyrics, tales about individuals or individual, personal experience. And each individual identifies the emotion of the song with his own emotion. . . .

The Indian, singing, sings without words or vision. Face lifted and sightless, eyes half closed and visionless, mouth open and speechless, and sounds arise in his chest, from the consciousness

in the abdomen. He will tell you it is a song of a man coming home from the bear-hunt: or a song to make rain: or a song to make the corn grow: or even, quite modern, the song of the church bell on Sunday morning.

But the man coming home from the bear-hunt is any man, all men, the bear is any bear, every bear, all bears. There is no individual, isolated experience. It is the hunting, tired, triumphant demon of manhood which has won against the squint-eyed demon of all bears. The experience is generic, non-individual. It is an experience of the human blood-stream, not of the mind or spirit. Hence the subtle incessant, insistent rhythm of the drum, which is pulsated like the heart, and soulless, and unescapable. Hence the strange blind unanimity of the Indian men's voices. The experience is one experience, tribal, of the bloodstream. Hence, to our ears, the absence of melody. Melody is individualized emotion, just as orchestral music is the harmonizing again of many separate, individual emotions or experiences. But the real Indian song is non-individual, and without melody. Strange, clapping, crowing, gurgling sounds, in an unseizable subtle rhythm, the rhythm of the heart in her throes: from a parted entranced mouth, from a chest powerful and free, from an abdomen where the great blood-stream surges in the dark, and surges in its own generic experiences. . . .

> YOU'VE got to de-bunk the Indian, as you've got to de-bunk the Cowboy. When you've de-bunked the Cowboy, there's not much left. But the Indian bunk is not the Indian's invention. It is ours. —D. H. Lawrence

This may mean nothing to you. To the ordinary white ear, the Indian's singing is a rather disagreeable howling of dogs to a tom-tom. But if it rouses no other sensation, it rouses a touch of fear amid hostility. Whatever the spirit of man may be, the blood is basic.

Or take the song to make the corn grow. The dark faces stoop forward, in a strange race darkness. The eyelashes droop a little in the dark, ageless, vulnerable faces. The drum is a heart beating with insistent thuds. And the spirits of the men go out on the ether, vibrating in waves from the hot, dark, intentional blood, seeking the creative presence that hovers forever in the ether, seeking the identification, following on down the mysterious rhythms of the creative pulse, on and on into the germinating quick of the maize that lies under the ground, there, with the throbbing, pulsing, clapping rhythm that comes from the dark, creative blood in man, to stimulate the tremulous, pulsating protoplasm in the seedgerm, till it throws forth its rhythms of creative energy into rising blades of leaf and stem.

Or take the round dances, round the drum. These may or may not have a name. The dance, anyhow, is primarily a song. All the men sing in unison, as they move with the soft, yet heavy bird-tread which is the whole of the dance. There is no drama. With bodies bent a little forward, shoulders and breasts loose and heavy, feet powerful but soft, the men tread the rhythm into the center of the earth. The drums keep up the pulsating heart-beat. The men sing in unison, though some will be silent for moments, or even minutes. And for hours, hours it goes on: the round dance.

It has no name. It has no words. It means nothing at all. There is no spectacle, no spectator.

Yet perhaps it is the most stirring sight in the world, in the dark, near the fire, with the drums going, the pine-trees standing still, the everlasting darkness, and the strange lifting and dropping, surging, crowing, gurgling, aah—h—h—ing! of the male voices. . . .

What are they doing? Who knows? But perhaps they are giving themselves again to the pulsing, incalculable fall of the blood, which forever seeks to fall to the center of the earth, while the

heart, like a planet pulsating in an orbit, keeps up the strange, lonely circulating of the separate human existence. . . .

Or take the big, spectacular dances, like the deer dance, the corn dance. The deer dance in the New Year. The people crowded on the roofs of the pueblo, women, children, old men, watching. The two lines of men, hunters, facing one another. And away at the stream which comes running swiftly from among the cotton-wood trees, the watchers, watching eagerly. At last, over the log bridge, two maidens leading the animals: two maidens in their black shawls and wide white deer-skin top-boots, dancing with a slow, delicate-footed rhythm, facing out, then facing in, and shaking their gourd rattles delicately, marking the rhythm as the drums mark it. Following the maidens, all the animals: men in two columns, and each man an animal, leaning forward each on two slim sticks which are his forelegs, with the deerskin over him, the antlers branching from his head: or the buffalo hide, from whose shaggy mane his bent head peers out: or a black bear, or a wolf. There they come, the two long lines of wild animals, deer, buffalo, bear, wolf, coyote, and at the back, even tiny boys, as foxes, all stepping on those soft, pointed toes, and moving in slow silence under the winter sun, following the slow, swinging progress of the dancing maidens.

Everything is very soft, subtle, delicate. There is none of the hardness of representation. They are not representing something, not even playing. It is a soft, subtle *being* something.

Yet at the same time it is a game, and a very dramatic naive spectacle. The old men trot softly alongside, laughing, showing all their wrinkles. But they are experiencing a delicate, wild inward delight, participating in the natural mysteries. They tease the little boys under the fox-skins, and the boys, peeping with their round black eyes, are shy and confused. Yet they keep on in the procession, solemnly, as it moves between the ranks of the wild hunters.

Drama, we are told, has developed out of these ceremonial dances. Greek drama arose this way.

But from the Indian's ceremonial dance to the Greek's early religious ceremony is still a long step. The Greeks usually had some specified deity, some particular god to whom the ceremony was offered. And this god is the witness, the essential audience of the play. The ceremony is *performed* for the gratification of the god. And here you have the beginning of the theater, our theater.

With the Indians it is different. There is strictly no god. The Indian does not consider himself as created, and therefore external to God, or the creature of God. . . .Everything, everything is the wonderful shimmer of creation, it may be a deadly shimmer like lightning or the anger in the litfle eyes of the bears, it may be the beautiful shimmer of the moving deer, or the pineboughs softly swaying under snow. Creation contains the unspeakably terrifying enemy, the unspeakably lovely friend, as the maiden who brings us our food in dead of winter, by her passion of tender wistfulness. Yet even this tender wistfulness is the fearful danger of the wild creatures, deer and bear and buffalo, which find their death in it.

There is, in our sense of the word, no God. But all is godly. There is no Great Mind directing the universe. Yet the mystery of creation, the wonder and fascination of creation shimmers in every leaf and stone, in every thorn and bud, in the fangs of the rattle-snake, and in the soft eyes of a fawn. Things utterly opposite are still pure wonder of creation, the yell of the mountain-lion, and the breeze in the aspen leaves. The Apache warrior in his war-paint, shrieking the war-cry and cutting the throats of old women, still he is part of the mystery of creation. He is godly as the growing corn. And the mystery of creation makes us sharpen the knives and point the arrows in utmost determination against him. It must be so. It is part of the wonder. And to every part of the wonder we must answer in kind. . . .—D. H. Lawrence in *Mornings in Mexico*, by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

The Religious Controversy in Mexico

IN one of the frankest and most detailed expressions of the Mexican Government since the dispute with the Catholic Church began, President Calles told me today that Mexico was engaged in a struggle to establish the supremacy of civil government.

"We are not making an anti-religious campaign," he said, "but we are determined that religious bodies shall not stir up strife.

"The Catholic priesthood in the past in Mexico has engaged in political propaganda. Priests in various cases now are directing the rebellion in the provinces agains.t the Government"

Calles was asked if reports were true that fifty priests had been shot for complicity in the revolt.

"Possibly that is quite true," he replied.

"We effected regulations requiring all priests to register with the Government and also to abstain from political agitation and meetings outside of their church work. We ordered also that they abstain from wearing their priestly robes publicly. The priests refused to obey. They declined to conduct services in the churches.

"The result has been that for twenty months the people have not had formal Catholic services."

Asked if priests had been denied the right to vote, Calles replied:—"Yes. Catholic priests should be denied the right to vote, and also the right to citizenship the moment they are subject to a foreign allegiance—that is from the moment their allegiance to the Power of Rome ranks in their spirit above their allegiance to their country."

Explaining the registration regulations further, President Calles said:—

"The measure is an Interior Department one. We do not know how many priests there are in Mexico. The Government never knew. We do not intend to use the registration to interfere in the internal affairs of the Catholic organization. The Government does not desire to assign priests to particular territories or to dictate promotions. But church property lawfully is Government property, and we think the least we are entitled to know is what priests are administering our property.

"We shall not allow the Catholic hierarchy to subordinate the State to religion.

"What would your country think if Catholics in politics in political parties united to make it subservient to the Vatican?

"I think a priest of your nationality might be the first to object, because they would be nationals first. We are trying to make Mexican priests Mexicans first.

"Many foreign priests in Mexico in the past have taken money from the people by extortion and threats, solely for the benefit of churches. Mexicans own only one-third of the wealth of the country. Of that one-third the church owns sixty per cent.

"Foreign priests mean a calamity for us. Our law says that foreign priests cannot officiate. One hundred of them

THERE is nothing so hard as to exterminate a people. Many efforts—some conscious, some unconscious, others, again, indirect—have been made within historical times, but the result is always the same. Israel tried to exterminate the Canaanites, quite consciously, as we see in the story of Samuel and the Amalekites. Rome tried to exterminate the Carthaginians, but only succeeded in destroying the city. Germany tried to exterminate the Poles by the method of destroying all that gave distinctive nationality; and white men have all but succeeded in exterminating the red men in America and black men in Australia. . . .Yet in no case is extermination complete.

—Stanley Rice, in *The Asiatic Review*

have been expelled—mostly Spanish. Among natives, not more than twenty priests and eight bishops have been expelled for taking part in the rebellion. Six other native bishops have left of their own accord.

"Our native clergy are badly trained. This may be the origin of all our difficulties. They are limited culturally, due to a method of training 100 years behind our time.

"We found in some towns more than 300 priests for a population of 15,000.

"Under present regulations, local authorities can impose a limit of one priest to each 10,000 people. The minimum population for one priest is 5,000.

"We permit criticism of the Government by political parties and newspapers, but not by ecclesiastical organizations—although as individuals, Catholics have freedom of speech. But there is no freedom of speech in the Catholic church dogma, based on the infallibility of the church, which never can admit errors. Yet the hierarchy at Rome, wiser than local priests, always adjusts itself eventually to conditions. Priests must do this now in Mexico.

"Our situation is not the same as that in some other countries. We are trying to catch up to those countries, and we ask their patience and sympathy at a time of national evolution."—J. W. T. Mason, in the London *Daily Express.*

LIBEL IN TURKEY

FOR having published three caricatures that were deemed offensive by the Government Prosecutor of Constantinople, Yussef Sia Bey, editor of two Turkish humorous weeklies, has been sentenced to serve sixteen months in jail and pay a fine of about $75. The first cartoon to rouse the authorities represented an Italian sculptor, Canonica, who had been commissioned to make statues of Kemal Pasha talking with a Turkish peasant. The peasant refers to the collection of public contributions to pay for the statues, and asks, "Shall I give still more?" The sculptor replies: "Oh, yes, give some more; I don't get all of it."

The Prosecuting Attorney asserted that this picture was a libel upon Turkish officials, as it implicated that they were grafting from the monument fund.

The editor in defense asserted that the cartoon was aimed at the idea of hiring "third-rate" imported artists to do the sculptures, instead of employing Turks. The explanation failed to convince the Court, and for this cartoon the editor was sentenced to one year in jail for insulting the Government.

The second offending caricature seemed to indicate that Persia had accepted the Turkish conditions of settling the latest boundary incident under duress. Consequently, the Prosecutor regarded it as insulting to the Shah of Persia. The defense denied intention to insult, and suggested that Turkish courts need not worry about insults to a foreign ruler. The Judge sentenced the editor to seven months and a fine of about $65.

The third disapproved cartoon was entitled "Where Our Young Girls Are Educating Themselves." It showed a Turkish girl leaving a movie theater and looking for the gay resorts of the city in order to experience the scenes of the screen. This was held to be an immoral picture, and drew a sentence of one month and a fine of $10.—The Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*

His reading had taught him that many great minds have failed because they have wanted to think alone and disdained the study of the mass of men. It was essential, on the contrary, to mix with the herd, to enter into its feelings and humor its weaknesses.—Andre Maurois, on Disraeli

The romantic and the poet may still strive desperately to keep up the old glamor which surrounded the business of fighting. But it is not there, and they know it. There is no "shining armor" left in modern war; only mud and blood and a dull kind of office work.—London *Daily News*

SISTER REPUBLICS IN CONTRAST

THE author of the accompanying observations was High Commissioner of France to the United States, 1917-19, and French Plenipotentiary at the Peace Conference. Americans are accustomed to speak plainly, he points out, and the best way to get along with them is also to speak plainly. He brands the talk of sister democracies as sentimentality, and shows that by temperament and methods France and the United States are diametrically opposed. William Allen White, one of the shrewdest of American publicists, is hopeful that "by facing this truth our good sense and self-interest may make us understanding friends."

THE national formation of a people is governed by its distinctive characteristics. Physical composition, moral trend, rhythm of growth, volume of production, all mould a nation. In these things the world offers no analogy to the United States. But if antithesis be sought, France provides it.

A thousand years and more after the material and moral birth of our country, America was founded by an arrival of immigrants. The French come of hereditary homes. The founders of New England tore themselves from theirs. In a spirit of moral revolt or commercial adventure they decided to create a new home for themselves. They landed on inhospitable soil. In the wake of three explorations, Spanish, French and English, which searching for ancient Asia had placed the door of America ajar, they pushed on —forced westward by unrelenting fate— the Sons of Movement, its very incarnation! Beyond the wooded shores, virgin forests and boundless plains— whose appeal Daniel Webster was to voice—stretched before them. The West called them. The West was to take them for its own, though they tarried awhile in the east, a mere halt in an eternal exodus.

As water glides over marble, the human mass moved on. Instead of secular abiding, which within their narrow limits has crystallized the peculiar traits of our French provinces, there was continual change. . . .

Every decade, for more than a century, they opened up territories the size of Switzerland, England, Italy, France. In 1787, thirteen States; by 1926, thirty-five more, the youngest of which is not twenty years old; whereas in France there is not a province whose historic origin does not hark back to Gallo-Roman times. In France villages which, unchanged, have seen twenty-five generations handing down the torch; a nation built up by the slow agglomeration of sedentary cells, close-huddled together. Across the ocean, the Covered Wagon trekking West; a land unretentive of man which but witnessed his passing. In place of an instinct to root, a will to uproot.

In the nineteenth century, these nomads passed through three successive phases of development, no equivalent for which can be found in France. First

IT is certain that, however great the potentiality of friendship between France and the United States, the difficulty of collaboration is equally great. Whosoever says to the contrary misleads our people, and paves the way through bitter disappointment to even worse misunderstanding. . . .

Franco-American friendship? None can be more fruitful if properly directed; none more barren if left to itself. This friendship must be ordered or it will be wasted. It must be organized or it will cease to be. That is the problem of tomorrow.

—Andre Tardieu

the squatter, whose sole wealth was his courage, who hewed down forests, tilled the virgin soil, sold his holding, and moved on. Then the farmer of some substance, who built and planted and reaped till the day came when, grown rich, he sought something better. Finally the capitalist who organized, exploited, and formed trusts when the law allowed. In vain one might seek the peasants of Millet's *Angelus,* their feet rooted to the soil. The American farmer was migratory, and the enormous development of means of communication throughout the three million square miles which lay before him only increased his mobility. His problem was not to win a limited harvest from the measured earth, but to find richer loam for increased production to meet ever-recurring demands. The idea was not, as in France, to endure; but to progress.

Houses rising from the ground were lived in before finished, sold before lived in. Cities? Ah, in vain one might seek the slow stratification of our French towns, growing on their old foundations, the super-imposed layers of whose architecture reveal the variety of successive ages which contributed to their construction. The Western cities of America were mushroom growths of necessity; when necessity ceased, they disappeared. First, a railway station, then a bank, a tramway, and a store; their birth dictated by a man or by the location of a railroad. The rails, which merely served to link our French towns, actually created cities in America. The initial population renewed itself within a few months. Men changed as rapidly as the tools; changed their calling as readily as their residence. Space attracted them; its call never went unheeded by them. There was no near perspective to stabilize. There was only a distant perspective to mobilize.

This new life created a new race. Of its two initial characteristics France knows nothing: extreme insecurity of conditions, and extreme equality of opportunity. A fair chance is the essence of this life, and may the best man win. Men who make good under these conditions have nothing in common with street-bred villagers who live and die in the shadow of belfries ten centuries older than themselves. Ignorant of localization, they are ignorant of specialization; that dominant characteristic of France, as Henry James saw it. The son does not wait, as with us, for the death of his father to carry on his work in the same place. Everyone makes his own way in life, and then proceeds to change it. Every day the book of life records a new picture. At a time when France produced M. Guizot and M. Royer Collard, what was the American type? Andrew Jackson, lawyer, judge, planter, party leader, merchant, general, Congressman, President; neither cultivated nor classified; a Jack of all trades and all times.

THE American hates solitude as much as we hate association. A "meeting-going animal" he was called in the seventeenth century, and although that applied then only to his religious life, it is applicable now to all his activities. From the time he cuts his eye-teeth, he belongs to a club. As a student, he joins a fraternity. He feels the need of contact with other people. The words he loves: good feeling, good will, cooperation, are all words expressing combined effort. A Frenchman is only happy when working alone. He scarcely tolerates the eye of the State in his affairs, never that of his neighbor. The American seeks association; the Frenchman loathes it. The former is bubbling over with public spirit, of which the latter has none.

—Andre Tardieu

A new race as compared to Europe, but also as compared to New England. The coast in the eighteenth century was but the frontier of Europe. The Middle West and the West were to be a new world. Colonial families, which from Mayflower days had been anchored to the Atlantic, looked with suspicion on the colossus growing up at their back door. Josiah Quincy waxed indignant at "the preponderance of these Westerners in councils to which they ought never to have been admitted." What gibes were hurled against "the savages of Missouri" and the "mixed population of the Mississippi." If the East felt itself so utterly different from the coming race, what shall be said of Europe? If Boston could not understand Detroit, shall Paris understand Denver?

Yet the West—as Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and F. J. Turner were to make clear—fashioned America. Listen to Emerson: "Happily for us, since steam has made a mere pond of the ocean, our vigorous Rocky West is introducing a new continental spirit into our nation. Thus shall we attain to an American genius." Just as the Mediterranean fashioned Greece, so the West fashioned America. From the immense reservoir of 200,000,000 acres formed by the Ordinance of 1787, there issued a national type as different from the Puritans of New England as from the Cavaliers of Virginia, which emancipated itself from European influences as it moved westward. It was the West that made the United States democratic by its insistence on universal suffrage. It was the West that furnished the melting-pot for immigration. When the West reached maturity, the United States became a great Power.

This people marching towards the promised land did not look backward, as ours, to seek whys and wherefores; but forward to discover hopes. . . .In this land of freedom . . . the American people has for a century lived a life that has nothing in common with our life. When, crystallized by continuity of abode and the great age of its civilization, the French nation had taken to heart the lessons of the Renaissance, of the Grand Siecle and of the Revolution; the American people, like Siegfried, heard only the murmur of the forest. In the silence of nature, deaf to philosophical abstractions, it caught only familiar sounds, the paddle of the canoeist, the axe of the woodsman, the rifle of the hunter. Admire or contemn, be thrilled or angered by this rough, imperfect, unfinished but formidable poetry of human effort conquering a new world: you cannot escape its meaning. Between the two communities, French and American, there is a chasm wider than the Atlantic: the difference between stability and motion.

These two opposite traits, dominating the lives of individuals, are reflected with all their consequences in the lives of our two peoples. From the dawn of her history, France has felt herself confined to a limited territory within boundaries conceived by all and therefore considered natural, a territory she has spent centuries in acquiring and safeguarding. Situated at a cross-roads where all sought to pass, the Frenchman has held his land only by defending it, and this gave birth to the two conceptions nearest to his heart, the conception of frontiers and the conception of invasion. . . .

America is no Old-World land, where opportunities are fewer than men; where social barriers limit man's effort; where specialization, permanence of location, and continuity of calling, crystallize human lives. In the United States every one knows that nothing is ever final for any one; every one knows that to-morrow the poor may be rich, the tenant a landlord, the workman an employer. "We owe our wealth to the great army of the ragged." This saying of Woodrow Wilson shows the gulf that separates the Old World from the New. The United States has its disinherited, as has Europe, but they do not carry that tragic cross—no hope of better days. . . .

Because Americans are optimistic, they are better equipped than the French for the battle of life. But the price of this advantage is a source of weakness, a diseased pride. At every page of their

history crops up a childish belief that Americans are the chosen people. "God has sifted his people to choose the good grain that will grow in the wilderness"; this initial definition by one of the pilgrims of the *Mayflower* echoes down the years. "We shall be a model to the world," boasted George Washington. Jefferson hailed "this nation of men, equal by their talents and their merit." . . .

Fifty years pass and here is Emerson: "America ought to be the lawmaker of nations . . . the moral development of man, as such, is bound up with the development of Americans," and Walt Whitman's "America, the land of glory." Our contemporaries are no less boastful. McKinley: "America has the best government that ever existed"; Woodrow Wilson: "American life is a prophetic type of humanity"; Warren G. Harding: "In a century and a half America has done more for human progress than all the nations of the world in all history." What hyperbolical selfpraise! It leaves Frenchmen, who are not accustomed to spare one another, dumbfounded.

Americans are in no way ashamed of it; for their pride is without limit. Is not their country the only one in which democratic institutions have worked for a hundred and fifty years without a hitch? The only one which in the same length of time has transformed a small colony of 4,000,000 inhabitants into a mighty nation of more than 100,000,000 souls? Can any one question the excellence of a regime crowned by such achievement? Is it not clear that a century of American history is an abridgement of ten centuries of human history; that the great men of America are the incarnation of all human achievements: George Washington, liberty; Jackson, authority; Abraham Lincoln, union; McKinley, wealth; Roosevelt, power; Woodrow Wilson, democracy? How can these millions of immigrants, come from afar to seek a better life, cover themselves with the shame of doubt, when before their very eyes this magnificent achievement rises to the skies? The American citizen, as powerful as the citizen of Athens, more powerful than the citizen of Rome, more powerful even than his elected representatives, since he alone can change the limitations the Constitution imposes upon them, is unspeakably proud of his individual as well as of his collective might.

Is it necessary to add that this state of mind does not make understanding any easier? Convinced that he always stands for wisdom against folly, and for virtue against vice, the American takes little pains to penetrate the meaning of things he does not understand. He is impatient of all contradiction. He wants results, now or not at all. He prefers rapidity of execution to perfection of finish. He condemns whatever is unfamiliar to him. In his passion for constructive effort, he pays no heed to objections. He disdains precedent, at the risk of relapsing into error. He believes only in his own experience. He decides the affairs of others, peremptorily and without regard for their feelings. He carries into discussions an itch for prophecy which our old country has long since learned to discard and which irritates our logical mind. Such, the counterpart of magnificent virtues. . . .

I know the prosperity of six hundred American universities; the profusion of their chairs, of their laboratories, of their libraries, far better stocked than ours. And I should have bad grace to forget it, I who had my first contact with America in the ancient precincts of Harvard. But I do say that this splendid equipment is far removed in character and tendency from our ordinary field of vision. I say that American education, like American art, like American literature, like American philosophy, aims not at the perfection of man, but at the development of the Nation. . . .

Divided by so many contrasts, our two people can neither understand, appreciate, nor complete one another unless they are told what separates them and are guided towards reasoned cooperation. . . . Instinct forbids Americans and Frenchmen to do anything in the same way.—From Andre Tardieu's *France and America*, by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company

AN ITALIAN IN CAMBRIDGE

THE Italian author of this word-picture has invested the calm atmosphere of the English university town with a charm that makes a lasting impression upon the visitor. Coming from his native Italy to study in the North, he contrasts the warmer architecture of the Roman hills with the cloistral simplicity of Cambridge.

IT may have been because I arrived at Cambridge on the Thursday half-holiday, when the shops close at one, and the students put on blazers bearing the arms of their respective colleges and go out into the hockey fields. But I seemed to be arriving at one of those towns one goes to only in dreams. At a certain point, and several times during the day, I noticed that I was walking cautiously, on tip-toe, in order not to make a noise and not to awaken the little grey and deserted streets, the forsaken courts and lonely chapels—or myself.

It is a town of monasteries and a society of monasteries. We, in Italy, are in the habit of thinking of our monasteries as being on the tops of our mountains; we think of them as the head over the body, or as the diadem over the head. We feel the sense of solitude as mainly one of ascension, of reaching a pinnacle. A monastery on the top of one mountain calls to a yet higher monastery, one order calls to another, one saint to another. . . .

Here solitude is spread out, it unfolds itself towards the horizon. It is a plain covered with cloisters; and from one cloister you pass into another, and from that into yet another until you recognize, after having gone through a great many, all similar yet differing, a place whose confused and veiled identity would seem to be confirmed by some most distant memory, which is, however, only a few hours old. . . .

And when one penetrates into these buildings through an endless succession of cells, libraries, refectories and chapels with oaken walls and ceilings and great porcelain fire-places, this symmetrical arrangement of space, silence and light becomes even more enchanted and, at times, gives one a feeling of quiet giddiness. On that day, a suggestion of thin mist gave the last touch to the picture. The hoar-frost crystals on the edges of the meadow added to the feeling of immobility and abstraction, as if even the grass tended to geometrise. Now and then, in the pale sky, the chime of a carillon, as distant as the bells in *Parsifal,* would extend that atmosphere of meditation to the uttermost confines.

But more mysterious in quality and at the same time closer does this atmosphere become in the chapel of King's College. A green polar light from the nave windows brings to mind images of light in a submarine forest. In the dry and precise clarity of our climate, our columns and arches bear the weight of buildings with a logical economy of resources and with a sincere expression of human labor and resistance. In this denser atmosphere, things seem lighter, the effort of supporting them not so great, and thus their freedom of order and arrangement increases. The column, which with us is an element of strength and duty, becomes here one of elegance and phantasy. With us it is a serene slave of stone. In the chapel of King's College it is a lively vegetation: it imitates the lanceolation of leaves, it mounts and multiplies itself in veins and stalks...

Our architecture is the relation of stone and air. In the chapel of King's College, I am rather led to feel the weaker, less dynamic relation of plant and water. And there is less scrupulous care for style and beauty in this laxer relationship. The statues on our noble buildings are almost always noble; but on these noble constructions the statues are almost invariably grotesque. Henry the Eighth, on the precious door of Trinity College, stands unsteadily on his legs, with his golden crown awry as though he were a fairy king. The rampant beasts on the mural coats-of-arms have smooth, tapering bodies like those of the chilly, hairless monsters that glide among the algae. This luxuriant monotony, this leaden magnificence is indeed the North. . . .

The path along which one goes to and fro from the world is lost. The noises of the world, as through the diver's helmet, only reach one through innumerable strata and densities. Recent books lie on the shelves judged, as it were, in the ancient unmoving light of disconsolate time. The wonderment, the abstraction that transpires from the appearance of the place seems to affect the mind, and even the newest ideas must be received as materially fixed within an infinitely distant time.

I am not equal to the task of determining exactly the creative contribution of that culture to the world of to-day. I know that more than half of the most vigorous names in contemporary English poetry, journalism and drama belong to men who had not the means to reside within those walls or else did not think it worth while to gain admission at the expense of the State. They are names of men who attended only the college of Life. For by lowering one's criterion of judgment one becomes limited, and a creative value, the only value that has any meaning in literature and philosophy, is then attributed to the exercise of activities, which are noble without doubt, but of a social and external order. At this rate, one would end by allowing that even our universities, whose capacity to act as mere social organs may reasonably be doubted, contribute to the creative order of things. For myself, I would always choose that other stern college; the methods of discouragement rather than those of opportunity; the difficulty of getting one book sooner than the library that offers ten thousand books. Intelligence being equal, I would choose the man who reads on a 'bus or in a garret, rather than he who reads in a Norman-Gothic cell or a Palladian library. The expositions of professors may be exceedingly subtle, but I believe that the commonplace criticism of life is more stringent. In short I cannot but think that at Oxford and Cambridge one must end, in so far as art and humanity are concerned, by being drawn away from life and retiring into a superior aestheticism, although in a charming manner and realizing all the exquisite lyrical capabilities of such a defect.

But apart from the teachings of experience, for which those exclusive conditions of work and practical collaboration present a different aspect, the function of the Oxford and Cambridge solitude is, from another point of view, quite genuine. There are men who, in the flower of their youth, suffered from the moral and material privations of our strangling modern life: and they will carry with them transfused for ever into their physical nature the memory of their difficulties and humiliations.

There are men who spent these years of their life in a seminary near St. Peter's, passing each day over the flagstones of the Leonine city: they may end by becoming shepherds and priests or bolshevists and antichrists, but they will always bear within them the proud mark of holy Rome. There are men who, during these years, were near death and yet on the sea found their health again: they may grow old under the gas-light of an office, but the sea has left its salt in their soul and a reflex of its light under their brows. So it is with men who, in their youth, were at Oxford and Cambridge: they absorbed something indelible, as for me is the sense of poverty and for the shepherd's priest the glory of Rome. They absorbed something more lasting than an idea, for ideas are subject to compromise and change. Those men absorbed an invulnerable sensation. They lived physically in the native substance of their country during their freshest years; which is a very different thing from knowing the same theoretically, although indeed it may not exclude it. The experience is quite a different matter; it may develop into an intellectual form, but there is properly speaking nothing intellectual in it. They became *English Gentlemen* for life, as one may become poor, Roman Catholic, or a son of the sea. . . .—Emilio Cecchi, in *The London Mercury*

I do not believe there is a single living poet who can live by his poetry.—Humbert Wolfe

What Ails Oxford and Cambridge?

THE war involved a vast wastage of virility. After every great male calamity or catastrophe there is a phase of mental, moral and physical exhaustion. Oxford mirrors this phase more clearly than Cambridge because it attracts the softer and more pampered elements of the nation. Its Rhodes scholars do not leaven the lazy lump. . . .

Oxford... shrugs her ancient shoulders over Cambridge triumphs, and with a bored smile languidly rests on her musty laurels and her processional oars. The home of lost causes and impossible loyalties is in a mood to despise beef and brawn. It may be that this is a sign of grace, and that Oxford is more keenly interested in the intellectual arena. She may be breeding statesmen rather than sportsmen, leaders of thought rather than breakers of records.

There are some cynics who attribute the degeneracy of Oxford to the enervating influence of her undergraduates. They say that Oxford has been feminized and that her feminization has produced effeminacy. They point out that the Oxford manner has declined into an Oxford mannerism that affects indifference, indolence, and disillusion.

They even detect a debasement in the Oxford accent. The manly drawl has been corrupted, they declare, into a girlish lisp. Cambridge, they say, has never condescended to produce or to practise a Cambridge intonation. Its men talk like men, not like pale young curates.

I have heard stout young women mimicking the Oxford sibilants and jeering at Oxford trousers. They are politely incredulous when I remind them that Cambridge invented Oxford bags and discarded them long before Oxford swathed itself in their voluminous swaddlings. They retort that Cambridge vices are Oxford virtues.

One bright young maiden assures me that the effeminacy of Oxford is a revolt against the masculinity of womanhood. The manly woman has evoked the womanly man.

Oxford is being converted into the scapegoat of feminine scorn for all kinds of masculine muddling. Its physical decadence is used as a symbol of the general lethargy and lassitude of postwar manhood. Women seriously maintain that our young men lack initiative, energy and audacity. They are mentally as well as physically lazy. They are intellectually as well as imaginatively indolent. Oxford, the flower of our youth, is a weed that is daily becoming weedier.

This spate of censure is good for young Oxford. It will force it to gird up. . . . The more vigorously Oxford is kicked and cuffed and cursed the better it will be.—James Douglas, in the London *Daily Express*

WHEN Henry Ford visited Oxford . . . he spent exactly ten minutes contemplating the crumbling relics of medievalism, and then demanded to be shown the nearest way to Cowley, and the twentieth century. . . .

Lancashire and Yorkshire have . . . realized that in a new world Oxford and Cambridge are simply ceasing to matter. They are falling behind in the race. . .

"All this," the Oxford or Cambridge man will say, "simply means that these northern barbarians know nothing about real culture and care less." Rubbish. . . .When a man has spent the first twenty-two years of his life in receiving instruction at the expense, ultimately, of the community, something more is expected of him than a cynical outlook on life, a drawl, and a bizarre taste in trousers.—L. du Garde Peach, in the London *Daily Express*

A Briton Scrutinizes American College Life

THE author of these observations, on graduating from Harrow, proceeded to Princeton University, in the United States, instead of to Oxford or Cambridge. As a scheme in the nature of an inverted Rhodes scholarship has now been established, by which several English students can go to American universities, the experiences of one of them—a pioneer in the movement—are of exceptional interest.

AMERICA is naturally regarded with a certain amount of envy as a place where people are prosperous, but lurking in the back of the English mind there is also the thought that over there money counts before everything else—an opinion which finds such telling expression in the "almighty" which is always prefixed to the dollar. That in reality this is a misconception of the American point of view was very soon brought home to me, though I was unaware at the time that one of my father's reasons for sending me to Princeton was that I might early acquire a sense of economic proportion. I had not been many weeks there before I commented in my diary on "earning and learning," a practice made possible by an educational equality which creates among Americans as a whole a greater democratic sense than is usually to be found in England.

Realizing that his first duty is to pay his way—otherwise he is living on someone else's labors—the American takes it for granted that if the service he renders is good the dollars will follow. The tendency to regard him as solely interested in commerce arises largely from the English professional attitude, which is still inclined to look upon business as something of which to be ashamed. . .

Students in America *do* take care of furnaces; they literally run laundries; while waiting at table is undertaken as a matter of course. The numbers which the free State universities can house are naturally limited, but this is not always the determining factor in the matter of earning and learning. The desire to go to a famous university, or to one at which the courses of study are more suited to the individual requirements, prompts many students to earn part or the whole of their expenses, whether by work at the university, in the town, or through an "agency" on a commission basis. These jobs do not greatly interfere with the general activities of those who undertake them, while a very much larger number of students get employment during the summer vacation. Though it had its counterpart in the past at some of the Scotch universities, this practice is very common in America, and is not confined to the lesser universities, where probably 70 per cent. of the students are working in this way. Even at Princeton, where the fees are high and the number of undergraduates is strictly limited to 2,000, approximately 25 per cent. are engaged in employment of one kind or another. A "Bureau of Student Self-Help" manages the work, and in general plans it in such a way that anyone may be accommodated for as long or as short a period of regular employment as he desires. . . .

All the waiting at table in the university dining-halls is done by students, who are able to earn their entire board by serving a certain number of tables per week, and a good bonus besides for any above this minimum. The cooking and washing-up are done by negroes and other outsiders, but the whole management and service is composed of students. They put on their white aprons and carry trays at one meal and sit with their friends at the next; and such is the genuine equality of outlook that those who take on such work do not suffer in social status thereby. The whole service is run on a sound financial basis; it is in no sense a charity, and there is a complete absence of condescension towards these men. As I commented in my diary, "it is the most usual thing to find oneself at a table with one's best friend as waiter and naturally to have a lively conversation with him." Everyone, in fact, may work for his living without prejudice, instead of sparing in an attempt to keep up respectability.

In writing this I am not overlooking

that in certain activities the undergraduate with means is definitely at an advantage—for instance, in the admission to clubs at Princeton; but I was particularly struck by the fact that social distinction, at least as it is understood at our public schools in England, plays no part whatever at this American university, and in the hundreds of smaller colleges which constitute the vast majority it simply does not exist. . .

The general opinion gathered from newspaper reports appears to be that if drunkenness is common in America, it is nowhere more prevalent than at the universities. Lurid pictures are painted by people who have spent a few weeks there, how hip-pocket flasks and intoxicated maidens are the usual accompaninent of a college dance. A most cultivated Englishwoman, who was careful to explain that she had relatives in Boston, repeated this description to me quite solemnly only the other day.

Any drinking that occurs in the universities may safely be ascribed to two causes: to the novelty of doing something that is forbidden, and to the example of elders. The last factor is probably the stronger of the two, as graduates returning for "reunions" at which drinking was usual before 1920 do not easily break with tradition; the following of the "smart set" must also be taken into account. It has been stated, however, that one "drunk" does not make a campus "spree" any more than one swallow makes a summer, and that for the same reason it attracts as much attention.

My first experience of law-breaking at the university—the bootlegger had arrived at a country house where I spent a week-end—was during one of the football games that attract such numbers of visitors. To produce a flask on such occasions is "done" by a certain type, which is not, however, confined to America, and which did it just the same before prohibition. Anyway, my enjoyment of a most exciting game was greatly interfered with by a graduate of this kind who happened to be sitting almost on top of me. There were possibly a hundred like him on that afternoon in a crowd of 100,000 spectators; but personally I didn't see a dozen.

On the occasion of the game with Yale, which in 1922 gave us the championship, about 80,000 came to Princeton for the afternoon. I counted five people drunk. To the best of my knowledge only one of these was an undergraduate. The game raised the crowds to the highest pitch of excitement, and the evening ceremonies closed with the giant bonfire. . . .

As for behavior at dances, I was offered no drinks nor were any available at a most exclusive party in Boston at which I was a guest on the night of the Harvard-Princeton game; this experience was also repeated at the freshman "prom"—the first of the annual class dances. These last-named functions are usually believed to be the occasion for drinking, and my opportunities for observation were wide, as I was a member of the dance committee. As a "foreigner" I deeply appreciated the invitation to join this body, and since

WHILE no American would suggest that the standards of the 600 institutions which bear the name "university" or "college" are in any sense uniform, the fact that many of them are definitely second-rate is no justification for the sweeping and derogatory assertions about their status as a whole which are sometimes made by English observers. The standards vary considerably, but in my own experience the requirement for admission to Princeton and other leading colleges is every bit as exacting as that of Cambridge and elsewhere, not excepting London University: this is written after matriculation at all three universities.

—John A. Benn

introducing people was one of my functions, I must have met and talked in the course of the evening with perhaps the majority of my contemporaries.

Another indication of the trend of student opinion is afforded by the fact that in many of the "fraternity" clubs a definite stand has been taken behind the law. These institutions are masonic in character, and some have voluntarily suspended members found guilty of drinking; in certain cases alumni who have returned and transgressed have been notified by the undergraduates that they might not attend any social function at the chapter-house for a designated time, usually a year. Though the fraternities are replaced at Princeton by the senior class clubs, they are perhaps the most important factor in student social life at nearly all the colleges, and their attitude is representative as well as significant. . . .

The serious American student who regards his country as the embodiment of ideals—and there are more serious young men to-day than is commonly supposed—can only resent the unctuous statements that are too frequently made by distinguished British critics of America. Nor are comparisons between present-day conditions in the two countries as flattering as they are usually intended to be.

For example, speaking last June in the House of Lords on local option, Lord Dawson of Penn stated that "far less drunkenness was to be seen in this country than in America." In support of this assertion he did not give any figures, of which the latest {1925} would have shown that actually the convictions for drunkenness in the Greater London area alone {30,000} almost equalled the convictions under the national prohibition act in the Federal Courts throughout the whole of the United States {38,500}. Violation of the act includes being in any way implicated in liquor traffic, and does not necessarily signify drunkenness.—From John A. Benn's *Columbus—Undergraduate,* by permission of Ernest Benn {London} and the J. P. Lippincott Company {Philadelphia}

MAKING LIBERTY A FARCE

THE Americans abolished slavery for the blacks sixty years ago, but if they continue as they are headed, they will create veritable social slavery for the white. As it is, a man's body cannot be said really to belong to him in America now.

It is forbidden for a man to be alone in a hotel room with a woman who is not his wife, sister or mother. A simple kiss in the park is a legal offense. Adultery is actually considered a crime. But that does not keep the Americans from yielding to nature's demands, with the result that there exists a general state of dissimulation and hypocrisy that is rotting the soul of America.

The struggle between the Wets and the Drys is brutal beyond words. It is the women who give the Drys their ridiculous strength. "Not caught, not guilty," say the poachers. That is life in America. By the millions they live as poachers and contrabanders in an atmosphere infected with puritanism, professional spies and amateur informers.

At the end of the nineteenth century the Anglo-Saxon countries were the most liberal in the world. The wind has turned, the English are less free and the Americans are enslaved. Some devil has got them to open the gates of hell. To every traveler, who is forced to submit to the most humiliating experiences from the moment he arrives in America until he leaves, the Statue of Liberty cannot be anything but a farce.—J. H. H. Boex, French novelist, in *Time* {New York}

I ATTRIBUTE American prosperity to a superior amount of common sense and the ability to apply this common sense to industry. . . . I should like to see this spirit of common sense cross the Atlantic ocean, invade Europe, indeed the entire world, and then perhaps civilization would arrive at its highest point.—Professor Henri Le Chatalier, the French scientist whose researches "have raised the standard of living for people."

A European View of Pan-America

THIS interesting observation is made by an English authority on international law, a graduate of Cambridge, who at first knocked about the world writing for the Manchester Guardian, *met Theodore Roosevelt with the Rough Riders in Cuba, and later became an editor of the London* Spectator. *Law, especially international law, engrosses him as does the sea, for which, he says, "my respect continually increases—a grand opponent who never fails to take advantage of your mistakes."*

WHEREVER finance has brought the United States into conflict with Central and South America, she can rely upon a kind of wistful sympathy from British "imperialists" who feel that in her experiences they are living their own life over again. How often have we had exactly similar experiences, and how often have we been accused of bullying and greed! Englishmen ought to be the last to throw a stone at Americans when Nicaragua is being compared with the Boer Republics of South Africa. Rather, he story of Nicaragua gives us an indirect exculpation of which we are conscious and of which we hope that Americans, who may have said some hard things about us in the past, are also conscious.

> EVERY nation has the right to independence in the sense that it has the right to the pursuit of happiness, and is free to develop itself without interference or control from other States, provided that in doing so it does not interfere with or violate the rights of other States.—A Resolution passed in 1916 at Philadelphia by the American Institute of International Law

The simple fact is that Englishmen, thinking that it is as right and natural for America to trade wherever she can as it is for themselves to do so, accept as inevitable the consequences that flow from such trading. Where Americans have planted themselves or their money with the free consent of the country in which their operations take place, they have a title to protection. If protection is not given by the country itself, it must be provided by America. If this were not so it would be hardly worth while to be an American citizen. It is not for a moment supposed by Englishmen that America will voluntarily fall short of the practice of ancient Rome or modern Britain.

Our criticism is excited rather by the apparent unwillingness of Americans to admit the logic of their commitments. . . .

We think, in fine, that America is slow to admit the pertinence of the truth enshrined in Bishop Butler's famous words, "Things are what they are and the consequences will be what they will be. Why then should we wish to be deceived?" In Nicaragua as in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in the Philippines, in Hayti and in San Domingo, America intervened because circumstances compelled her to do so. She has acknowledged the duty as well as the right to keep her part of the world safe, but she has acknowledged it indirectly, not openly.

She says that her object in Nicaragua is merely to insure impartial elections, and that when she is satisfied that the Nicaraguans can manage their affairs decently without her aid she will withdraw. But when will that be? Has she not far greater responsibilities in Nicaragua than that? Britain means, if not to withdraw from Egypt and India and China, at least to resign as many as possible of her functions in those countries; but every attempt to do so has been frustrated by hard facts. The very people who are the contingent beneficiaries of our proposed restraint have made it impossible again and again for us to carry out our policy without being unjust and cruel to

somebody. That is not to be gainsaid.

In India the ending of the *Pax Britannica* would be equivalent to opening the cages in zoological gardens. The stronger would fall on the weaker and devour them. It would be mere cowardice in us to be guilty of this wickedness because some people exhort us to do it in the name of humanity. In Egypt the British occupation is the sole protection of large colonies of foreign residents. We cannot betray them. And as for the Suez Canal, the guarding of it is a service owed to the world quite apart from our own interests.

One great canal leads on to thoughts of others. The Panama Canal is so indispensable to the world, to its quick exchanges of food and commodities, and therefore to its general well-being, that it is inconceivable that the United States should ever allow the Canal Zone to be tampered with. Mr. Roosevelt may have acted too arrogantly and impatiently when he used the revolution in Panama to get all that he wanted; but in his thoughts he was keeping step with destiny. He saw that an Isthmian policy was essential, and being a man of directness and bluntness he could not see why he should not say so.

I suppose that no party in Nicaragua is actually hostile at present to the idea of a new canal through that country, but if ever hostility should arise, America would certainly be justified in saying that the greatest interest must override the lesser and that the health and wealth of the world must not be made subservient to a Nicaraguan faction in the name of liberty. Liberty no doubt includes the liberty to do wrong—but not when the wrong affects the majority of mankind....

There is the heart of the matter. The United States cannot tolerate the violation of contracts, whether of business or humanity, voluntarily entered into, nor can she tolerate open and dangerous disorder at her gates. . . .It is an utter mistake to suppose that Europe detects sinister intentions in any American policy which is really informed by the wisdom and liberality of the Philadelphia resolution. Europe knows that in outlawing the mosquito from the Panama Zone and cleansing Havana from yellow fever America has been a universal benefactor. She must preserve the conditions in which such benefactions can be continued and extended.—J. B. Atkins, in *The North American Review*

WE do not dream of disputing or deploring the Monroe Doctrine. On the contrary, we respect and honor it. There is every reason why we should do so. We are sufficiently worried by events near home without wanting to look upon the New World as an open field for fresh complications. In our view it is a vast convenience that America should have thrown a protecting arm across the whole of the American Continents, North and South, and have ruled out from it the passions and the acquisitive instincts of Europe. . . .

The Monroe Doctrine has an interior aspect; it is directed not only to keep Europe at arm's length, but to preserve such conditions in the American Continents that the United States cannot be reproached with conniving at public offences while refusing to let anyone else interfere. It is this obligation, as I fully admit it to be, which lays upon America something like what Mr. Kipling calls "the White Man's Burden" of the British Empire.—J. B. Atkins

We cannot go on having revolutions in order to discover patriots. It is too expensive a method for discovery of political genius, for revolutions stir life to its deeps, and creatures as terrible as the Kraken rise from the slime, as well as the dragon slayers.—*The Irish Statesman*

Never let a lion kiss you. . . .They are most affectionate, but the tongue of a lion is so rough that it is apt to break the skin, and if he tastes blood he is likely to eat a man up, and that just spoils 'em.
—Aloysius (Trader) Horn

An Impression of America

RETURNING to Ireland after his recent visit to the United States, the distinguished poet-philosopher AE {George Russell}, set down this impression of life and architecture in the new world. Incidentally, the initials AE, forming his pseudonym, resulted from a printer's error. Years ago Russell wrote some articles on Indian philosophy which he signed AEon. The printer, unable to decipher more than the first two letters of the superscription, used the AE alone, and so established the signature.

I SEE as the boat comes into New York harbor a gigantic mass of heaven-assailing architecture. It breaks the skyline as huge cliffs might do. One's heart beats quicker, such is the sensation of immense power in the buildings of those monstrous cliffs of concrete and steel that blaze in the evening light.

Within the city the impression deepens. There is no end of this giant architecture. Forever new comrades rise up beside the elder giants; they tower up in new beautiful and wonderful lines. At Manhattan, where they are thickest, in the depths below the streets are darkened, and the eye grows dizzy looking up searching for a sky. It finds high in air great blocks of shadow and light outsoaring Dore, or Martin, who piled up a fabulous architecture, temple beyond temple, in their imagination of Babylon or Nineveh. . . .

Architecture is the great contemporary American art. The civilization is in that first stage where, as Flinders Petrie said in his *Revolutions of Civilization*, there is a mastery over the plastic arts, because there is a physical vitality equal to any labor. The railway stations, even, are awe-inspiring. Entering the Grand Central or Pennsylvania stations, one almost feels the head should be bared and speech be in whispers, so like do they seem in their vastness to temples of the mysteries but for the crowds which hurry about at their secular business. The material foundations of a mighty civilization are being laid everywhere.

What am I to say of the people? As I met them they overflowed with kindness. I find it difficult to imagine a kinder people. Haughty to those who do not like them, but lavish in their goodwill to all who meet them with unaffected liking. It is easy to like them.

They are young in their minds. It is rarely one meets age in thought or emotion. But because there is youth in their nature one must not assume that their youth is not as competent as the age and experience of the ancestor continent. The evidence of competence lies everywhere about. They were no bunglers who built those great cities, whatever graft may have gone to their making. Their education at present tends to bring about a high average competence in the affairs of life rather than a profound subjectivity. They look outwards rather than inward. The activity is so tremendous that people are called away from central depths to sur-

WHAT will New York seem after another half century? Already it appears the most ancient, ancient of cities, because here alone does an actual architecture soar above the dreams imaginative artists have conceived of the Towers of Babel. One would imagine at night, where a remote light on a topmost story catches the eye, that some Chaldean wizard was there calculating horoscopes for Nebuchadnezzar.

Chicago is hardly less impressive: a darker, fiercer, more tumultuous jumble of lofty buildings, and a surging humanity. City after city seems to be going their way, raising man-made cliffs from the flat American plains.

—AE {George William Russell}

faces. There they achieve marvellous things and are delighted as children at what they do. They are a little doubtful about it also. They ask you what you think, and listen to see whether you have an intuition of anything better still which is to come out of them. They are continually scrapping works and buildings, because out of some inner fountain in their being there are welling up perpetually new images which mirror better the secret of their own character. They are evolving a beauty and elegance of their own.

The women have almost standardized good taste in dress. It is rare to see a woman who offends the artist's sense in color and form. I wish I could commend the art with which so many redden their lips with fierce color. Even lovely girls yield to this hideous fashion. It is the mass mood of youth for the moment. It will probably vanish in another year or two. The girls are so naturally charming that they do not need the arts of the demi-mondaine, who must conceal the withering of her freshness. They almost all have an intellectual eagerness. It yet remains to be seen what this eagerness of American women for ideas tends to, what discovery for themselves or for life. I feel at present their eagerness is like bubbles under water, trying to rise, to come to their own natural air. So they may move to the creation of a new feminine type. . . .fusing the intellectual and the emotional. The American man is less effervescent but, I think, with strong elements of romanticism and idealism, even in those powerful masters of industry. All are lavishly generous. They have discovered the economic applications of that spiritual law which gives to the giver: so that whosoever pours out to others what is in them to give, whatever there is of love or beauty or imagination or intellect, are themselves perpetually being fed from within.

In the sphere of economics this lavish spending of what is earned stimulates consumption and reacts on production. The spendthrift nation is the prosperous nation. While one notices with delight this instinctive lavishing of what is earned a doubt arises whether the natural resources of the country are not being too lavishly squandered also. It is right to spend what one earns. But is it right to mine the lands, as too many farmers do, taking from the earth its stored-up fertility and restoring nothing to it, cutting down the forests, draining the oil wells, and in a thousand other ways leaving to their children an inheritance of nature somewhat exhausted, as a woman by too much childbearing?

People speak too often of America as an extension of European civilization and culture. In the superficial sense this is true as it is true that every child must have some parents. But just as the child develops a distinct character so is this new race developing a powerful character of its own. What mood is going to be fundamental there?. . .

Great cultures spring like great religions from founders with but few disciples, and at first the ideas which later

> As an outside observer, I should say that the art of selling has got rather dangerously ahead of the art of buying in America. The highly trained "scientific salesmen"—said to be three-quarters of a million in number and rapidly increasing—who go from door to door with their tempting offers, are more than a match for the unscientific buyer. To make the thing safe the conditions should at least be equalized, and if the system is to be extended I would suggest that instruction in the art of buying wisely and choosing the things that are likely to add to wealth should be a regular part of the education of youth.—J. A. Spender, in the New York *Herald-Tribune*

may dominate are born in a society where an opposing idea is king. Then begins a struggle like that between the beings spoken of by the Greek philosopher. "One lives the other's death. One dies the other's life."

What is arising or to arise in the States? I think of it as some mood of planetary consciousness. I cannot get a more precise word. Intuition and reason alike prompt me to say this.

In the ancient world where travel was difficult, dangerous and expensive the material basis for such a planetary consciousness was not in existence. The cultures of China, India, Egypt turned inward and brooded on themselves. Within the last century only has a nervous system interlocking the planet been evolved. Railway, steamship, cable, wireless, swift-evolving air transport, economic international organizations: the roar of the planet is in every ear. It is true it sounds in European ears also, but it is not the planet they were born under. The characters of European and Asiatic were formed in elder centuries, and they change but little from their intense self-concentration in the new era.

Biologically, the American people are made up from fiery particles of life jetted from many human fountains. The biological ancestors of the people in the States are European, Asiatic, African, with some survival of the aboriginal American. Nature will find in this multitude the materials to blend to make a more complex mentality than any known before with wide-reaching affinities in the subconscious.

I notice, too, that the writers who form the spiritual germ-cell of American culture—Emerson, Whitman, Thoreau and their school—think and write of themselves almost as naturally as being children of earth, as being American citizens. That group manifest in their writings something like a cosmic consciousness.

American statesmen, too, are beginning to formulate world policies, leagues of nations, world peace, a sense of duty to the world struggling up through the intense self-interest and pre-occupation with their own affairs. The American benevolence is world-wide. The Rockefeller Foundation is as benevolent to Japan, France, England, Germany, Belgium, or Singapore as to neighboring Canada. It thinks of the health of humanity, not merely of the American people. I do not say this planetary outlook or consciousness is universal. It exists rather in a few minds.

The ordinary man may not understand, indeed he is first repelled, by the thoughts that move the mightier of his kind, but the same elements are in his being, and finally he reels after the shepherds who call. A planetary consciousness I surmise will grow up through centuries in this astonishing people, warring with its contrary idea which also has its own meaning and just basis. Our human faculties are burnished by their struggle with opposites in ourselves, And it is no less true of the ideas which become dominant in great civilizations.

I imagine centuries in which in the higher minds in the States a noble sense of world duty, a world consciousness, will struggle with mass mentality and gradually pervade it, to establish there, and in the world, perhaps, the idea that all humanity are children of one King, or at least to make so noble an idea part of the heritage of those who come after, until, finally, as it must in the ages, it become the dominant idea in world consciousness.—AE {George William Russell}, in *The Irish Statesman*

ANOTHER striking proof that brain-power depends not upon size but upon quality has just been provided at the Academy of Medicine. The brain of the late Anatole France has been found to weigh only 1.017 grammes, against an average of 1.360 grammes for adult males.

It will be recalled that the brain of Gambetta, despite the leonine appearance of his head, weighed less than that of a dressmaker, and that that of the "god-like" Daniel Webster exactly balanced that of the notorious Indian chief, Geronimo.—Paris dispatch to the New York *Herald-Tribune*

A Classic of American Ranch Life

THE horse corral had large double gates facing each other, one opening into a series of picket corrals and the other leading into the open. Through the former the broncos were introduced to be saddled and broken, and when duly calmed were let out through the other and into an enclosure which contained the stables. On a day that I shall always remember, there were two or three in the corral in various phases of being roped and saddled with their prospective riders attending to them. The rest of the outfit were seated on the gate or in its neighborhood, and amongst them I recognized the gentleman who had been christened "The Granger". He was a middle-aged man and a typical tramp from his battered hat to his run-down boots, with the handle of the butcher's knife sticking out of the top of one of them.

He didn't appear to be particularly interested in the proceedings, or indeed in anything else, and to the frequent invitations to get down and show what he could do merely jerked the tobacco juice out of his mouth and intimated that he was waiting for something that needed riding. The general belief was that he was merely bluffing, and after a time the boys took little or no notice of him.

The lot that were in at the time I came on the scene were fairly tractable and were duly ridden and led out to make room for the next batch. Amongst the latter was a big bay horse they called Bullet which at one time had been partially broken, but having got away and run wild amongst the mares he had proved difficult to catch and was for several years conveniently forgotten. . . .

All hands were eager to have a try at him, though most of them knew he was vicious, for I had related to Fred my experience of him, which had occurred before he came to the W S. When he had been brought in as a three-year-old and escaped they had bobbed his tail and I, on one of my excursions after the mares, seeing his bobbed tail had mistaken him for one of the regular saddle-horses. With great difficulty I had succeeded in corraling the whole bunch in a corral on the Thomason Flat, some miles from the Ranch.

Here, single-handed, I managed to separate him from the others and turned them loose. Then having got him alone in the corral I proposed to rope him and lead him back to the ranch. My rope was rather short, but I managed to get it on him without difficulty and then proceeded to lead him. This was an entirely different matter, and to my astonishment he dragged me around the corral for fully twenty minutes. Thus failing to get rid of me and finding the tightening noose was beginning to choke him he changed his tactics and came at me open mouthed.

I barely escaped him by climbing the fence, and then had to run him to the ranch, where in order to recover my rope we had to forefoot him. After which we gladly turned him loose. Since then, which was some three years earlier, he had been unmolested, as, although he had been brought to the ranch several times and some feeble attempts made to handle him, he had always proved too much for his captors, who generally connived at his escape.

There were three or four others of the same kidney, but none of them so notorious as Bullet. He came in towering over

> YESTERDAY was the past—and you assumed the right to forget? To-morrow is the future—and you have confidence in your power to begin a new life? Today is the present—and you suppose yourself looking forwards and backwards from a fixed point? What would you think of a swimmer who was making his way through a rapid stream and at each stroke imagined that he had succeeded in dividing it into three parts?
>
> —Arthur Schnitzler, in *Vanity Fair*

the two or three broncos which accompanied him and really looked magnificent as he snorted and pawed the ground, as if to show fight. The boys discreetly let him alone while the others were being thrown and saddled, and having ridden them for a few jumps, none of them giving a remarkable display, they led them out.

Bullet was now alone, and he careered around the enclosure, stopping every now and again to snort defiance, and as soon as the riders came back they looked at him in doubt. Some were for throwing him, especially those who did not pretend to be riders. Others thought it advisable to throw him back in the bunch till they had more time on their hands. Every one had forgotten about the old gentleman on the fence. He was still chewing tobacco and apparently not taking much interest in the proceedings.

Some one was about to open the gate when he held up his hand and asked what was the matter with the bay. He was told that he was a pretty bad *caballo* and they thought of tying a saddle on him and leaving him saddled up for a day before attempting to ride him. His only remark was to spit the quid out of his mouth, slip down off the fence, give a hitch to his old pants and say: "Hell! I'll ride him."

It took a minute or so for the observation to sink in, and then it was received with an ironical cheer. At first nobody thought he was serious, but when he borrowed a pair of spurs from Fred and proceeded to buckle them on it began to dawn on us that he really meant to ride him.

Some caustic remarks were addressed to him in regard to his will and his choice as to the mode of burial, but of these he took no notice, merely indicating with his hand to go ahead and get the saddle on. The proud Bullet was forefooted, and busted so hard that it broke his front teeth. Then it took all hands to hold him while he was hobbled fore and aft with the usual slip knot. A hackamore and blind were placed on his head and a saddle securely fixed before he was allowed on to his feet.

When he got up, although blindfolded, he still looked defiant, the more so on account of the blood from his broken teeth. He did all that a horse can do to get rid of the saddle, but with men holding on to a rope from either side he gradually quieted down. Taking advantage of the pause the old man crawled on to his back, the blind was removed from his eyes, and we all ran to climb the fence and witness his demise.

For a moment or two Bullet stood still with surprise, and then realizing that something was on his back, he turned himself loose. He pitched as only a Western bronco can pitch, with his head almost between his hind legs and his back arched. He sprang into the air fully five or six feet, reversing his position in the process and keeping it up in a quick succession, till it looked as if his rider's head must have been shaken loose from his body. We all looked for both man and horse to come down in a heap, but they maintained their respective positions.

When Bullet found he couldn't unseat him he fairly screamed with rage and went round and round the enclosure, alternately pitching and plunging, for fully ten minutes, when, finding it necessary to slacken his efforts in order to regain breath, he broke into a trot and eventually came to a halt. This gave his rider a chance to settle himself more firmly in his seat and prove to the maddened beast that he was his master.

The old fellow drove the spurs into him, and taking off his old hat, which had been pressed down on his ears, he slapped him with it in the face. This not having the desired effect, he reached down to the ground and seizing a handful of sand rubbed it in his steaming nostrils. Bullet was not prepared to stand much of that kind of work, and after making a futile effort to kick him like a cow, threw down his head and commenced his pitching. He went through the same performance for another ten minutes and with the same result, this time coming to a stand with a regular scream.

At first we had looked on with astonishment and incredulity depicted on our faces, but when we realized that the

old fellow really could ride the cheering that we gave him made the whole place ring. When they came to a halt after the second round the old fellow himself was glad to take a breather, but he made no attempt to dismount, merely remarking: "He sure is a daisy."

Then it was suggested that he should take him outside, and every one who had a horse saddled there got ready to accompany him, prophesying that by the time they got back Bullet could be thrown into the regular *remouda.* The gates were thrown open, and seeing a chance for liberty he went through them like a shot, proving that he had been correctly named. He was joined on the outside by all the boys who were mounted, and they went off "hell for leather," as if the devil was behind them.

I followed on foot, determined to see all I could, but they had not gone more than fifty or sixty yards when Bullet, to show he was still in the ring, threw down his head and renewed his pitching. This time he had the whole world before him and his efforts, if possible, exceeded anything he had done in the corral. The yipping and yelling went on for a minute or two and the old man seemed fairly comfortable, but all of a sudden I saw him sway in his seat and slip round to one side under the animal's feet

The saddle had turned, and it looked as if the infuriated animal must trample him to death. I ran up as fast as I could and all the boys had pulled up and were forming a circle round him. He was equal to the occasion, however, for on going over he had managed to get hold of the noseband of the hackamore and was holding on for grim death with a hand on each side of the animal's jaws. In this way he managed to keep his head and body off the ground while his feet were still in the stirrups with the spurs hooked into the broad hair cincha and over the animal's back.

The infuriated brute, being unable to bite him, was endeavoring to rake him off with his front feet. How long the struggle might have gone on it was impossible to say, but for the minute or two that it lasted it looked as if it could only have one end, and that we would be compelled after all to consign the old gentleman to a decent grave. He couldn't have held on much longer, when Fred, with great presence of mind, rode up as close as he could to the plunging brute and, seizing a favorable moment, pulled out his gun and shot him through the head just under the ear.

He dropped in a heap like a bundle of clothes, and, to our great relief the old man rolled out from under. He was not in the least flurried. His first care was to shake his foot loose from the cincha, after which he helped himself to a chew of tobacco, got on his feet, and looked at Bullet for some time without comment or remark of any kind. It was apparent he was quite dead, and seeming satisfied he pushed him with his foot, said he was "a likely kind of a hoss," and proceeded to undo the cincha.

We all congratulated him on his escape but he didn't seem to notice it—just said it was a pity to have to kill him—and we all pitched in and rolled him over to free the saddle. That was the end of poor Bullet.

His late rider shouldered the saddle and blankets and we all marched back to the corral. He was offered his choice of the mounts on the ranch, but he said he wasn't interested, and after he had sat long enough on the fence to recover his breath he went back to the house, and that was the last that I saw of him. I never learnt his name, nor where he went, nor where he came from. He was just an incident that came into my life, but made himself sufficiently interesting to be remembered.—From the Hon. William French's *Some Recollections of a Western Ranchman,* by permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company

Jazz is more than music to the European, it is a new life principle. It is the new satirist and humorist, and a new Frankenstein of reality. . . .It is pagan and stripping, and calls elementally to the inner man without regard to jacket and tie and upholstered dignity.—Dmitri Tiomkin, Russian pianist-composer

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF AMERICAN OPTIMISM

"FELICITY," says Hobbes, "consisteth in prospering, not in having prospered." In modern language, it is not the amount of your income that makes you happy, but its rate of increase. The man who enjoys life is the man who, with habits adjusted to one standard of life, finds himself continually in a position to adopt a slightly higher standard. That is why, on the whole, England was happy under Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria, and America is happy at the present time. . . .

I may illustrate the point by the comparison of two novels, one English and one American. The English novel is Miss Lehman's *Dusty Answer* and the American novel is Dreiser's *An American Tragedy.*

Both novels are exceedingly gloomy, but in the English novel the misfortunes result from pessimism, whereas in the American novel they result from optimism. In the English novel the heroine has various love affairs, all of which come to nothing because neither she nor her lovers can persuade themselves that even love lends any real savor to life, which appears to them all an insipid and hopeless business.

In the American novel, on the contrary, the young man's misfortunes result from the intensity of his conviction that happiness is to be obtained from wealth and fashionable women. A little of his zest would have saved the heroine of *Dusty Answer;* a little of her detachment would have saved the hero of *An American Tragedy.*

This difference is, I think, illustrative of the difference between America and post-war Europe. The general inability to believe in anything, which characterizes the young European of the present day, has no doubt a variety of causes. On the part of those who were in the war, nervous exhaustion was and is still a potent factor. On the part of most people there is a cynicism resulting from having made a stupendous effort, which in the end turned out to be of no value. And in all circles there is the discouragement due to the difficult economic situation—aristocrats have to sell their estates to the New Rich, the sons of business men who have expected affluence find themselves compelled to work for small salaries with little hope of promotion, wage earners in spite of herculean efforts, both political and industrial, find unemployment still prevalent and wages still declining. And everybody in Europe has the somewhat discouraging feeling that through the war political preeminence has passed from Europe to America.

> THE problem of making labor sufficiently productive to provide material comfort for all has been solved in America for the first time in the world's history. As regards pestilence, American scientific medicine is, I believe, second to none, and the general level of sanitation and hygiene is extraordinarily high in most parts of the United States. With regard to war America is certainly the least bellicose of the Great Powers, and the League of Nations was founded by an American, although for various reasons his countrymen refused to follow him.
>
> —Bertrand Russell, in *The Fortnightly Review* {London}

The exact contrary of all this is the case in America. America's effort in the World War was brief and successful, at no enormous cost in American lives. The sins of the Treaty of Versailles were not America's sins, and therefore produced in America only cynicism about Europe, which is, of course, a pleasant emotion. In spite of a brief depression in 1920, America has been on the whole extraordinarily prosperous since the war and everybody has the sense of being on the up-grade. This economic prosperity has, for example, two important

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A DORSET LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by Algernon Newton

In the summer exhibition of the Royal Academy, this is pronounced "the picture of the year," by the London Times. *"It is more carefully considered in all three dimensions than any landscape we remember to have seen at the Academy."*

effects in the lives of young men as contrasted with young men in Europe—first a man can marry at an earlier age than he can in Europe, and second, he can change his profession, if, after a few years, he finds it disagreeable, whereas in Europe a man is married to his profession by an utterly indissoluble monogamic marriage. . . .For my part I find my reactions to this situation somewhat contradictory; while my feelings are those of a European, my beliefs are on the whole on the side of America. The things that I instinctively value are things for which America has little use; they are such things as theoretical science, art, enjoyment of beauty, lyric love and historic continuity. I find it very difficult to be enthusiastic about plans for making two automobiles grow where one grew before; I do not feel in my bones that the countryside is improved by the smell of gasoline. But when I try to take an objective view, I perceive that America must be judged not by what I like but by what Americans like. The civilization that they are producing does, so far as I can judge, produce a higher level of average happiness than has ever existed before in the history of the world.

The chief question in my mind is whether American success is psychologically permanent. The economic prosperity of America is due, of course, very largely to her natural resources, but also to Puritanism. This is evident when one compares what the Spaniards made of Latin America with what the Puritans made of the United States, for in Latin America also the natural resources are very great. Puritanism taught men to forego present pleasures for a future reward; originally this reward was to be in another life, but the habits of discipline which had been generated survived when the reward sought became affluence in old age. The Puritans' power of resisting the solicitations of present pleasure was a vital factor in causing those habits of saving required to produce the capital needed for industrialism.

There was also another way in which Puritanism operated. Religions which condemn the pleasures of sense drive men to seek the pleasures of power; throughout history power has been the vice of the ascetic. American civilization is built more than any previous civilization upon the will to power, more especially power over the material environment. As Puritanism decays in America, it is to be expected that men will be less content with power and more anxious for the other pleasures that wealth can buy; when that happens the mechanical civilization will grow at once less successful and less satisfying.—Bertrand Russell, English philosopher and educator, in the New York *Herald-Tribune*

HE IS TENDER WITH THE BEASTS

He is tender with the beasts,
Just as tender as can be;
But his eyes have never glanced
Once at me.

Little things like calves and lambs
Bring the lovelight to his eye;
But he never seems to know
I am by.

Though the other lads all swear
I am handsomer than all,
I would give my soul to be
Weak and small.

—Wilfrid Gibson, in *The London Observer*

IT'S difficult to see what thrill the combatants get out of modern wars. But certainly the war does offer excitement and relief to those who are not going to fight. Why? Oh, well. It gives them something to think about. That's an event. Think how the persons enjoyed it. And the women! And the old men! For the women there was a large element of sex excitement. The rapes in Belgium, the men fighting to protect them. . . .

The young men . . . why did they go to war in the beginning? Because they would be despised if they didn't. It is fear which makes them fight.—Bertrand Russell

THE PASSING OF A GREAT SOLDIER—HAIG

THE death of Field Marshal Earl Haig in his sixty-seventh year occurred with tragic suddenness in London, January 29, 1928. The cause was heart failure, the result—according to an official medical statement—"of the effects of the Great War and previous tropical and campaign services on the muscles of the heart."

Among the tributes paid the great British commander none excels in simple eloquence the words of Marshal Ferdinand Foch: "Lord Haig was always for me a perfect brother in arms, most loyal and most straight. I always greatly appreciated his perfect knowledge of the science of arms and his command of British troops." On another page will be found a facsimile reproduction, in Lord {then Sir Douglas} Haig's handwriting, of the famous "Backs to the Wall" order to the British Army.

The accompanying estimate of the dead military leader is by a former soldier of the British Expeditionary Force, who writes anonymously of "the Great General."

LORD HAIG was in some respects a paradox. He had an inherent dislike for the trappings of greatness and prominence. No famous General was less obviously famous.

When he took over command of the British Expeditionary Force in 1915 he wore the same air of indifference that characterized the most civilian volunteer. He set about his duty quietly, regarding it as a high task and no more. Fame, glory and "romance" were things he disregarded.

Yet circumstance vested him with grandeur; fate caught him up and made him splendid. In March, 1918, the British Army was confronted with perhaps the greatest crisis in its history. Lord Haig issued a proclamation to all ranks. It was quietly worded, with no thought of any but its immediate effect. It rallied the men on the spot, infused them with a new fire, and keyed up the stubborn determination that is a fundamental trait in the national character. The men stood firm, the danger passed.

But those words became a flame that warmed the imagination of a nation and an Empire. They will sustain the spirit of future ages. In twenty-four hours, despite his reserve, Lord Haig became an inspiring figure in military history.

Yet his "Backs to the Wall" message was, of all proclamations ever addressed to an army, the least consciously dramatic, the least highly colored. To appreciate its simplicity one need only recall the words addressed by Napoleon to his troops in a rather similar crisis. "Soldiers," said Bonaparte, "you will die with honor even as those brave men whose names are written on yonder Pyramid; or you will return to your native land decked in laurel bays amid the admiration of all peoples. This day forty millions of your fellow-citizens are thinking of you."

"There is no other course," said Lord Haig's message, "but to fight it out. Every position must be held to the last man. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end. The

IT is interesting to compare the position that Lord Haig held in Flanders with that of Wellington a hundred years earlier and of Marlborough a hundred years before that, in the same spot. All three had to combine the roles of soldier and diplomat. . . .

But Lord Haig was fighting on a far larger scale than either of his predecessors and his task was correspondingly more difficult. That he accomplished it so successfully, nevertheless, was due to his modesty of forbearance which enabled him to obliterate himself and make way for his French colleagues, when lesser men would have insisted on their lesser worth.

—The London *Graphic*

safety of your homes and the freedom of mankind alike depend on the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment."

There is the same note in both messages, but the difference in outlook of those who framed them is the measure of difference in the character of the men. The one is inspired with the idea of glory and laurel bays and the unseen presence of many onlookers; to the other it is a question of confronting present perils in order to meet and overcome them.

Napoleon looked for glamor, found it, and pursued too far. Lord Haig shrank from glamor, but it came to him. His message was more than the inspiration of an army; it was the expression of all the courageous depths in a race.

Such words could come only from one whose person contained those depths, one whom his countrymen could understand and follow. That is why his memory will be treasured with that of the greatest soldiers of whom his country is proud.

* * *

Lord Haig was carried from Westminster Abbey under the grey pall of a February sky. The dim masses of the gathered crowds, with the looming bearskins, the cloaked forms of the cavalry, and the swarms of gulls and pigeons scared into flight by the dull thunder of distant guns, combined to give the whole an impression of a tremendous melancholy. The very beat of the horses' hoofs rang hollow through the silence.

On just such a day Lord Wolseley was buried many years ago. As the gun-carriage went by, I remember that the man standing next to me turned round and said, "It breaks me up—I fought under him." The import of his words came forcibly home to me. In those days it all seemed distant, something out of the ordinary, something vested with the glamor of romance. "It means something more to him," I thought.

* * *

On Friday there were many of us there who had fought under him, many to whom it meant something more. Arms reversed, the beat of muffled drums, the horse with boots set backward in the stirrups, always give to a military funeral a peculiarly wistful impressiveness.

> Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
> The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.

But this time the onlooker felt that it was less a man than an epoch that was passing. All those great qualities of our race that war reveals were embodied in the Englishman's conception of Lord Haig. All the memories of those unforgettable years were stirred by his departure.

* * *

Cold piercing dawns in Flanders mud, craters swimming in water, rusty wire, tins and scraps of iron, everywhere scraps of iron and an odd Very light shooting over the sky; Victoria on a cold Christmas morning with men in greatcoats clasping their rifles as they

ONE is irresistibly reminded of Marlborough taking a napkin to wait upon a petty Imperial princeling. But then Marlborough certainly was not modest. That he could restrain himself he owed to that saving grace, a sense of humor. In some respects Lord Haig resembled Wellington in character. Both hated formality and pretense. It was Wellington who set that fashion, peculiar to our country, of officers dispensing with uniform when not on parade.

Lord Haig abandoned uniform on every occasion, even when inspecting ex-service men. But he was a far more human personality than the Iron Duke, especially in his outlook towards his men.

—The London *Graphic*

sat in the crowded carriages; bare-headed women serving coffee; old men in grey with red armlets; over all an impression of forced cheerfulness that looks worse in retrospect than it seemed at that time; London full of Australians and V.A.D.s and Belgians. . . .

* * *

Belgians: there they were back again, marching before the gun-carriage, forcing upon us the reality of it all; war with its grim futility; and war with its sublime self-sacrifice. For, in spite of all the base and vile traits in man to which war gives rein, there remain, too, the virtues that only war sets free. Patience in suffering, steadfastness in disaster, devotion heedless of self, courage. Haig stood for all those things in his life; he will be remembered for them in death. In them he was our example and our ideal, and because of these we shall always honor his memory.—The London *Graphic*

A DOCTOR DISCOVERS THE SUN

FINDING myself within a few hours run of Leysin, Switzerland, famous for its sun-clinics, I determined to investigate them. Accordingly, after an interesting climb of 4,500 ft. in the mountain railway I arrived in the tiny station. There one donned spectacles and snow boots, for outside the sun was blinding and the snow deep and slippery.

In but a few moments I was in Dr. Rollier's consulting room, face to face with the celebrated doctor himself. Genial and bronzed, as became a high priest of the sun, he gave me a little sketch of his work on joint and gland tuberculosis. He told me how he established himself in Leysin in 1903 as an "ordinary mountain doctor." There he noted the extraordinary effect of sun treatment on his cases. Then he abandoned operative methods, complicated surgical appliances, everything—in favor of the sun cure. When Dr. Rollier speaks of the sun he is a poet. "When there is sunshine in my clinics all is well," he says. "Old glandular swellings melt away; tubercular joints become flexible and painless; deformed spines are gradually healed and straightened. But come, you must see for yourself. . . ."

As we entered the children's clinic, I was aware of a general feeling of good cheer. Overhead some choir invisible was joyfully rendering a Swiss glee. The shrill childish voices made the most of its strange yodeling refrain. When we ascended on the balcony this was replaced by a chorus of "Bon Jour, Docteur," "Bon Jour, Ma'm'selle!"

The little patients were taking the sun cure. Such patients I have never seen out of this village of miracles; the richly bronzed bodies with their beautiful muscular development. One does not expect these in the tuberculous ward.

I was struck by the simplicity of the treatment. Just a minimum of strapping on the faulty limb, and then the long sun bath. One could compare the children with photos of themselves taken on arrival. Improvement is no name for such transformations! It would be out of place here to discuss fully the scientific basis of the sun cure. It is sufficient to say that in this village, with its altitude and snow, the sun's actinic rays are very potent. These, falling on the exposed body of the patient, cause a deep pigmentation and formation of anti-bodies, which combat the tuberculous toxins.

Later on I was shown some of the celebrities of the place; the girl who came to Leysin with her right arm useless from the disease, now an efficient masseuse; the strong hewer of wood who arrived an apparently hopeless victim of spinal trouble; the . . . .But enough! One would need a large book to record all the miracles.

With adieux to my courteous guide I descended the little funicular, sorting my memories; . . . . the "ordinary mountain doctor" who had discovered the secret of the sun; . . . the rose flush of sunset across the Alps; . . . "lithe children lovelier than a dream"!—C. Scally in *The Irish Statesman*

Any verse is called "free" by people whose ears are unaccustomed to it. —Edith Sitwell

What Pershing Did and Failed To Do

BORN on September 13, 1860, near Laclede, Missouri, John Joseph Pershing was destined to as astonishing a rise from the nadir of lowliness to the zenith of power as Joffre, first Commander-in-Chief of the other great Republic. And like Joffre this product of democracy was essentially undemocratic. His early years were a perfect fulfillment of the popular picture of the self-made man—as a boy, improving his education in hours snatched from work, then taking a course at the Normal School at Kirksville [Missouri] while supporting himself at teaching in a children's school. Law was his aim, but arms his fate, for, hearing of a competitive examination for the United States Military Academy at West Point, he turned aside to try for, and seize, the chance of a career free of apprenticeship costs. . . .

> PERSHING, unlike other famous commanders, was neither a puppet in the hands of a clever staff nor an artist of war relieved of organizing cares by technical experts so that his mind might dwell in contemplation of "the sublime branches of the art of war." The quickness with which his mind expanded to the scale of the World War is a greater miracle than the war expansion of America.
>
> —Captain B. H. Liddell Hart

Physically tough, morally hard, he had come out on top in a rough-and-tumble school of youth, and he inspired more respect than affection. Even when, on graduating, he attained the dignity of commissioned rank, he did not hesitate to cure one case of insubordination with his fists. This, like the incident when, as a General in the pursuit of Villa, he pushed his way into the mess line among the soldiers for a plate of beans and cup of coffee, was later glorified as an instance of democratic habits. In reality it was merely an example of his unceremonious way of going straight for what he wanted by the shortest route and regardless of other people.

This unceremonious, or self-centered, instinct remained with him when he became a world figure and created many shocks in the politer atmosphere of Europe, where opinions might be as frank but were less so in expression. There were times when the language barrier was of value as a buffer. Even in smaller matters Pershing's ways were disconcerting. His disregard of time and appointments was proverbial. If he arranged to dine with one of the Allied commanders-in-chief, he thought nothing of keeping him waiting for hours. Petain, fortunately, came to regard him as an interesting and highly original object for study, while Haig merely went on with his meal. Again, at a ceremonial arrival at a station,—Bucharest, it is said,—where royalty was waiting on the platform to greet him, Pershing was seen by the horrified station master to be in shirt sleeves, shaving. With a promptness which stamped him as a born diplomatist the station master ordered the train to be backed out until Pershing had completed his toilet. . . .

When Clemenceau sent a hint, for dissemination, to the French Ambassador at Washington that Pershing and Petain did not get on well, Pershing, hearing of it, wrote direct to Clemenceau, telling him bluntly that he had spread a wrong impression. This rebuke from a mere soldier to the chief of an allied State, especially when that chief was Clemenceau, deserves to go on record as one of the boldest acts of the war. Bearding the "Tiger" might well replace the familiar phrase about "bearding the lion in his den.". . .

Soon after Pershing's arrival in France, Joffre and his entourage made their appearance at Pershing's headquarters, to be welcomed as honored guests. If this treatment appeared to satisfy Joffre,

his staff soon showed that they had expected less honor and more consultation, to become part of the family, not merely guests, and began to ask when the collaboration was to be discussed. But Pershing had "no thought of engaging any nurse for himself, not even so eminent a one as Joffre." When this attempt at "infiltration" was seen to be a failure, the French began a series of more direct advances, reenforced by the fact that they had to supply so much of the material to equip the American troops and even their training camps and schools, which seemed to establish some claim to a voice in the control. . . .

With a conflict of aims between two such strong men and blunt speakers as Petain and Pershing, an explosion had to come before a settlement was possible. Despite polite rebuffs and obvious hints that they were unwanted, the French strove to keep a finger in the pie by creating numberless "missions," until Pershing, losing patience, gave an unmistakable warning of the futility of their efforts by a peremptory refusal of the offer to give him a tactical adviser. It was then that a new method of indirect attack was tried, instanced in Petain's criticisms to Colonel House of the American system of training and in Clemenceau's letter to Washington. All failed against Pershing's solid front; but if Pershing and Petain came gradually to respect each other's determination, bickering between the staffs was not extinct. . . .

The haze of discussion was swept away by the sudden blast of the German offensive on March 21, {1918}. Faced with the imminence of disaster, Pershing not merely accepted the supreme command of Foch, with the President's approval, but in the generous emotion of the moment offered him the use of the American troops in France to dispose as he willed, unlimited by any conditions—perhaps realizing that in pursuit of his ideal he had underrated the immediate reality and risked the issue of the war. . . .

His principle of a separate and independent American army was related to another, the two forming the twin pillars of his policy. This second principle, a tactical one, was that of training his men for a war of movement with the rifle as the dominant weapon. The historian may feel less certain that on this point Pershing was serving the interests of his country. Pershing, and most of his officers, bred on open fighting, were aghast at the way in which the other armies, especially the French, had become immersed in trench warfare. Bred also on the rifle, they ascribed this immersion not to its true cause, the battlefield mastery of the machine gun, but to the excessive use of grenades and other trench weapons, and were confirmed in this opinion by the efforts that they found were being made by the British command to develop the use of the rifle afresh. This appeared to them much more significant than the development of the tank, which might be regarded as merely another trench-warfare device.

Further, they connected the loss of offensive spirit, which they found so marked among the French, with the prevalence of trench warfare and of trench weapons. Both assumptions were true in part, but only the lesser part. For trench warfare and trench weapons had arisen because riflemen could no longer make headway against machine guns.

Inspired by the right idea, but based on false premises, Pershing established the cult of the rifle in the new American army. And believing that it was possible to break through the trench front, given troops full of the offensive spirit, he trained his men for open warfare and attack with all the fervor which the French had shown before 1914. He realized that it would mean heavy sacrifices, but he felt that he had an ample draft of man-power to stake with—so had the French in 1914. In his advocacy of what was sometimes termed the "Brusiloff system"—getting men killed in order to get the war over quickly,—he did not appreciate that Russia, France and Britain had all held the same faith; the first was now bank-

rupt, the second almost, and the third severely shaken. It was fortunate for Pershing that he had to face the Germans of 1918, not of 1914. If his policy was based on a balanced appreciation of this difference he could claim to be justified by the result, yet fate had an ironical last word, for he thereby thwarted the aim of his own policy of striking the decisive blow, in 1919, with an American army of his own creation taking the major share in the overthrow of the enemy.

His emphasis on the rifle and his belief that victory in modern war could be won by weight of infantry were to have a marked influence on his strategy in the day when at last he was able to turn from organization to command in battle. In the sphere of strategy he thought clearly and directly, if not deeply, and his choice of the ultimate American battleground was fixed in his mind soon after his arrival in France. The British were committed to operations in Flanders and northeastern France, an area which for all its handicaps—mud especially—was nearest to their home base and gave them the shortest line of communications through the Channel ports. The French offensive operations had all been conducted in the sector in front of Paris, and it was natural that they should concentrate to cover this vital center. But the easterly sector facing and flanking Metz was obviously the Germans' most sensitive point, because a thrust there had only a short distance to penetrate before it imperiled the whole German front in France—by cutting the eastern end of the great lateral railway from Metz to Maubeuge and closing the Germans' exit of retreat east of the wooded Ardennes region. Moreover, it promised the vital economic effect of releasing the Briey iron region and threatening the Saar basin, upon which the enemy largely depended for his munitions. The choice of this sector, too, was the natural one for the Americans, because it clashed least with their allies' lines of communication and was easiest of access from their base ports in southwestern France.

Pershing had long to wait before his project could mature. On May 28 the 1st Division came into action at Cantigny, to cut the first notch of its splendid tally; early in June the 2nd Division at Chateau-Thierry helped to cement the breach made by the enemy's great drive to the Marne; in July and August nine American divisions took part in the counterstroke which marked the tilting of the scales on the Western Front. At last Pershing was able to summon back most of his scattered divisions to engage in the first all-American operation—the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient. Characteristically he made more than ample provision of force for the task. He was right to do so, for a failure would have been a moral disaster, and would have been hailed by the critics as pricking the bubble of his presumption in insisting upon independent command. Prepared with great care and with a secrecy remarkable in a raw army, delivered with a great superiority of force, both in American infantry and in French guns, the converging blow achieved its geographical object of pinching out the salient. If it failed to cut off the retreat of the enemy in the salient, it was not the first Allied stroke which had failed, through delay in orders and blocks behind the front, to reap the material fruits of success.

The strategic exploitation was a bigger issue. Pershing, with forces far larger than he needed for the task and composed of tried divisions, had wished to make the capture of the St. Mihiel salient a stepping stone to an advance toward Metz and the German rear flank. He gained Foch's agreement and the Allied Commander-in-Chief framed a plan whereby the British were to attack the Hindenburg Line and advance northeast toward Maubeuge, the French to push northward from Champagne, while the Americans were striking northeastward through Metz. Haig strongly disagreed . . . and urged that it was essential that all attacks should converge on the main German armies so that each might react more closely on the others. He persuaded Foch to this view, and accord-

ingly the American sector of advance was changed to the Meuse-Argonne, where it would be nearest to the great lateral railway through Mezieres and Sedan. . . .

The Meuse-Argonne attack failed to break through, with odds of five to one in force. Thus the event proved . . . that Pershing was unduly optimistic of his troops' capacity to sweep rapidly through the German defenses. Yet, in justice to him, it must be emphasized that he had scant time to prepare the Meuse-Argonne attack and to shift his center of gravity to the new sector; he was thus forced to use only the higher staffs and not the troops tried out at St. Mihiel, and to employ mainly fresh divisions for his Meuse-Argonne blow. Despite their gallantry, these paid heavily for their inexperience, if also for the system and the staple weapon on which their training was based. Their severe check was also due to the Germans' repetition of the method of elastic defense—with the real resistance some miles in rear—for which the attackers were unprepared. Thus they ran into this cunningly woven belt of fire when their initial spurt was exhausted and their formation disordered.

Under such difficulties it was largely due to Pershing's driving force that the attack was sustained and continued to make headway, if slow, until October 14. . . . If the loss was exorbitant, it was strategically balanced by the fact of drawing in many of the Germans' last reserves. It was also largely due to his drastic, even ruthless, action in changing commanders who had lacked driving force that the way was paved for the triumphant resumption of the advance on November 1.

Reviewing the course of the war's last phase it would seem beyond doubt that Pershing was unfairly tried, that an exploitation of the St. Mihiel stroke by an advance toward Metz, with the "blooded" divisions and long-standing preparations which he used at St. Mihiel, would have made better progress than the Meuse-Argonne advance. Even so, however, it could hardly have made the rapid penetration which was essential to fulfill his strategic aim. Thus the ultimate verdict on his strategy, as on his training doctrine, must be that it was more idealistic than realistic. Like the French, in the early phase of the war, it foundered on the rock of machine guns. He thought that he was spreading a new gospel of faith when actually it was an old faith exploded.

It may even be said that he omitted but one factor from his calculations—German machine guns—and was right in all his calculations but one—their effect. It was the abrupt discovery by his troops of this omission which . . . led to some of the sweeping unjust post-war criticisms. This change of attitude was typified in a story which was widely told. In a column of American troops on the march a voice was heard saying, "Pershing says he'll take Metz if it costs a hundred thousand lives." Silence for a moment. Then another voice: "Ain't he a damned generous guy."

Yet even this remark has an undercurrent of chastened yet grudging admiration which is a tribute both to the driving force of Pershing and to the fortitude of his men. He lacked the personal magnetism which can make men lay down their lives gladly—he was far from a Robert E. Lee. But he had the character which compelled men not only to die but to work, cursing him, perhaps, but respecting him. . . . When he visited the battlefields after the war he stood silent awhile before the monument on the mound at Montdidier dedicated to the First American Division. At length, in a voice husky with emotion, he said, "That was the best damned division in *any* army."

As for his achievement, it is sufficient to say that there was probably no other man who would or could have built the structure of the American army on the scale he planned. And without that army the war could hardly have been saved and could not have been won.—From *Reputations: Ten Years After,* by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, English military critic, by permission of Little, Brown & Company

THE "BIG BERTHA" MYSTERY IS CLEARED

SINCE the World War a great deal has been written about the German long-range guns which fired on Paris in 1918, but the information has been fragmentary and lacking in authority. The accompanying article is based upon a German press dispatch which furnished information supplementing fugitive accounts of these super weapons of war.

THE popular expressions "Bertha" or "Big Bertha" were never used in Germany in connection with the "Ferngeschuetz." The name "Dicke Bertha" was used in Germany throughout the war in connection with the 420-millimeter mortar, which was so named because it was manufactured in the shops of Bertha Krupp of the famous Essen family of that name.

The caliber chosen for the guns which shelled Paris from a distance of over sixty miles was 21 centimeters {8¼ inches}. After erosion, which occurred rapidly, the tube was rebored and rifled to take a 24-centimeter {9½-inch} projectile.

The gun was built from a 38-centimeter naval gun fitted with a 21-centimeter rifled tube and prolonged by a smoothbore extension. The two tubes were assembled at the firing position.

Captain Kinzel of the German Navy, in his book *Auf See Unbesiegt,* consecrated to the glory of the German Fleet, has given many details on the long list of experimental projects which led to the production of the long-range guns.

"Shortly after the beginning of trench warfare there was a desire to increase the range of the large naval guns. The question was, would the high command approve the expenditure of money, materials and labor for the construction of a gun with a range of 100 kilometers {our trenches were then, in 1916, about 90 kilometers from Paris}. General Ludendorff, usually so cold in his communications, responded enthusiastically, and urged us by all means to make the undertaking."

The author dwells on the difficulties of the task undertaken by the Department of Naval Artillery in collaboration with Krupp. It was necessary to double the muzzle velocity, determine types of powder to use, the type of projectile—in fact, to extend all the principles of ballistics and at the same time guard the secret. "The work had been in progress for nine months," he continues, "when the following brief telegram was received from Ludendorff: 'Please base your studies on a range of 120 kilometers instead of 100.' The explanation was obvious: the decision to retire to the Siegfried position had been made. Difficulties multiplied."

The author concludes with a description of the first days of firing in position. Three guns were in battery in the neighborhood of Laon, camouflaged in the forest. At 7:15 A.M. on March 22, 1918, the first shot was fired. Several 21 centimeter guns set up in the same area fired at the same time, in order to confuse the enemy locator sections. The Germans waited with impatience to learn whether Paris had been reached. The following morning firing was continued, although no one knew, as yet, where the first shots had struck. "A telephone call was soon received from headquarters: 'The Parisian newspapers of this morning give accounts of the bombardment of the city by a powerful gun, the location of which is as yet unknown.' Our enthusiasm was short-lived, for during our celebration a shell struck within 250 meters of our headquarters in the middle of the Battery position, and presently a second."

Captain Kinzel wonders "How the French were able to discover the exact location of our guns only thirty hours after our first shot, despite the ruse of firing all of the guns simultaneously. How could they get powerful artillery into proper position 25 kilometers away and open fire with such exactitude?" He concludes that the only explanation was, that the inhabitants of the neighborhood must have made known to the enemy that work had begun on the emplacements nine months previously. — From the *Revue d'Artillerie* {Paris}.

A French View of The White House

WHAT is there so terrible about the White House, which at first glance looks like a pretty, sugar-coated Savoy cake in its frame of verdure? Apparently, because a President finds it too much like a jail. The tenant of our Elysee is only a prisoner of the Constitution, whose only duty is to drowse away seven long years in his palace home. But the tenant of the White House is a prisoner with one hundred and twenty million jailers, who do not let him close his eyes for an instant during his four-year term.

"My husband," Mrs. Roosevelt once said to me, "often has an unbroken procession of visitors filing in front of him from seven o'clock in the morning."

These American visitors are appalling. They do not talk and pose and gesticulate like our French callers. But they shake your hand and pump your arm. Imagine what it must be to have your arm shaken with loyal vigor four hundred times in one forenoon! On two occasions Harding was so crippled by this that he had to carry his arm in a sling.

Formal deputations are equally bad. They are headed by a member of Congress, who as a matter of course must make a speech. Like all parliamentarians with any self-respect, he has a favor to ask. Since the President of the United States combines the functions of Chief Magistrate and Prime Minister, you can imagine the number of these requests.

I recall being present in 1908 when a deputation arrived from somewhere away in the interior of Georgia to urge the President not to remove the postmistress of some little town—I believe it was called Cement.

"A crying injustice is being done her!" exclaimed the head of the deputation.

Roosevelt excelled in such a situation. He could be charming, brutal, and expeditions all at once. "A crying injustice to a lady! Intolerable!" he cried. "We can't permit any injustice to a lady! But I must be honest with you. I never saw the place from which you come. You go and see Mr. Meyer. He's at the head of the Postal Service. Perhaps he knows this lady—he surely must know your city. Good-bye!"

But Roosevelt could "get away with" a manner that no other President would venture to adopt.

In the next place, the Chief Executive of the United States is the "big boss." He must have his eye on everything. The cabinet ministers are merely his secretaries, who are responsible only to him. In theory they must submit everything to him, either verbally or in writing, before they act. Mr. Wilson, who hated palavers, generally insisted upon having written reports and memoranda. He read them, made notes upon them, and sent them back with his typewritten comments or approval. Mr. Lansing, who was his Secretary of State, once said that whole weeks would sometimes pass without his being able to get an interview with the President or to communicate with him except by letter. Harding, on the other hand, had a horror of papers, and transacted all his business orally. Mr. Coolidge is said to employ both methods. But his interviews with his officials are extremely brief and to the point, and his annotations on a report are conciseness itself.

Roosevelt, who had the reputation of being a great talker, could be, when he wished, laconicism personified. Once when Mr. Taft was Governor-General of the Philippines, two months passed without his communicating with the President or giving him any other sign of life. At length Roosevelt sent him this short cablegram: "How are you?"

Twelve hours later he received this answer: "First-rate. Rode twelve miles horseback yesterday."

Now Mr. Taft is a very corpulent man. The next day he received this cablegram: "How's the horse?" . . .

Added to these burdens are hundreds of requests daily for autographs, photographs, signatures in albums, which the President can hardly refuse, to say nothing of his regular correspondence. Mr. Wilson was very strict in this matter. Every letter he received was answered. Not infrequently he wrote

the reply with his own hands on his typewriter.

Last of all come the newspaper men. Twice a week, at four o'clock Tuesday and Friday afternoons, the President receives in his office the correspondents of all the more important papers. Each has a right to submit a written question. The President collects these papers, reads them one after another, and, standing in front of his questioners, answers or does not answer, as circumstances determine. It is understood that his replies are never ascribed to him personally, but to "the spokesman of the White House." That may seem like a puerile evasion, but the proprieties must be preserved; they are as indispensable in America as elsewhere.

Rarely does the President end his first year in the White House with unimpaired health. Receiving delegations, shaking hands, signing autographs, answering requests, and posing in front of cameras, becomes a veritable nightmare. But though it is "a dog's life," there are always plenty of aspirants for the office. Men die of the Presidency, and men die of disappointment because they cannot be Presidents.—Stephane Lauzanne, in *Le Matin* {Paris}

TODAY there are more than a hundred heirs apparent in the various German States. All they do is complain of their fate instead of becoming eminent in some profession and showing their mettle. That is why this monarchy business is steadily losing customers; that is why all over Germany there are empty thrones, gathering dust like empty boxes in a theater.—Emil Ludwig, in his first American lecture

HAIL, GODDESS, HE WHO IS ABOUT TO DIE SALUTES THEE!

Beauty and Death are both unfathomable things,
So rich in brilliant azure and so rich in shadow,
You might take them for two sisters equally terrible and equally fruitful,
Holding within them the same riddle, the same secret.

O women, voices sweet, fair looks, dark hair and tresses blond,
Live on, I die! Brilliance, Love, alluring gifts be yours,
Ye pearls whom the great sea mingles with its billows,
Ye radiant birds of the somber forest!

Judith, our two destinies are more nigh to one another
Than one would think, beholding your face and mine.
All the deeps of Heaven are in your eyes,
And I pass onward into the starry gulf of my soul.
We are both of us Heaven's neighbors, lady,
Seeing that you are fair and I am old.

—By Victor Hugo, whom Judith Gautier, daughter of Theophile Gautier, inspired to write this one and only sonnet he ever composed. Its first publication is in *Prefaces, Introductions and Other Uncollected Papers* by Anatole France, translated by J. Lewis May

LETTERS OF BAUDELAIRE

IF there was any "best side" to Charles Baudelaire the man, as distinguished from the poet, it is to be found in his letters, which have been translated into English by Arthur Symons. Most of them were written to his mother.

In disclosing his relations to her, the letters curiously fail to reveal the friend of Gautier, Banville, Louis Menard, Champfleury and Rops; they do not picture the dandy of Bohemia, the habitue of the Cafe Momus, the French translator of Poe and author of The Flowers of Evil *and* Little Poems in Prose, *who read his works at exclusive dinners and attended fashionable Sunday receptions in the Paris he "loved and loathed." They are mostly letters begging his mother for money.*

Baudelaire always wrote as a man who had been abused, abandoned, cruelly cheated of his rights and subjected to the tyranny of a trustee. The facts are completely to the contrary. Probably no one could have saved this poet, who "brought a new shudder to the language," from himself.

August, 1851.

I AM very anxious and very sad. It must be confessed, man is . . . . a most feeble creature, since habit plays so great a part in virtue. *I have had the most incredible difficulty in recommencing work.* And I ought really to cut out the RE, for I think I have never begun. How strange it is! I had, in my hands, a few days ago, some of the papers of the youthful Balzac. No one could imagine how awkward, silly and stupid this man of genius was in his youth. And yet he succeeded in having, in *procuring for himself*, so to say, not only immensity of conception, but an immensity of spirit. But he always worked! It is undoubtedly consoling to think that by work not only money is to be acquired, but incontestable talent also. Yet by thirty Balzac had already for many years acquired the habit of continual work and up to now I have nothing in common with him but debts and projects.

I am really most unhappy. You will read with pleasure, or rather with a mother's eye, the important work I shall send you *next month;* but after all it is a miserable affair. You will doubtless find some astonishing pages in it, but the rest is a mass of contradictions and asides; as for erudition, there is only its appearance. And after? What shall I have to show? A volume of poems? I know that a few years ago it would have made a man's reputation. It would have aroused an uproar of all the Devils. But now, conditions, circumstances, all are changed, and if my book does fire at *long range,* what then? The drama, the novel, history even, maybe. But you do not know what such things as days of doubt are. It seems to me sometimes that I reason too much, and that I have read too much to be able to create anything honest or simple. I am too learned and not hard-working enough. After all, perhaps in a week, I shall be full of confidence and imagination again. I think, as I write this, that for nothing in the world would I confess all this to a friend.

But there is no going back. I must, during 1852, rise out of my incapacity, *and before the end of the year have paid off some of my debts and published my poems.* I shall finish by learning this phrase by heart.

In regard to Balzac, I was at the first performance of *Mercadet le faiseur.* The men who so tormented him when he was alive insult him after his death. If you read the French papers, you would have supposed that the play was something abominable.

* * *

March, 1852.

. . . .I have discovered an American writer who evoked an unbelievable sympathy in me, and I have written two articles on his life and work. I wrote them with passion: but you will detect some lines which betray a very extraordinary over-excitement. That is a result of the tragic and mad life I lead; also I wrote them at night; sometimes working from *ten o'clock to ten o'clock.* I have to work

at night in order to have quiet, and to avoid the insupportable fussing of the woman I live with. Sometimes I leave home, so as to be able to write, and go to the library or a reading-room or wine-shop or cafe, as to-day. The result of all this is a state of perpetual anger. Certainly that is not the way to produce important works. I had forgotten a good deal of my English, which makes the translation still more difficult. But *now I know it very well.* Anyhow, I think I have brought it *safely into port.*

* * *

April, 1855.

. . . .In a month I have had to move six times, in misery, eaten by fleas, my most important letters refused, tossed from hotel to hotel. I came to a definite decision, and lived and worked at the printers, since I could not work at home. How I could go on with my book, how it is I am not ill, I cannot tell. But I cannot go on much longer, all the more as I must work more actively. It is impossible to imagine a worse series of misadventures. The publisher and I are both in a hurry. The job for *Le Pays* finishes in three days, and then I must begin elsewhere; and I have no home, for I cannot call an unfurnished hole where my books lie *on the floor* a home. On the other hand, even before I am definitely installed, I must have *comparative* ease and quiet; for my head cannot contain at one and the same time ignoble and vulgar complications and the constant preoccupation with a book that I want to be good. I asked *him* therefore for 350 francs {the fact is that, following his usual *petty* habit, he gave me 100 this morning, but that is no good at all}. He might, if he wishes {but I doubt if he will} make use of one of those powers, have it registered and witnessed. It is really a bond. I should like him to choose *the most distant*, a bill on Dutacq, because I counted on using the *Revue de Paris* for my month's expenses.

As if that were not stupid enough, I must—surrounded by all these unbearable shocks that use me up—write poems; that most fatiguing of all occupations.

> I AM not sure that anger . . . . begets talent; but supposing it did, I ought to have an enormous amount of it, for I rarely work except between a quarrel and the bailiffs, the bailiffs and a quarrel. I notice, in reference to all these monsters who drive quills, Democrats, and particularly Napoleonists, that none of them dares grapple frankly with the question of poverty and suicide.
>
> —Charles Baudelaire

* * *

July, 1857.

. . . . As to the *Poesies* {which appeared about a fortnight ago}, I had at first, as you know, meant not to show them you. But on second thoughts, it seemed to me that since you might after all hear the volume spoken of, at least in the notices I send you, shame on my part would be almost as foolish as prudery on yours. The publisher sent me sixteen copies on ordinary paper and four on rag. I have kept you one of these last, and if it has not yet reached you, it is because I wanted to send it you bound. You know that I have never considered Literature and the Arts but as pursuing an end careless of morality; and that I think beauty of conception and style sufficient.

But this book, whose title, *Fleurs du Mal* {*Flowers of Evil*}, explains everything, is clothed, you will see, in cold and sinister beauty, and was created with rage and patience. Besides, the proof of its positive value lies in all the evil that has been said of it. The book infuriates people. Also, afraid myself of the horror I was about to inspire, I cut out a third in proof. People refuse me everything: power of invention and even a knowledge of French. I despise all those imbeciles, for I know that this volume, with

its defects and its qualities, will make its way in the minds of the literary public beside the best work of Victor Hugo, of Theophile Gautier, and even of Byron. One counsel only I give you, since you live with the Emon family, do not let the volume fall into the hands of Mademoiselle Emon. As to the Cure, whom doubtless you receive, you may if you like show him the volume. He will think I am damned, and will not dare tell you. There was a rumor that I am going to be prosecuted; but nothing will happen. A Government which has to manage the fearful elections of Paris has no time to prosecute a madman.

* * *

December, 1857.

. . . .Is it my sick body that weakens my will and mind, or is it a spiritual cowardice wears out my body? I do not know. But what I do feel is an immense discouragement, a sensation of unbearable isolation, a perpetual fear of some remote disaster, an utter disbelief in my capacity, a total absence of desire, an impossibility of finding any kind of interest. The strange success of my book and the hatred it roused interested me for a little, but afterwards I fell back again. You see, dear mother, that I am in a fairly grave condition for a man whose profession is to produce and clothe creatures of the imagination. I ask myself unceasingly: what is the good of this? What is the good of that? There you have the veritable soul of spleen. No doubt, in remembering that I have already gone through similar states and got over them, my situation need not too much alarm me, but I also never remember having been so low or remained so long in this state of depression. Add to that the despair caused by old debts . . . a wretched existence. . . .

THE *Fleurs du Mal* are printed. The cover is being made and the portrait. There are thirty-five new poems, and every old poem has been completely remodeled.

For the first time in my life, I am almost happy. The book is *almost good,* and will remain as a testimony of my disgust and hatred of everything.

—Charles Baudelaire

May, 1861.

. . . .Every time I take up the pen to tell you how I am placed, I am afraid. I am afraid of killing you, destroying your feeble body. And I, ceaselessly, and unsuspected by you, I am on the verge of suicide! I believe you love me passionately, blindly; your nature is so large! And I loved you passionately in childhood; later, as a result of your injustice, I was lacking in respect, as if maternal injustice could authorize a lack of filial respect. Often I have repented, though, as is my wont, I said nothing to you. I am no longer that violent or ungrateful child. Long meditation on my fate and on your character has led me to understand all my faults and all your generosity. But now, the evil is done, partly by your imprudence and partly by my fault.

We are evidently destined to love each other, to live for each other, to end our lives as honestly and peacefully as possible. And yet, in the terrible situation in which I am placed, I am convinced that one of us will kill the other, and that finally we shall kill each other. After my death, you will cease to live; that is clear. I am the one object for which you live. After your death, above all if you die of some shock I have caused you, I should undoubtedly kill myself. . . . For me to kill myself would be absurd, would it not? "You want to leave your old mother all alone?" you say. Truly, even if I have not strictly the right to do so, yet I think the amount of sorrow endured by me for *nearly thirty years* would justify it. "And God?" you will say. I desire, with all my heart {and with what sincerity no one but myself can know}, to believe that an exterior and invisible Being is in charge of my

fate; but how am I to believe it? .... My situation is atrocious. There are people who salute me, there are people who make up to me. There may be some who envy me. My literary situation is more than good, I can do what I will and everything will be printed. As I have a non-popular sort of mind, I shall not gain much, but I shall leave a great reputation behind me, I know, if only I have the courage to live. But my spiritual health is detestable, perhaps lost.

* * *

December, 1861. ....If you ask me how I can be so barbarous as to leave you such a time without news or consolation, I, who am everything to you, and whose only means of thanking or amusing you is by writing of himself, I must reply first that I have been ill several times, and then {and this is the main and most regrettable reason} that when I am so unfortunate as to neglect a duty, next day that duty is still more difficult to fulfill; so from day to day it becomes more and more difficult, until at last the obligation seems quite impossible to meet. That is due to the state of anguish and nervous terror in which I live perpetually, and what I have just said applies to every possible duty, even to the tender and natural duty of writing to my mother.

I never get out of a difficult situation unless I am blown out; but what I suffer in living you see is almost inexpressible. And even in November two catastrophes fell upon me, one after the other. And now, as if I had not a sufficient accumulation of difficulties, I find I have added a new one, that of my candidacy {for membership in the French Academy}. Ah! had I but known; the agony! the fatigue! You cannot possibly imagine the trials, the letters, the steps, this strange fantasy exacts. I have seen only a few Academicians, but already my nerves are completely upset. One thing, however, is lucky in all this fatiguing business, and that is that I am keen about it. And then it is impossible to live without a mania of some kind, some *hobby*. But always I see suicide before me as the only, and above all the easiest, solution to all the horrible complications in which I have been condemned to live for so long. The greater part of the time I tell myself: if I live, I shall always live in the same manner, damned, and when my natural end comes, I shall be old, worn out, out of fashion, riddled with debts, and for ever dishonored by my infamous tutelage. But were I to finish up once and for all, having found energy enough to leave an exact account of my affairs, the ruins of my fortune would all have to go in payment of my debts. In any case, life itself, even without debts, seems to me utterly devoid of pleasure.

> THERE is talent among .... the younger men, but how much folly, and what exaggeration and youthful fatuity. For some years I have surprised, here and there, imitations and tendencies which alarmed me. I know nothing more compromising than imitators, and I love nothing so well as being alone. But that is not possible, and it seems that there is now a school of Baudelaire. —Charles Baudelaire

Again, I say to myself: But after all, *there is my mother*, and I must think of her, and I must repay her by giving her some joy. This perpetual combat in my spirit wears me out, my melancholy destroys my faculties, and then add to that my conviction that justice is not done me and that I see everything succeeding perfectly where fools are concerned. ....

....When I see you, I shall make you laugh perhaps with the story of some of my visits. But if I wrote it all, it would make a whole volume. Lamartine wanted to turn me from my project, by saying that at my age one ought not to expose oneself to a rebuff {it seems I look young}. De Vigny, whom I did not know, closed

his door to everyone else, and kept me three hours. He is the only one who up to the present has taken an interest in the matter, and the proof is that he sent round yesterday to ask me to call on him again in the course of ten days, after I had seen other members, so that I might give him an account of my impressions. Like Lamartine, at first he tried to dissuade me, but when I told him that on Saint-Beuve's advice, I had begun by officially declaring my candidature to the secretary, he said that, since the evil was done, I must absolutely go on with it.

Merimee, who is a friend, avoided seeing me {it is obvious he has a candidate of his own whom he is pushing. Friendly as he is with the chateau, he has evidently an Imperialist candidate in view}. My visit to M. Viennet was funny enough to make a book. M. Villemain is a fool and a pedant, a solemn ape, whose manner of receiving me I shall make him pay dear for if I live long enough. M. Patin, against whom I had been warned, was charming. From the outset, already completely discouraged, full of disgust and rage, I had an idea I thought brilliant. Seeing the time I was losing, I decided my visits must be paid for like a doctor's but not by *my patients*, by the public instead; that is to say, I thought of writing them up day by day and so making a *humorous book* to be published either during the discussion relative to my election or after it. You can guess the effect, the Academy barred to me for ever, and then the accusation of treachery. I should have been accused of going to see people with the preconceived idea of making them pose in a comic attitude. Alfred de Vigny, to whom I had the effrontery to communicate my fine plan, told me I was not the inventor of the idea, for Victor Hugo had once had the same temptation, but that, his election finally succeeding, he had not published the book.

Altogether, I must say my candidature has appeared much less startling than I feared. Many people even found it quite natural, and have praised my courage.

There are two vacant chairs, Scribe's and Lacordaire's. The candidates are innumerable, it is said there are seventeen. . . .

. . . .I shall write to you later in regard to the phases of my ridiculous attempt {always the Academy}; I must, according to de Vigny, dig out two or three other Academicians who would vigorously champion me. De Vigny, whom I have never seen, was marvellous. Certainly birth gives virtue, and I believe great talent implies great kindness. As for me, I am too unhappy to march in the direction of kindness, and if I live, Ithink I shall finish by writing some atrocious book which will cause me to be driven out of this frightful country.

* * *

March, 1862.

. . . .The *Poemes en Prose* will go in *La Presse*, 1,000 francs! but alas, *it is not finished.* The *Dandies litteraires* will also appear in *La Presse* and, perhaps, *les Peintres philosophes.* I must stay in Paris to finish all that. And then, to conclude, I believe Hetzel will buy from me the book rights of the *Poemes en Prose.*

The money from all these things is allocated in advance.

I have still two other resources, but less certain than my work. How many years of fatigue and punishment are needed to learn the most simple truths; for instance, that work which is so disagreeable is the only way of not suffering, or suffering the least, from life! . . . .

Not long ago I read at Flaubert's several chapters of his new novel, it is admirable. I had a feeling of fortifying envy.

Hugo is going to publish his *Miserables,* a novel in ten volumes; another reason why my poor volumes *Eureka, Poemes en Prose* and *Reflexions sur mes Contemporains* will be ignored.

To have passed the age of forty and to want to pay my debts and make a fortune out of writing in a country which wants only variety shows and dancing! What a ghastly fate!

* * *

August, 1862.

. . . .Well, anyhow, I think that at the end of the month I shall be able to fly from the horror of the human face. You could not believe to what a degree the race of Paris is degraded. It is no longer that

charming and kindly world I knew in the past, the painters know nothing, the men of letters know nothing, not even spelling. All have become abject, inferior I think even to society folk. *I am an old man*, a mummy, and they hate me because I am less ignorant than other men. What decadence! Except d'Aurevilly, Flaubert, Saint-Beuve, I can get on with no one. Theophile Gautier alone understands me when I talk painting. I have, I repeat, *a horror of life*, I must fly the human face, and above all the faces of the French. . . .

You will doubtless have received *les Miserables* which I did not send you {waiting till after Easter} supposing {wrongly perhaps} that you would not wish to read novels till after Easter; and two articles, one mine, one by d'Aurevilly. The book is beneath contempt and stupid. I demonstrated, in regard to it, a great ability to lie. He wrote an absolutely ridiculous letter by way of thanks. That proves that a great man can be a fool.

* * *

November, 1863.

My dear mother, I have been wanting for a long time to keep two or three hours in which to write to you at length and as I should. But the days are so short, I suffer so much after lunch, and after dinner feel such boredom in my unlit room, and I suffer so much from the lack of *friendship* and *comfort*, and am so crushed by solitude and idleness, that I always put off till next day the accomplishment of my tasks, even those I have most at heart. . . .

The main and only object of my life now is to make my work, the hardest and most tedious task in the world, agreeable by force of habit. I look on myself as a great criminal, having abused my life, my faculties, my health, having lost twenty years in dreams, so I am inferior to all the brutes who work every day.

No, there is nothing to reproach me with, relative to the 2,000 francs from Michel Levy. I shall not even have twenty francs. Levy has promised to distribute the money among various of my creditors, when he has had the last page of his fifth volume. I am just finishing.

The fourth has appeared, I believe, but I have no time to go out and see about the distribution of copies.

I shall send you a copy, simply to prove that this terrible book is finished; for I doubt if you could read two pages of it without falling asleep. I doubt even whether there are in the whole of France ten people capable of appreciating it.

* * *

June, 1864.

. . . .Here is the account of the famous party. There were fifteen people invited by me, five of whom came, the best, though not influential, and of the others two only, the Comptroller and the Editor of *l'Independence Belge*, sent letters of excuse. Also of fifteen people invited by the master of the house, only five came. Picture to yourself *three enormous rooms*, lighted with lustres and candelabra, hung with the most superb pictures, an absurd profusion of wines and cakes; and all for ten or twelve *rather miserable* people.

A journalist, leaning towards me, said, "*There is in your work something* CHRISTIAN which has not been sufficiently noticed." At the other end of the room, on the sofa where the brokers were sitting, I hear a murmur, and they are saying, "He says we are cretins!"

That is a specimen of Belgian intelligence and manners.

Seeing I was boring everyone I stopped my lecture, and began to eat and drink; my five friends were ashamed and full of consternation. I was the only one laughing.

* * *

March, 1865.

. . . I am convinced that a man of intelligence can never be understood by a newspaper editor. . . . I am going on with *Poemes en Prose.* In any case, I must, since I contracted for them two years ago, and also that *les Fleurs du Mal* would not appear until after the *Poemes en Prose.* But I write so slowly, so very slowly. The atmosphere of this country is deadening, and then as you could guess, in reading the 40 or 50 which have appeared, the making of these trifles is the result of deep concentration of the mind. All the same, I hope I shall

succeed in producing an unusual book, more unusual, more as I want it at least, than the *Fleurs du Mal,* in which the fearful will be allied to the clownish, and even tenderness to hate.

* * *

May, 1865.

. . . I send you two other articles as stupid as the one I have already sent you. Many others have doubtless appeared; but I have not seen them, particularly one which was immensely long in the *Revue germanique.* When I was younger, articles concerning me excited me very much. Today I am quite indifferent to them. . . . I *was forced* to dine at Mad. Hugo's {wife of Victor Hugo} yesterday, with her sons {and had to borrow a shirt}. God! How ridiculous a once beautiful woman is when she knows she regrets she is no longer adulated! And those little gentlemen whom I knew when they were little, and who want to run the world! As stupid as their mother, and all three, mother and sons, as stupid, as heavy, as their father! They plagued and worried me a good deal, and I let them, like a cheerful fellow. If I were famous, and were afflicted with a son who aped my faults, I should kill him for horror of myself. But as you do not know how ridiculous all that set is, you cannot understand either my laughter or my rage.

* * *

November, 1865.

. . . Victor Hugo, who stayed for some time in Brussels, and who wants me to go and spend some time on his island {Guernsey}, bored me and tired me very much. I would accept neither his fame nor his fortune, if with them I had to have his frightful absurdities. Madame Hugo is half an idiot, and her two sons are great fools. If you would like to read his last book {*Chansons des rues et des bois*}, *I will send it to you at once.* As usual, enormous success *as to sales,* but a disappointment to all intelligent people who had read it. He had meant this time to be light and joyous, in love and rejuvenated. It is horribly heavy. I only see in such things, as in so many others, another occasion for thanking God for not making me equally stupid. I repeat ceaselessly, the Pharisee's prayer.

* * *

December, 1865.

. . . I still hold that Paris has never been just to me, that I have never been paid in esteem, any more than in money, WHAT IS MY DUE. And the best proof that there is a kind of curse hanging over me, is that my mother herself, on many occasions, has turned against me. In three months and a half I shall be 45. It is too late for me to be able to make even a small fortune, above all with my disagreeable, unpopular talent. Perhaps it is even too late for me to be able to pay my debts, and safeguard enough to support a free and honorable old age. But if ever I can recapture the sap and energy I have sometimes been capable of, I will vent my anger in terrifying books. I would like to raise the entire human race against me. That seems to me a pleasure which would console me for everything.—From *The Letters of Baudelaire,* translated by Arthur Symons, by permission of Albert and Charles Boni

WE need purer religion and finer humanism along with the loftiest constructions that science can make of the physical world to bring harmony into man's mind. There is a universe of religious and moral values as compelling as that of the heavens into which the astronomer guides us. The spell cast upon mankind by Isaiah, Jesus, Paul, Augustine, Pascal—to mention only our own faith—is proof of that. Therefore the teacher of religion must allow these values to make their appeal to the nature of those whom he is endeavoring to educate. He must not attempt to float their spiritual life upon the troubled seas of modern thought by philosophies, dogmas, or worn-out scientific theories which have lost their buoyancy. Otherwise religion itself may hardly come safe to shore.—Sir Robert A. Falconer, president of the University of Toronto, in *Religious Education*

Perrault Despised His Only Masterpiece

IT was in 1697 that Charles Perrault published Les contes de ma mere l'oye *{The Tales of Mother Goose}. They include eighteen charming fairy tales, such as the immortal* Cinderella, Bluebeard, Little Red Riding-hood, Puss in Boots, *etc. That these famous nursery stories originated in France may be news to some English readers.*

THE celebration of the third centenary of Charles Perrault, who was born in Paris, January 12, 1628, and died May 16, 1703, was limited to a few newspaper articles. He is not a man of the first rank for whom solemn ceremonies are prescriptive. But he is an unusual personality with a definite place in literary history.

Perrault had the best fortune imaginable for a writer who writes only because he has a mania for making himself talked about, and not because of any true vocation. Almost all his works—and all of those through which he hoped to attain glory—have, of course, definitely fallen into oblivion. His name was preserved and brought down to posterity by a single book, which he considered worthless, which he composed by chance and which he deemed unworthy of his rank—or, at least, of the rank which he regarded as his.

This book is his famous collection of fairy-tales, his *Contes*, which include *Peau d'Ane, La Belle au bois dormant, Le Petit Chaperon Rouge, Les Fees, Le Chat Botte, Le Petit Poucet, Cendrillon, Barbebleue* and *Riquet a la houppe*. The success of this little book has unquestionably been enormous, it may well be considered immortal.

But Perrault is not its author. I am not even referring to the collaboration attributed to his young son, P. Darmancour, whom he permitted to sign the dedication to Mademoiselle, the niece of Louis XIV. The father, it is said, merely read over and corrected what the young man had written down. This is possible, and the reverse also.

But even if he did the actual writing of the book himself, Charles Perrault only set down on paper the old nursery tale which oral tradition had preserved for centuries, and whose true author is the symbolic spinster *Ma Mere l'Oye* {Mother Goose}, the personification of the popular imagination. Perrault gave these stories a nice turn, writing them in an excellent style {that of his period}; but he did not exactly invent anything or add anything to the common fund. He luckily happened upon a rich vein, without believing in it, and remaining firmly convinced that his renown rested upon his *Saint Paulin* and other seriou poems which no one has read for years.

He is also remembered because of the part he played in the dispute of the ancients and moderns. Not a very glorious part! All of Charles Perrault's utterances in this connection were nonsense. Ignorant and conceited, he disparaged Homer, and declared Plato boring.—Paul Souday, in a Paris letter to the New York *Times Book Review*

I HOLD, and shall always hold, that friendship, even when it errs on the side of generosity or of love, is the best thing that man has enriched the earth withal. Yes, I cherish friendship, even though she fails to hold the scales of justice even.

And what do we mean by justice? How can we be just? In the name of whom or what? Cruel and vain is the effort to make the law of love subordinate to the law of justice. Brutus was just when he condemned his sons. . . .

For my own part, I would far rather kiss the hand of a being steeped in injustice, if only the thought of his children could draw from him tears of love and joy. Let us be unjust, if unjust we must be, but let us love one another; the world is founded not on justice, which takes life, but on love, which multiplies it.—Anatole France, in *Prefaces, Introductions and Other Uncollected Papers*

FERNAND FOREST

BETWEEN two murder stories appeared a paragraph in the Paris press the other day stating that a bust of Fernand Forest had just been unveiled—a tribute to the French inventive genius to whom we owe the automobile, the airplane and the submarine. In other words, the internal combustion engine originated with this long obscure mechanic upon whom the French Government bestowed the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in 1911, a short time before his death. As his biographer states: "His bust should be standing at the entrance of every big factory that his genius produced, and his story memorized by every student and beneficiary of the science of engineering."

IT was Fernand Forest's glory that he remained an artisan all his life. Born at Clermont-Ferrand at the beginning of the Second Empire, he left the primary school, where he had learned a few elements of geometry, at the age of fourteen. Beginning as a cutler's apprentice, he was soon attracted toward mechanical matters, and departed from Clermont-Ferrand to become a mechanic. Going to Paris in 1871, at the age of twenty, he first worked in the Cail factories, and then in the Thomasset establishment, where his skill in repairing machinery that nobody else could fix caused him to be made a foreman at twenty-two. But this specialized factory labor where each worker performs the same task every day did not suit his ever-alert spirit.

In 1873 he left Paris on a bicycle with wooden wheels and iron tires that he had made himself, and set forth on a tour of France. What joyous and fruitful years these were. Going from Orleans to Tours, from Saumur to Havre, from Caen to Montlucon, he saw every aspect of life, from the modest country tool shop to the big factory. He repaired all kinds of machinery, from threshing machines to sewing machines, from little ovens to blast furnaces.

But to repair a machine one must understand it—and one must also make a living. In this way a mass of observations accumulated in the young workman's head, and he acquired an almost universal experience. It is this fact that explains the extraordinary simplicity that later characterized his technique and genius. In 1874 the provinces had nothing more to teach him, and he returned to Paris. The first velocipedes were just appearing, and Forest invented one with pedals. He and the Renard brothers conceived the suspended wire wheel that later became so successful, and with these two brothers he established the first cycle factory in Paris.

Originally attracted by the various possibilities of electricity, whose prodigious future he divined, he presently turned his

I OFTEN went to the little garage in Asnieres where Forest was working with his two sons. While the young men were repairing automobile or airplane motors, the father, who was then sixty-two, was working on a valveless engine.

Nothing was more interesting than to hear him tell his experiences. Moreover, he never had a word of bitterness or rancor for the public powers that had ignored him or for the industrialists who had enriched themselves from his discoveries. One day we were walking together along the Champs-Elysees, and a magnificent Panhard machine nearly ran into him.

"It would have been funny," he said, "if that machine had run over me, for I was the one who brought it into the world."

When I expressed my astonishment that the father of the automobile industry did not possess a car of his own, and when I announced my indignation that not one of the manufacturers whom he had enriched had thought of offering him one, he looked at me in astonishment—he had never thought of it.

"Bah!" he said to console me. "The interesting thing is not the car, but the motor."

—Francois Delaisi

attention toward the explosive engine.

Forest did not invent this engine, and his modesty suffered when a number of well-intentioned publicists attributed this glory to him. Lenoir, in 1860, was the first man who made illuminating gas explode by means of a spark. In 1862 Beau de Rochas conceived of the marvelous device by which carbureted air was first inhaled, then compressed, and not exploded until after its compression, which gave it great additional force.

The advantages of these devices was that they could be set in motion instantly, without waiting for the steam in a boiler to develop pressure, and they were therefore extremely useful in industries that only needed motive force at intervals. But they were very heavy,—Lenoir's motor weighed five hundred kilogrammes per horsepower,—and they were cumbrous and expensive to run. Furthermore, they could not be detached from the gas tank that fed them. This umbilical cord would have to be cut in order to give the motor independence, and this was the problem Forest attacked.

Otto's apparatus that realized Beau de Rochas's four-cycle engine which exploded compressed gas was a revelation to him. He understood what marvelous power these little cylinders might generate, and he resolved to create an equally strong rival possessing greater suppleness and lightness than the steam engine which was then in vogue. From that time forth this was the goal of his efforts, this was his life work. "It was, furthermore, a propitious moment," wrote Forest himself. "There was no treatise on the subject, no established theory. Everything was fancy and caprice. Were not all forms and all movements permitted to us? We said to ourselves: 'Lenoir adapted the classic form of the steam engine. Our work is to develop such bizarre, novel devices as more intense heating and cheaper fueling. Our task is the new kinetics.'"

Forest conceived of and constructed the first practical carburetor. The gasoline entered it by means of a gauge that the gasoline itself maintained at a constant level. Then when the air penetrated it, it was charged with carbon vapor, and when it was later compressed in the cylinder a small spark caused an explosion that drove the piston and set the machine in motion.

But the air had to be heated in order to be saturated with the gasoline vapor. Never mind, the explosion released such an enormous quantity of heat that it threatened to split the cylinder. Forest therefore decided to have water circulate between the cylinder and the carburetor, taking heat from the motor, which was already too hot, to the carburetor, which needed it. Thus the invention manufactured its own gas, it was independent, and it could embark on the conquest of space. . . .

For a long time Forest devoted himself to fruitless experiments. For he had never studied physics; he did not know the laws of chemical reaction; nor did he understand what governed the dilations and compressions of gases. He finally tried to understand what was going on inside the cylinder by making experiments in a thick glass tube, and nearly killed himself, without seeing anything. At this time he left his little workshop on the Quai de la Rapee and attended evening courses at the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, where he patiently investigated books on physics and chemistry. . . .

Being independent of a gas house, our inventor purchased the hull of an old steel ship. In it he placed his carburetor and motor, and in 1885 the first gasoline boat after Lenoir's was launched on the Seine. Thus the first automobile apparatus was not a wagon, as people ordinarily believe, but a ship. The motors were still heavy, they got hot quickly, and the river provided the water to keep them cool. That is why Forest first turned his energies toward navigation.

In the meantime, M. Gallice, a rich engineer, who was interested in inventions, associated himself with Forest, and soon had a modest workshop built on the Quai de la Rapee, where an entirely new industry was established. . . . Forest first constructed for a Swiss sportsman an automobile ship, thirty feet long, with a six-horsepower, two-cylinder

magneto engine and an improved carburetor, which was launched on the Lake of Geneva in 1887. The next year he built the little automobile yacht Ellen for his associate, Georges Gallice. . . .

Having launched his boats, Forest naturally thought of making automotive wagons. Having built that marvelous four-cylinder engine, with its carburetor, its water-cooling system, and magneto ignition, he had only to put it on a wagon chassis to create the first four-cylinder automobile. This he did in 1890, for the Henry brothers at Montrouge. The industrialists, however, ignored the discovery, and not one of them at the Exposition of 1889 deigned to look at this machine, which was quietly presented, bearing an unknown name. Not until 1898 did our industrialists take up the four-cylinder motor which has become so universally popular to-day. Forest, its inventor, had put it in an automobile nearly ten years before this time.

It is true—for we must tell the whole story—that Forest only made one car His genius moved on to other discoveries.

At this time everyone who was preoccupied with national defense was studying the question of submarines, and in 1896 the Government held a competition for submersible vessels. Forest presented a scheme. He understood that the steamboat, with its weight, its size, its slow progress, and its smoke, could not be adapted to this kind of navigation, and that electricity could not propel a ship for any great distance. For this reason, the gasoline motor seemed to be the only answer.

He conceived of putting two explosive engines and a dynamo on a horizontal shaft, arranged in such a way that the boat could be moved by the three motors at once, by both gasoline engines, or by just one engine, the other being used to create electricity in the dynamo. And finally the boat could be propelled by the dynamo alone. In this way all the conditions for swift motion on the surface and under water were realized. . . .

In 1887, Gaston Tissandier, the original promotor of aviation in France, marveled at Forest's discoveries, and asked him to develop a motor for a dirigible balloon. Forest at once set to work, and on the eleventh of February, 1888, took out a patent for an apparatus made of four eight-cylinder groups arranged in a star-shaped formation. Although this motor developed fifty horsepower, it only weighed two hundred and fifty kilos, five kilos per horsepower. When we reflect that the first four-cycle motor weighed five hundred kilos per horsepower, we can see how much progress has been made. Thus aeronautics found its proper motor, one that was both powerful and light. The star-shaped engine with revolving cylinders, with which our aviators have won such success, is simply a Forest motor whose cylinders turn around a shaft. But Gaston Tissandier died, and Forest returned to his navigation experiments on sea and river.

If you want to touch with your own hands the fruits of Forest's industry, simply lift the hood of the latest automobile and go over its parts one by one.

The gasoline penetrates the carburetor by means of a gauge that the essence itself maintains at a constant level. Before the air enters, it is heated by circulating water that has cooled the cylinders where the explosions take place. All this ingenious mechanism is Forest's work. The carbureted air penetrates a tube that feeds all the cylinders and this Forest invented. These cylinders are all cast from a single block, which is also Forest's invention. The explosion is created by a spark generated from the magneto, which is Forest's idea, with the aid of a removable spark plug, this idea too having been Forest's creation. He then noticed that the exhaust still retained a tension of two or three atmospheres, representing so much unused force, so much lost gasoline. He thus had the idea of keeping the entrance valve closed so that one cylinder began to compress at the same moment that the other cylinder released its exhaust. This happy combination of delayed explosion and synchronization is Forest's work.

But the explosion releases an enormous amount of heat, and the cylinder, left to itself, would quickly turn red hot

and crack. To avoid this inconvenience, the motors of motor cycles, balloons, and airplanes are surrounded by concentric flanges, which Forest invented, while the cylinders of automobiles and boats are cooled by water circulating through a brass envelope, designed by Forest. And, last of all, the self-starter itself is one of Forest's inventions. In short, there is no essential part of the latest motor that does not bear the mark of Forest's genius. And at the Exposition of 1900 one hundred and thirty-five of the one hundred and thirty-six exhibitions included Forest's inventions. From that day forth the marvelous results of his work have continued.

Thanks to Forest, the internal-combustion engine has been able to attain the lightness, suppleness, and power that have made possible the automobile, the dirigible balloon, the airplane, and the submarine; and two new domains of nature, the air and the water, have been opened up to human activity. . . .

From this one man's brain a whole industry was born; from his modest workshop on the Quai de la Rapee have issued mighty factories, employing hundreds of thousands of workers, attracting billions of capital investments, and distributing millions of dividends to investors each year. Yet the man who invented so much and created so much wealth remained poor himself. . . .

Little by little his patents expired, or else he did not have enough money to pay the State the regular annuity, and his inventions became public property.

In July 1889, when Forest had presented his famous multicylinder motor that was later to assure the motor industry a vast future, some pitiless landlord was selling the unfortunate inventor's furniture and turning into the street, together with his wife and children, the man who had just opened up one of the most fruitful sources of national prosperity. Eleven years later, at the 1900 Exposition, the same motor excited such intense admiration among foreign experts that the Marquis de Dion deigned to present the inventor to the President of the Republic, who congratulated him heartily. "Oh," said Forest modestly, "I showed the motor eleven years ago, but no one paid any attention to it." That was his only revenge, and he returned to his obscure, fruitful labbors....—Francois Delaisi, in *Le Progres Civique* {Paris} translated for *The Living Age*, {Boston}

THE progress of physics at the present time is breath-taking. It is not ready for popular exposition yet—it is too complicated, too difficult. I can hardly keep up with it. Young men—and they are brilliant young fellows—in all the countries of the world—in Holland, in Denmark, in Germany, in France, in America, and in England—are going ahead at a terrific speed; so much so that if one speaks of a discovery a year old it is antiquated.

—Sir Oliver Lodge

IT is just 100 years since aluminum was discovered by a young Berlin chemist named Friedrich Wohler. As a boy Wohler took an interest in natural science; later he turned to medicine and took his degree with honors, returning once more to chemistry.

Wohler himself was unable to develop his new metal; the great problem was that of cohesion. In 1855 when Deville showed larger masses of aluminum at the Paris World Exhibition, made according to Wohler's methods, great astonishment was aroused, and the metal was sold for $250 a pound.

At a centenary festival Professor Ohmann demonstrated Wohler's experiments which led to his discovery of aluminum. The modern technical possibilities of aluminum have been created by the electrical factory production. Wohler's home country, Germany, has four factories devoted to the production of aluminum, which supply about one-seventh of the whole world market.—The Berlin *Lokalanzeiger*

Mortal Hoffmann and His Immortal Tales

THE distinguished English critic and author, Francis Gribble, thus traces the pathetic life-story of the German romance writer, Ernst Theodor Hoffmann, whose tales were of such wonderful inspiration to the French composer Offenbach.

FOR the greater part of his life Hoffmann was a bibulous nonentity. For the remainder of it he was a bibulous best seller. The sudden success which dragged him from obscurity shortened his days, for the money which it brought enabled him to get drunk every night—a regular indulgence which he had not always previously been able to afford. He was not a success, however, as a social lion—habitual drunkards very seldom are. Preferring the tavern to the salon, he relapsed into the obscurity from which he had emerged. Yet, as his work still lives—and as he himself attributed the efflorescence of his imagination to his inebriety—it seems natural to inquire what manner of inebriate it was whose drunken fancies achieved immortal fame.

His native place was Konigsberg. His parents were respectable, but of incompatible temperaments. His mother made a religion of propriety and the conventions; his father defied and ridiculed them. After a few years' bickering they separated, and Frau Hoffmann returned to her family, whose estimate of the conventions and proprieties corresponded with hers. She took the future man of genius with her; and as heredity had endowed him with a double portion of his father's Bohemian spirit, he grew to manhood in temperamental rebellion against the restraints of a Philistine household.

But he had not the makings of a triumphant rebel, lacking both the force of character and the physical advantages required for complete success in that role. He had an aptitude for all the arts—for musical composition and drawing as well as for authorship; but he was a diminutive and ugly youth, of grotesque appearance, with an impudently aggressive tuft of hair sprouting from the top of his head. That handicap made a complete breakaway from Philistinism to Romanticism difficult. Romance—which is, of course, a different thing from Romanticism—was, with Hoffmann, a flight of the imagination more often than a practical experience.

The one love affair of his adolescence had a prosaic ending. He fell in love with a married woman—unhappily married and eager for sympathy from any quarter—to whom he was giving music lessons. They sighed together at the piano, and talked of divorce and elopement; he gave her the pet name of "Cora," though her real name was Dorothea. But when Cora's husband died, a fraudulent bankrupt, after dissipating her dowry, Cora promptly threw Hoffmann over for a schoolmaster. . . .

Hoffmann was, at that period, a rebel only in his leisure hours. An uncle Otto persuaded him to become a lawyer and a civil servant. He is said to have been a competent lawyer and a model functionary, punctual and dependable in office hours, and satisfied to devote his evenings to the arts and the bottle. One might follow him, if this portion of his career were worth tracing in detail, to Glogau, Berlin, Posen, and Warsaw. He was at Warsaw when Napoleon's army arrived, and was one of a group of civil servants who arranged a "share-out" of the cash in a Government office, to prevent it from falling into the enemy's hands, and had a purple time in the cafes while it lasted. . . .

Patriotism was not in his line, though he still owed Napoleon a grudge for the loss of his job at Warsaw. As a musical director he had been equally ready to entertain the invaders and the invaded, first at Bamberg, and then at Leipzig. Now he found the task of musical direction too exacting. And Hippel {an influential friend, who had been his schoolfellow at Konigsberg} got him what he asked for—a post in the Berlin judiciary; and he had no sooner taken over his new duties than he began, for the first time in his life, to make a sufficient and even considerable income. His opera, "*Ondine*," was popular. His stories were in

demand. He insisted, not only on being well paid for them, but on being paid in advance; and he sometimes neglected to deliver the manuscripts for which he had received his fee.

Literary Berlin tried to lionize him, but he made himself impossible in society. He was equally rude to the pretty girls who did not bow down and worship him, and to the elderly blue-stockings who did. When one of the latter, being placed next to him at a dinner-party, attempted to engage him in intellectual conversation, he actually picked up his plate and ran away from her to the other end of the table, declaring that all intellectual women ought to be sent to the hospital for incurables as soon as they had passed the age of twenty-five. It is not surprising to learn that he was seldom invited twice—and never three times—to the same house.

All the same, he was living a double life. In the morning he was a judge, and as sober as a judge, looking as dignified in his robes as so grotesque a little person could. After his day's work was over he went to the cafe to get drunk; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he regarded getting drunk in a cafe as a part of the day's work no less important than keeping sober on the bench.

His friends went home; but he sat on and continued to soak, and to be inspired. It was then, and only then, that inspiration came to him. His genius was a genius in a bottle, released only when the bottle was uncorked. The phantoms then issued from it and danced before his eyes. At last he got up and staggered to his study, to put his fancies on paper...

Happily he had faithful friends about him to the last. His respectable friend and patron, Hippel, visited him every day on his deathbed, and heard his expressions of remorse for his many blunders. "Ah, Theodore," he murmured to him, "if you had always been near me, I should have been a different and a better man."

And so no doubt he would, though life's odd ironies have brought it about that whereas Hoffmann, the drunken reprobate, has achieved a fame which still endures, Hippel, the grave man and model of all the virtues of the perfect citizen, is remembered only because he happened to be Hoffmann's friend.—Francis Gribble, in *The English Review*

THE EEL

I have floated far too long on the surface of the wave,
Far too long upon the surface of the wave.
Better had I died and been buried in my grave
Than have floated on the surface of the wave.
Let me sink then as a stone, as a rock into the sea,
Let me hide me from myself, let me hide myself from Thee,
I have floated far too long, far too long and wantonly.

I have lain among the seaweeds, the dim flowers of the deep,
Half asleep amongst the flowers of the deep,
What sort of count I wonder of those hours did I keep
While I drowsed among the flowers of the deep?

Let me drop then as a stone, as a rock into the sea,
Let me tumble to destruction in a stricken misery,
Be frozen as my heart is; my heart to His heart's plea.

From the deeps there let me cry and when smothered by the wave,
Entirely hid and smothered by the wave,
Let me cry, and hear my cry, my cry to Thee to save,
When my bones are knocked together by the wave.
Let me rise then as an eel, as an eel up through the sea
Let me creep unto His feet to lie there patiently
Until His eyes of mercy are turned with love on me.

—Evan Morgan, in *The Forum* (New York)

THE GERMAN THEATER A MODEL FOR ENGLAND

THE man who writes for the theater of the imagination in England can be successful, but only if he has luck on his side. His play will succeed not according to its artistic merit, but according to the acceptability to the public of his theme and his characters....

It comes to this—the writer of imagination, unless he is lucky enough to hit the public taste while writing to please himself, cannot find a certain hearing in our theater. He is tempted, therefore, to write with one eye on the box-office, and so to do work not so good as his best—unless he is a Shaw, and a brave man....

As a nation we dislike anything "queer," and since anything that is new in art is "queer" at first, the pace of our progress is not often startling. At the moment popular taste in the theater is bound hand and foot to realism. The kind of scenery that wins a round of applause in a London theater is nearly always the kind that gives you an exact reproduction of something the audience knows, or has heard of. Beyond this your successful scene must certainly have some other quality—beauty, atmosphere, glitter; but if it is to have an instantaneous success with our public it must look exactly like some original. . . If the scene is a forest, the producer revels in solid tree trunks, mossy banks, a real rabbit or two, and so on. The great majority of our producers and designers—those, at any rate, who count for anything—know that what is wanted is simply to make the audience agree to believe that the scene before them is a wood, and that any method of achieving that end is as good as any other; but they dare not content themselves with merely suggesting a wood, because they cannot believe that the public they cater for — accustomed as it is, moreover, to the complete realism of the films—will believe in any wood if it cannot see the trees.

The German designers are not compelled in the same way to consult the supposed wishes of the unsophisticated public. They have behind them a certain amount of public money, and can rely on a degree of public respect. In consequence, they have shaken free of realism to a great extent. I do not mean that they are never realistic. That would be absurd, since many plays would be spoilt by being set in any other manner; and when they are realistic they use the latest lighting and machinery, and outdo our men on their own ground. But the most impressive of the designs exhibited at Magdeburg had been made for imaginative plays; and in setting such plays the German artist aims not at imitation but at atmosphere. He tries to work on your emotions—to induce in you when the curtain rises the mood in which the author would wish you to approach his play. At his best he achieves this purpose with a subtlety that defies analysis. For the most part his methods are attempted in this country only by incompetent imitators who imagine that they have only to be "queer" to be successful. Some of our best men occasionally bring off something in the same manner, showing that all they need is experience to give them a knowledge of their medium such as the Germans have achieved. But how such experience and knowledge is to come their way, I confess I do not see.

—W. A. Darlington, in *The Fortnightly Review* {London}

> IN progressive times, we go forward in some ways but back in others. Listening-in and television are marvellous and exhilarating; but go back and look at an old Cotswold village, and then at a modern one. What beautiful houses we built before the industrial epoch began. Nothing on earth was so ugly as the Victorian age.
>
> —Bishop Charles Gore

Lister, Pasteur and Simpson

Lister was a very great man, but, like every other great man, he owed part of his greatness to the fact that the moment at which his career began was a moment at which his peculiar and special gifts found their peculiar and special opportunity. That he would have been a great surgeon at any period of the world's history, that he would have added lustre to the pursuit of medicine wherever he had been born, I do not doubt. That he was enabled to write his name in indelible characters upon the history of medicine was largely due to the fact that he was the contemporary of two very great men—Simpson and Pasteur.

Pasteur's position in the history of civilization is fixed and immortal. It is impossible to estimate the services and the position which Lister occupied in the history of surgery without remembering their relation to that discovery of chloroform which we owe to Simpson, and without which it would be impossible to perform, even under the most perfect aseptic conditions, the operations which have added so greatly to our knowledge of diseases, and diminished so greatly the sufferings of mankind. The two discoveries mutually assisted one another.

Surgery without aseptic treatment was too often the harbinger of death rather than the cause of health and recovery. Therefore, when we think of the joint services of all those great men, we should remember the character of the double debt which we owe them. It is not merely the debt of individual patients to the skilled physician who has healed our wounds. It is the debt which we owe to the growth of knowledge. That debt is not merely a debt to the ingenious and skilful surgeon, the inventor of this or that mode of dressing wounds, nor yet to the inventive and bold experiments of men like Sir James Simpson. It is the combination of the two on which I would like those who are interested in the progress of knowledge to fix their attention, and to recognize that without both the great men who cooperated in this result, the result itself could hardly have occurred.

> SCIENCE is outside sectarian differences. It changes, it moves in these days of ours, with extreme rapidity, but at any one moment at any period in the development of knowledge you will find that, broadly speaking, all competent men are agreed, not as to what is the ultimate truth, but what is at the moment the best truth which you can arrive at, and from that progress starts and forms a new base for a new advancement.
>
> —Lord Balfour

It was the skill with which Lister seized on Pasteur's discovery, and saw in that discovery the key to the problem on which his mind had been fixedly set year after year; it is the effect which all this has had upon the pain, the suffering, of the most suffering classes of the community, the classes of the invalid, the victims of accidents, all those who suffer from painful, agonizing, often fatal diseases, it is the effect upon their destiny which has brought together this great multitude which I see before me.

It is a terrible page in the history of medicine to read what went on under the almost agonized eyes of the surgeons themselves in the best hospitals, in the greatest capitals of Europe and America. It makes one's blood run almost cold. In the centenary volume in honor of Lister which has just been published there is one terrible sentence. I confess I can hardly think of it now without emotion. It seems there was in a hospital, I think, in Vienna, one ward, which had so awful a reputation for the fatal effects on the unhappy patients, that women used to implore with tears that to that death-trap they should not be

sent. Let us conceive a situation of that kind—horrible to the surgeons, horrible, though fortunately not always known, to the patients, the very story of which makes one feel that, of all the benefactors of suffering and sick mankind, the greatest benefactor of all was Lister himself.

I own to some surprise that Lister's discoveries were not immediately hailed by the whole profession with the approval which now universally meets them. It is very easy to be wise after the event, and nobody need boast of possessing that facile form of wisdom. But look at it as I may, I am still profoundly puzzled at the first reception that Lister's discovery got from his colleagues. In no place—even including Glasgow and Edinburgh—was it received with that universal acclaim of approval which one would have supposed would have greeted a remedy for what everybody admitted to be almost a scandal to the medical profession.

After all, these experiments of Lister were not laboratory experiments carried on in some unknown center of learning. They were not couched in unknown tongues. They were not taught in unknown schools. The very surgeons who refused to accept with enthusiasm, and to aid with their approval, the new movement, lived in the same building. They had the full opportunity of seeing the effects, and, yet, for some reason quite unintelligible, they remained unconverted. After all, putrefaction was a very obvious phenomenon, and if they could see by walking across a passage that in one ward putrefaction prevailed with all its disastrous and horrible consequences, and that in another it did not prevail, I would have thought that was an experience which every man of science and common sense would have accepted.

I hesitate to express any condemnation of that frame of mind when I remember that Sir James Simpson was himself one of the doubters. Of that great man I would never speak without profound reverence. I knew him as a youngster, and I received many kindnesses from him, who was one of the most lovable of men. It is a strange fact that Simpson had been one of the most eloquent exponents of all the horrors attending surgery at that date, yet he died in 1870—in the early days of the Listerian regime—unconverted to the process. I wish that Simpson had survived even a few years. I wish he could have been here to-day, because I am sure that great man would have been the first, and the most eloquent and the most sincere, of those who felt that the great addition Lister made to Simpson's own discovery of anaesthetics was one which would bring them joined together in a common fame.

These memorials or centenaries of great men are increasing phenomena and, I think, good ones. I have myself been concerned within relatively a few

> TO be an optimist is to be a believer in youth. It is, after all, the young people who are going to do the work. Let us believe in them. I believe in them. Doubtless they occasionally have their weaknesses. And among these weaknesses sometimes is a very imperfect appreciation of the virtues of their seniors. But these weaknesses are always amiable; they always give me at least a great feeling of pleasure mixed with a slight touch of pathos.
>
> When I hear of the new art I know it is going to be the old art quite soon. When I hear that there is going to be a new school of politics, I know that in a year or two its professors will be described as "the old gang." That, after all, is how the world is made, and, after all, it is not a bad way. If it were not for the young, how would the world move?
>
> —Lord Balfour

months in at least six—Bacon, Newton, Faraday, Beethoven, Richard Bright, and now, to-day, Lister—a great catalogue of great names. The services which these men have rendered to mankind cannot be weighed and cannot be compared. We only know they are beyond estimate and outside all machinery for comparative valuation, yet I would venture to say that even in that splendid catalogue the name of Lister stands out supreme in this respect—that, by his forethought, his determination to reach that certain goal, the inspiration of genius which enabled him to grasp at once the full significance of Pasteur's discovery, he had the inestimable blessing of having by his efforts immediately and directly diminished, to an extent quite incalculable, the sufferings of mankind. That is surely the most glorious tribute we can pay to any man, and I rejoice to think that Lister lived long enough to be able to see the full value of his own work, and left to those who survive him a debt of gratitude which they can never pay, and which in succeeding generations will only accumulate.—From *Speeches and Addresses of the Earl of Balfour*, by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company

THE SONG OF THE OAKS

LET the song of the oaks be your child's lullaby.

We are the Oaks; to the firmament's brink
Comely in green we have climbed, that the sun
May warm the rude tides through our branches that run,
The blood of our health that we lustily drink
From the wide open sky.

Let the song of the oaks be your child's lullaby.

We have bled through the wounds that, in many a fight,
The mad winds have dealt us with enmity shrill,
But never could force us to bow to their will:
Our hearts are unshaken, our carriage upright;
We hold our heads high.

Let the song of the oaks be your child's lullaby.

We stand as we stood: the tempests have passed;
The wrath of the winds is the thing of a day,
The strength of the oaks endureth for aye:
Unfearful, unhating we've grown and hold fast
And will till we die.

Let the song of the oaks be your child's lullaby.

We have loved, we have suffered: Oh! great Mother Earth
Whose prodigal womb is the fount of our strength,
To whom must return all thy children at length,
In thy lap our ripe seeds, now awaiting rebirth,
Expectantly lie.

Let the song of the oaks be your child's lullaby.

We are old; the white winter a shimmering fleece
Of snow on our age-blackened branches has laid;
We are willing to live; but of death unafraid,
Our spirits are charged with the splendorous peace
Of an evening sky.

Let the song of the oaks be your child's lullaby.

An old Breton song freely translated through the French of Anatole le Braz, by Morys Gascoyen, in the London *Nation & Athenaeum*

A Historic Defense of Darwinism

FIFTY-SEVEN years have passed since Charles Darwin wrote a history of man's descent. How does his work stand the test of time?

Answering this question in his Presidential Address at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Sir Arthur Keith declared: "The fundamentals of Darwin's outline of man's history remain unshaken. Nay, so strong has his position become that I am convinced that it never can be shaken."

In the same address, the distinguished British scientist expressed his conviction that his hearers, including his radio audience, were prepared to accept the new evidence. But in this he was soon to be undeceived; for on the recent publication of his address a storm of criticism and opposition instantly arose in the public press—almost as vigorous in its outcry as in Darwin's time.

THE crucial chapters in Darwin's *Descent of Man* are those in which he seeks to give a historical account of the rise of man's brain and of the varied functions which that organ subserves. How do these chapters stand to-day? Darwin was not a professional anatomist, and therefore accepted Huxley's statement that there was no structure in the human brain that was not already present in that of the anthropoid. In Huxley's opinion, the human brain was but a richly annotated edition of the simpler and older anthropoid book; and this edition, in turn, was but the expanded issue of the still older original primate publication. Since this statement was made thousands of anatomists and physiologists have studied and compared the brain of man and ape; only a few months ago Prof. G. Elliot Smith, our leading authority on this matter, summarized the result of this intensive enquiry as follows: "No structure found in the brain of an ape is lacking in the human brain; and, on the other hand, the human brain reveals no formation of *any sort* that is not present in the brain of the gorilla or chimpanzee. . . .The only distinctive feature of the human brain is a quantitative one." The difference, it is true, is only quantitative, but the importance of the difference cannot be exaggerated. In the anthropoid brain are to be recognized all those parts which have become so enormous in the human brain. It is the expansion of just those parts of his brain which has given man his powers of feeling, understanding, acting, speaking and learning. The essential problem of man's evolution is the rise of his brain; when we have solved this we have solved all.

> SCIENTIFIC and medical men agree that there is no evidence to support the assumption that the spirit survives after the brain has ceased to function. Medical men find no grounds for believing that the brain is a dual organ, a compound of substance and spirit. Every fact known to them compels the inference that mind, spirit and soul are manifestations of the living brain, just as flames manifest the spirit of a burning candle. At the moment of extinction the flame and the spirit cease to have a separate existence.
>
> —Sir Arthur Keith

Darwin himself approached this problem not as an anatomist but as a psychologist, and, after many years of painstaking and exact observation, succeeded in convincing himself that, immeasurable as are the differences between the mentality of man and ape, they are of degree, not of kind. Prolonged researches made by modern psychologists have but verified and extended Darwin's conclusions. No matter what line of evidence we select to follow as regards the evolution of man's brain—evidence gathered by anatomists, by embryologists, by physiologists or by psychologists—we reach the conviction that

man's master-organ has been evolved from that of an anthropoid ape, and that in the process no new structure has been introduced and no new or strange faculty interpolated. . . .

Why do I say so confidently that Darwin's position has become impregnable? It is because of what has happened since his death in 1882. Since then we have succeeded in tracing man by means of his fossil remains and by his stone implements backwards in time to the very beginning of that period of the earth's history which preceded the Present, and to which the name Pleistocene is given. We thus reach a point in history which is distant from us at least 200,000 years, perhaps three or four times that amount, for as yet we have no exact means of estimating the duration of geological periods in terms of years. Nay, we have gone farther, and traced him into the older and longer period which preceded the Pleistocene—the Pliocene. It was in strata laid down by a stream in Java during the latter part of the Pliocene period that Dr. Eugene Dubois found, ten years after Darwin's death, the fossil remains of that remarkable representative of primitive humanity to which he gave the name Pithecanthropus, or ape-man; from Pliocene deposits of East Anglia Mr. Reid Moir has recovered rude stone implements, thus providing reliable evidence of the existence of a form of humanity in England at this remote date.

If Darwin was right, then as we trace man backwards in the scale of time he should become more bestial in form—nearer to the ape. That is what we have found. But if we regard Pithecanthropus with his small and simple yet human brain as a fair representative of the men of the Pliocene period, then evolution must have proceeded at an unexpectedly rapid rate to culminate today in the higher races of mankind.

The evidence of man's evolution from an ape-like being, obtained from a study of fossil remains, is definite and irrefutable, but the process has been infinitely more complex than was suspected in Darwin's time. Our older and discarded conception of man's transformation was depicted in that well-known diagram which showed a single file of skeletons, the gibbon at one end and man at the other. In our original simplicity we expected, as we traced man backwards in time, that we should encounter a graded series of fossil forms—a series which would carry him in a straight line towards an anthropoid ancestor. We should never have made this initial mistake if we had remembered that the guide to the world of the past is the world of the present. In our time man is represented not by a single type but by many and diverse races—black, brown, yellow and white; some of these are rapidly expanding, others are as rapidly disappearing. Our searches have shown that in remote times the world was peopled, sparsely it is true, with races showing even a greater diversity than those of today, and that already the same process of replacement was at work. To unravel man's pedigree, we have to thread our way, not

> THE creation of the world cannot in any sense be regarded as a crime, yet those who are unravelling its secrets do use the methods of the criminal detective. In this sense Darwin was the greatest detective the world has yet seen . . . .
>
> Religious leaders and men of science have the same ideals; they want to understand and explain the universe of which they are part; they both earnestly desire to solve, if a solution be ever possible, that great riddle: Why are we here?
>
> —Sir Arthur Keith

along the links of a chain, but through the meshes of a complicated network.

We made another mistake. Seeing that in our search for man's ancestry we expected to reach an age when the beings we should have to deal with would be simian rather than human, we ought to have marked the conditions which prevail amongst living anthropoid apes. We ought to have been prepared to find, as we approached a distant point in the geological horizon, that the forms encountered would be as widely different as are the gorilla, chimpanzee, and orang and confined, as these great anthropoids now are, to limited parts of the earth's surface. That is what we are now realizing; as we go backwards in time we discover that mankind becomes broken up, not into separate races as in the world of today, but into numerous and separate species. When we go into a still more remote past they become so unlike that we have to regard them not as belonging to separate species, but as different genera. It is amongst this welter of extinct fossil forms which strew the ancient world that we have to trace the zigzag line of man's descent. Do you wonder we sometimes falter and follow false clues?

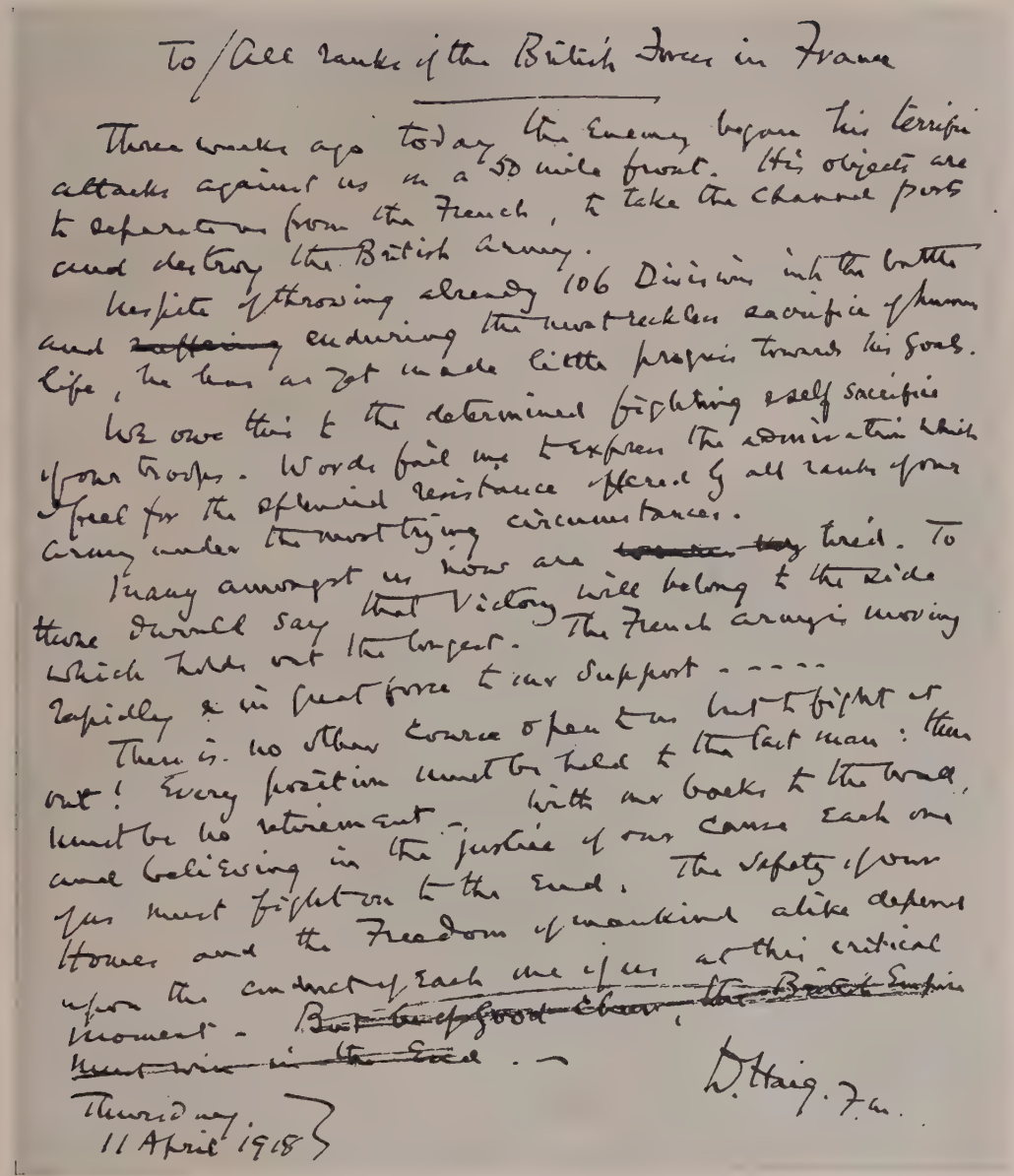
We committed a still further blunder when we set out on the search for man's ancestry; indeed, some of us are still making it. We expected that man's evolution would pursue not only an orderly file of stages, but that every part of his body—skull, brain, jaws, teeth, skin, body, arms and legs—would at each stage become a little less ape-like, a little more man-like. Our searches have shown us that man's evolution has not proceeded in this orderly manner. In some extinct races, while one part of the body has moved forwards another part has lagged behind. Let me illustrate this point because it is important. We now know that, as Darwin sat in his study at Down, there lay hidden at Piltdown, in Sussex, not thirty miles distant from him, sealed up in a bed of gravel, a fossil human skull and jaw. In 1912, thirty years after Darwin's death, Mr. Charles Dawson discovered this skull and my friend Sir Arthur Smith Woodward described it, and rightly recognized that skull and jaw were parts of the individual, and that this individual had lived, as was determined by geological and other evidence, in the opening phase of the Pleistocene period. We may confidently presume that this individual was representative of the people who inhabited England at this remote date. The skull, although deeply mineralized and thick-walled, might well have been the rude forerunner of a modern skull, but the lower jaw was so ape-like that some experts denied that it went with the human fossil skull at all, and supposed it to be the lower jaw of some extinct kind of chimpanzee. This mistake would never have been made if those concerned had studied the comparative anatomy of anthropoid apes. Such a study would have prepared them to meet with the discordances of evolution. The same irregularity in the progression of parts is evident in the anatomy of Pithecanthropus, the oldest and most primitive form of humanity so far discovered. The thighbone might easily

DEATH is the end of all. My experience is that all of those who have studied the subject scientifically and deeply have come to the same conclusion. Once, reviewing a book of Flammarion, I wrote:

"In the dim future do not seek to peep, trying to fathom things obscure and deep. Youth often laughs at death, but old men weep. Wise men know death to be an endless sleep."

Endless sleep—I cannot put it better than that.

—Sir John Bland Sutton, eminent English Surgeon



To/All ranks of the British Forces in France

Three weeks ago today the enemy began his terrific attacks against us on a 50 mile front. His objects are to separate us from the French, & take the Channel ports and destroy the British army.

In spite of throwing already 106 Divisions into the battle and ~~suffering~~ enduring the most reckless sacrifice of human life, he has as yet made little progress towards his goals.

We owe this to the determined fighting & self sacrifice of our troops. Words fail me to express the admiration which I feel for the splendid resistance offered by all ranks of our army under the most trying circumstances.

Many amongst us now are ~~tired~~ tired. To those I would say that Victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. The French army is moving rapidly & in great force to our support - - - -

There is no other course open to us but to fight it out! Every position must be held to the last man: there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause each one of you must fight on to the end. The safety of our Homes and the Freedom of mankind alike depend upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment. ~~But I look to you all to do your best in this hour of trial.~~

D. Haig. F.M.

Thursday.
11 April 1918.

THE BRITISH WAR LORD'S FAMOUS "BACK TO THE WALL" ORDER TO HIS TROOPS

A facsimile, in Earl (then Sir Douglas) Haig's handwriting of the historic message to the British Army, after the start of the German offensive in the Spring of 1918. In the words of The Illustrated London News, "*It epitomizes his own dogged nature and that of the British Army.*" (*See* The Passing of a Great Soldier—Haig, *Page 180.*)

be that of modern man, the skullcap that of an ape; but the brain within that cap, as we now know, had passed well beyond an anthropoid status. If merely a lower jaw had been found at Piltdown, an ancient Englishman would have been wrongly labelled "Higher anthropoid ape"; if only the thigh-bone of Pithecanthropus had come to light in Java, then an ancient Javanese, almost deserving the title of anthropoid, would have passed muster as a man. It will be thus seen that the problem of unraveling man's evolutionary history is more complex than at first suspected.

Such examples illustrate the difficulties and dangers which beset the task of unraveling man's ancestry. There are other difficulties; there still remain great blanks in the geological record of man's evolution. As our search proceeds these blanks will be filled in, but in the meantime let us note their nature and their extent. By the discovery of fossil remains we have followed man backwards not only through the Pleistocene period, but also into the closing phase of the Pliocene—a period which endured at least for a quarter of a million years; but we have not yet succeeded in tracing him through this period. It is true that we have found fossil teeth in Pliocene deposits which may be those of an ape-like man or of a man-like ape; until we find other parts of their bodies we cannot decide. When we pass into the still older Miocene period—one which was certainly twice as long as the Pliocene—we are in the heyday of anthropoid history. Thanks to the labors of Dr. Guy E. Pilgrim, of the Indian Geological Survey, we know already a dozen different kinds of great anthropoids which lived in Himalayan jungles during middle and later Miocene times; we know of at least three other kinds of great anthropoids which lived in the contemporary jungles of Europe. . . .

It is useless to go to strata still older than the Miocene in search of man's emergence; in such strata we have found only fossil traces of emerging anthropoids. All the evidence now at our disposal supports the conclusion that man has arisen, as Lamarck and Darwin suspected, from an anthropoid ape not higher in the zoological scale than a chimpanzee, and that the date at which human and anthropoid lines of descent began to diverge lies near the beginning of the Miocene period. On our modest scale of reckoning, that gives man the respectable antiquity of about one million years.—From Sir Arthur Keith's *Concerning Man's Origin,* by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SIR OLIVER LODGE AFFIRMS IMMORTALITY

THE soul does not die with the body. Physiologists do not find any spirit in the brain by analyzing it, of course, and they have a different opinion altogether from mine on the reaction of the brain.

I think the brain is an instrument used by the mind. They apparently think the brain is the mind. I do not look at it that way. The brain manifests the mind, but that is not the same thing as being the mind. A violin manifests Beethoven but it is not quite the same thing as being Beethoven. If you smash the instrument, of course, the mind can not manifest itself. That is all right, and what scientists know about the brain and the way it acts on muscles and nerve is all good.

It is all part of the machinery, and they know a terrible lot about the working of machinery. But there is something more to be said than that. Anybody can point out how a typewriter works, and you cannot get it to go unless it is properly connected and in good order. But that does not explain the sense or meaning of what comes out of it.

The brain or any form of matter cannot evolve Shakespeare's poetry or sense of meaning. It manifests it like the typewriter. . . . If the brain is the mind and the one is destroyed, the other goes, too, but if it is only the instrument, and if one smashes an instrument such as a violin, it does not kill the music, the real thing behind the scenes.—Statement of Sir Oliver Lodge, in answer to Sir Arthur Keith

The Seeds of War

PHILOSOPHERS of history have made exhaustive examinations of the sources and origins of war; but to an ordinary plain man, it is quite clear that wars are the outcome of political rivalry. The component parts of political rivalry vary from century to century. Dynastic interests are less important than they used to be, treaty obligations more so; but it is just as true to-day as it was at any time in the world's history that any nation and its governing authorities may be compelled to regard another nation as a rival. Safeguards against the ill consequences of political rivalry certainly exist and are more powerful than they were twenty years ago, but these safeguards do not obliterate the obvious fact that any two countries may move into a state of rivalry and that, when they do, it is the merest nonsense to say that war between them is impossible.

> UNLESS Europe advances beyond Locarno to arbitration and disarmament, I say, from a long knowledge and—in spite of Sir Austen Chamberlain—a profound knowledge of the conditions in Europe, war is inevitable.
>
> —Lloyd George

Now although no reasonable person could say that Great Britain and America are actually political rivals, it would be equally difficult to say that they never could be. The exact components of international rivalry escape analysis; but the circumstances which favor the growth of antagonism between two States are well established. History has shown that when two States are nearly equal in military power and political status, antagonism between the two arises very easily and naturally. The United States and Great Britain are in this approximate state of political equality, which is a danger rather than a security. Also, although the influence of trade upon political rivalry has been much exaggerated, it is useless to deny that commercial antagonism at least contributes to international friction. The only American writer who has attempted to justify the American naval programme, with strategical and military arguments, has grasped this point and expressed it with great candor. American export trade, says Captain Dudley Knox, has expanded at the expense of Great Britain's; the natural corollary to this incipient commercial rivalry is an expansion of the American naval forces. These are not the words of a mere firebrand. Captain Knox is, without question, the best informed and the most sober writer upon naval affairs in the American continent. To these contributory causes of international antagonism, we may add yet another: two countries are particularly liable to fall into a state of political rivalry if they happen to have large undefended territories adjacent to one another.

The current catchwords cannot therefore be accepted at their face value. There is no reason whatsoever why good and friendly relations between the two countries should not be continued almost indefinitely; but to say that any special safeguard exists against Anglo-American antagonism is the merest exaggeration. An Argentine premier or foreign minister could say with absolute truth that his country was secure against any chance of war with Norway or Denmark, because no analysis of the relations between the two countries, however minute, could conceivably discover any cause of friction; and it is that absence of all possible rivalry which constitutes complete security. When Anglo-American relations are analogous to the relations between the Argentine and Denmark, it will be time for the British nation to consider themselves secure against Anglo-American friction. Until then we may, without impropriety, take a respectful interest in American naval affairs, and the very large cruiser fleet that the United States propose to build. . . .

Much has been said and written about the growing antagonism of Latin-America towards the United States. South American orators and pressmen have been very vociferous about it; but it is not easy to decide in what degree any real antagonism exists. One thing however is quite certain: we have strong evidence that, on major questions of policy, a very large number of South American States regard Washington as their leader. On this point the following succession of dates is at least impressive. On April 6, 1917, the United States declared war against Germany; the republics of Cuba and Panama did so on the following day; Brazil, Bolivia and Guatemala severed diplomatic relations with Germany before the month was out; Honduras and Nicaragua did so in May; San Domingo and Haiti in June; Costa Rica in September; Peru and Uruguay in October. With the possible exception of Brazil, not one of these States had any quarrel with the Central European empires that could not have been settled by ordinary diplomatic negotiation. As a matter of fact, their declarations of war involved them in no special war measures, and were little but diplomatic compliments to Washington. In the face of such facts it is almost impossible to suppose that Great Britain's naval forces or, indeed, those of any European Power could ever hope to enjoy a privileged position in South America. When the American cruiser fleet is completed we shall probably have to admit that it is strong enough to dominate all American waters, which, in plain language, means domination of over half of our grain supplies. . . .

British public opinion must decide, during the next ten years, whether American naval domination of the whole seaboard of the Western Atlantic is a strategic danger. There can be no doubt that, when established, it will upset the strategic balance that at present exists; but it is rather difficult to see what military precautions could possibly be taken to restore the existing position. American power to concentrate large cruiser forces in distant areas is a derivative of America's strategic independence of sea-borne commerce. Great Britain would have to build at the rate of about two keels to one, if she ever contemplated meeting strength with strength; and even that would hardly suffice. The Falklands and Jamaica would have to be heavily fortified and garrisoned, and enormous allocations of tonnage kept ready for supplying these distant bases. British opinion will have to be thoroughly roused before it agrees to such extraordinary precautions. For the moment, it prefers to resign advantages that cannot be held, and to trust that good diplomacy will suffice to secure the safety of certain routes which cannot be protected by naval means. . . .—"Naval Expert," in *The Edinburgh Review*

THE prosperity of America comes here with handfuls of dollars and fat cheque-books; it tips our ghillies and our servants with vulgar largesses, it enters our salesrooms and, by sheer force of spending capacity, it takes our treasures in pictures, in furniture, in architecture away with it, and from its home it boasts of its trophies and the prices it has paid for them.

Why should it not? Every class in Europe that has risen to a greater affluence than older classes of possessors, has done the same thing. The only question is, will it assimilate them? Will it see that it has bought spiritual things with its dollars? Will it forget the price and value the treasure? Will those great galleries that are now filled with captured slaves sold like Circassian beauties in a slave mart, become transformed, by the alchemy of time and the presence of their captives, from being places where the proud rich man struts, into being shrines where the glad man worships? Undoubtedly they will. The things we love have been . . . knocked down to the highest bidder. We have said farewell to them with sad hearts . . . But behold in their new homes across the sea their beauty is conquering, and they are coming to be regarded as distinguished guests. The change is already taking place.—J. Ramsay MacDonald, former British Prime Minister, in *The London Magazine*

WHY BIRTH CONTROL IS NECESSARY

IN this article the distinguished English scientist and authority on matters of sex takes up the history and morality of birth control, not only from the viewpoint of ethics, but from the viewpoint of biology—of Nature. Birth control, Havelock Ellis shows was in Nature's laboratory long before man established and patronized drugstores.

THE term "birth control" is of recent origin. It was devised in New York, less than ten years ago, by Mrs. Margaret Sanger and a few friends in discussion. . . .But what it stands for is ancient. Birth control, indeed, and its substitutes—especially the latter—have been in active operation ever since birth began to take place on the earth, and even earlier, from the commencement of animal life. That is why it is possible to look at this question as one having an evolutionary meaning....

So vast . . . . may be said to be Nature's desire for reproduction—speaking in our human way—that in the multiplication of offspring an enormous margin has always been allowed for accidents. A great many more creatures are produced than could possibly subsist if they reached maturity. All but a few do, in fact, fail to become mature. . . .

A single oyster, if all its progeny survived, would speedily accumulate, it is estimated, a heap of shells eight times the size of the world, while as a cod may yield seven million eggs and a ling twenty-eight millions, it would need a very short time indeed for a single pair to turn the whole ocean into a solid mass of fish. The omnipresent English sparrow, it is said, if none died but from old age, would in a few years cover the earth, one to every square inch. Even a single pair of elephants, the slowest to breed of all animals, would in much less than a thousand years produce ninety millions of elephants. It might be supposed that Man is an exception to this rule. But it is not so.

Civilized man, in some regions, as in the United States in the past, has been known to double his numbers in twenty-five years, and Darwin estimated, forty years ago, that, at this altogether possible rate of human increase, the population of the United States alone would in a few centuries cover the whole surface of the globe so thickly that four men would have to stand on each square yard. . . .

These are elementary biological considerations. It is necessary, however, to hold them clearly in mind, because they are the foundation on which any human policy of living must be built up. It is necessary, that is to say, in establishing any ordered system of life, that we should remember that life was built up at the first under conditions which presupposed the absence of intelligence and that there was consequently the need of an enormous margin, to allow for the certain destruction at an early stage of the great majority of living beings. . . .

The methods by which population is consciously or automatically controlled, and increase limited, are numerous. They fall into two groups, the first acting before conception, by decreasing fertility, and the second after conception, and indeed throughout life, by increasing elimination. Most of these two groups of methods are found among peoples even in very early stages of culture.

The methods of the first group, which naturally tend to become ever more prominent as civilization and the foresight which accompanies it develop, are least important in the earlier stages. Nor are they always to any high degree effective. . . .

What we now consider the most important method of limiting population, and specifically term birth control, the method of permitting intercourse but preventing conception, is, and so far as we can tell, always has been, rare among primitive peoples of any type. This is not surprising when we remember that there is reason for believing that many primitive peoples have not known what precisely caused the production of children and have attributed it to various fantastic causes. . . .

When we survey the general working of the methods of the first group—the methods of limiting fertility—we are bound to conclude that they are hardly adequate to account for the very low birth-rate which we everywhere find among the lowest, and therefore probably the most primitive human races. Nearly everywhere, all over the world, the savage family seldom consists of more than three or four children, counting all births. A family of five children is usually a large family. . . .

It used to be thought that savages were more licentious and more sexually inclined than civilized peoples. But the more we know of them the more we are compelled to conclude that the reverse is true. Savage peoples must for the most part lead a hard and strenuous life, with little about it to arouse the softer emotions. It would often seem to be only under special circumstances and on the occasion of some periodic festival orgy that sexual activities are strongly aroused. They remain latent in a much greater degree, and for much more prolonged periods, than is normal among the civilized, even though among the civilized there are usually more restraints on their more easily aroused desires. The small procreative activity of savages and primitive peoples would thus be due not so much to strong measures for controlling and restraining conception—though these play a certain part—but to the presence of a temperament which is without the need for strong measures of control and restraint. Nature herself limits procreation by limiting the impulse to procreate.

This is rendered the more probable when we recall that wild animals, in their natural and strenuous condition of life are comparable to savages, and domestic animals, in their easier and more artificial life, to the civilized. And we find that there is just the same corresponding sexual difference. Not only is the sexual impulse aroused much more easily in the domesticated, but breeding tends to occur more frequently than in the natural wild condition, and reproductivity is increased. Thus {as Beebe has shown in his splendid monograph on the Pheasant Family} the Red Jungle fowl of southeastern Asia, which is the aristocratic ancestor of our Domestic Fowl, resembles his rather degenerate descendant in many respects, but in his sexual habits he is notably different. He is monogamous, not polygamous; and in place of the servile submission of the modern hen, the female is independent and hard to win, and the male must spend much time in a long, arduous, and skillful courtship in order to gain her favors.

We may turn to the other group of ways in which births, not having been prevented, could be checked—that is by subsequent elimination. The chief of these methods are infanticide, hardship, ignorance and lack of proper food leading to high infantile mortality, wars and feuds, disease, the killing of the sick and infirm. It is the first of these that is the most important, and also the most interesting because deliberate and apparently unnatural. . . .

Sometimes not more than two children are allowed to a family: in some regions nearly every woman has destroyed four or five of her children. But everywhere

THE CONSTANT LOVER

How urgent March is,
How cock-a-whooping!
Under hazel arches
I must go stooping
Down, where the curliest
Leaves are wet,
After the earliest
Violet.

But when I've found it,
Madams and Misters,
And sweetly bound it
With six of its sisters
Oh seek I never
Their wearer? No,
I found her ever
So long ago.

—Patrick R. Chalmers, in the London *Spectator*

this can only be carried out shortly after birth; later, it would be murder and as such punishable. Moreover—as indeed we might expect—it is usual for the children selected to live to be treated with even an excess of tenderness and indulgence, and to a greater extent than is common among the poorer classes in civilization, among whom large families, even when not felt to be an infliction, are beyond the strength of the mother to tend.

It is found that in small islands, as in the Pacific, the stress on infanticide is very stringent; without it, the population would soon outrun the means of subsistence. In this connection it is well to remember that practically a very large number of primitive peoples, especially those supported by hunting and fishing live on islands, for their territories are stricly limited by intertribal arrangement, and so will only support a limited number. But it is also curious to observe that the real reason for limiting the growth of the population is seldom understood by the peoples who practice it, and they commonly assign all sorts of reasons, or merely "custom," for the economic reason which render infanticide, in the absence of any sound method of birth control, really imperative.

The other methods for the restraint on population by elimination are mostly independent of human will, like disease and hardship, or at all events not primarily directed to this end, like wars and feuds. They do not seem to be so important as infanticide. We might expect disease to be full of danger for primitive and savage peoples; but it is not so. . . . Diseases, on a broad survey, seem to be mostly of comparatively modern origin—some of them indeed probably of very recent development—and due partly to the artificial conditions of civilized existence and partly to the excessive aggregation involved by civilized life, conditions which only begin to be overcome by hygienic and medical skill in the most advanced stages of civilization. It is hardship and deficient food, common to savage life, rather than diseases, which cause infantile mortality at this early stage.

When we turn to peoples in a higher stage, the stage of barbarism leading on to civilization which comes within the view of history, the picture is modified. There are the same methods of decreasing fertility and of increasing elimination—one or more of which is found in powerful operation among every people on the surface of the earth—but their relative importance is changed and their forms sometimes modified. Infanticide became still more common among those races that were the leaders in civilization. Egypt, China, Japan, Arabia, Palestine, Greece, Rome, Northern Europe—in all these cradles of high civilization infanticide has flourished; nearly always the infants of obviously inferior quality have been destroyed.

But infanticide tended to be supplemented, and gradually was, in part or altogether, replaced by the attenuated form of abortion. This practice was indeed found among many of the primitive and savage peoples, but with the growth of refinement it became more common and it has now largely replaced infanticide altogether. As physicians well know, women today of all social classes feel no horror of abortion, though they would not dream of contemplating infanticide, and seem often to find it hard to realize that legally, in

OLD OR YOUNG

I questioned Poetry, "Say," I said,
"What am I, old or young?"
"Young as the heart remains," she smiled
"While laughter comes and song."

"Say, am I old, or am I young?"
I asked Philosophy.
"The way that women look at you
Should answer that," growled he.

So when I claim, by my high blood,
A life still young and jolly,
Women, with their indifferent looks,
Reprove me for my folly.

—W. H. Davies, in the London *Spectator*

most countries, abortion is counted a crime. Another check to fertility which begins to acquire a new prominence among the historical races is celibacy, alike in its religious and secular forms, or delay in marriage. Among the primitive and savage races, as we know, though taboos on intercourse were frequent and sometimes prolonged, everyone who was not hopelessly imbecile married usually at the earliest possible age, and the tendency to a single life, which increases with civilization, cannot but powerfully aid the checks on fertility. At the same time we find, though still so rare as to be generally negligible until recent years, a slightly increased attention to the methods of what we now specifically term birth control.

The check on procreation has been increased. But this increase was necessary, for the energy of procreation itself had increased. Among the historical races families have always been larger than among the primitive and savage peoples. The more settled life of Neolithic times out of which the great historical races arose, the organization in closely knit communities and ordered towns, the consequent accumulation of wealth, made life easier and the earliest restraint of hard conditions on life, which had itself prevented large families, was removed. So that even the increased checks on fertility were not enough to restore the balance, and an increased severity of the methods of elimination was also needed.

A new importance attaches among historical races to disease. . . .Wars, too, began to acquire a new effectiveness as a method of eliminating the superfluous human populations, especially when the Iron Age, succeeding the Stone Age, introduced more adequate methods of human slaughter than had hitherto prevailed, a process which has gone on with an accelerated skill and rapidity to our own day, and it is now estimated that before long, unless some new methods of control are established, it will be possible by pressing a button to destroy the whole population of large areas. The mortality of wars in the past, however, has been due more to the pestilences and famines following them than to actual slaughter in battle, and, as we know, during the last Great War, the deaths due to influenza in various parts of the world were far greater than those due to the war.

These are the general tendencies which have been at work during the ten thousand years or so of the historical period; such have been the influences counteracting our fertility. On the whole they have been fairly successful in maintaining, not without much friction and misery, an even balance.

It has been roughly estimated that up to the year 1800 the natural increase from the beginning, that is during millions of years, had only attained a world population of about 850 millions. But since then a cataclysmal change has taken place which in one way or another has affected nearly the whole of the earth's population. This change has been of a three-fold nature. There has, firstly, been the immense stimulus furnished by the industrial revolution beginning near the end of the eighteenth century and associated with the steam engine and the subsequent outburst of mechanical inventiveness. Therewith the whole of life—production, consumption, procreation—was speeded up. Following on this and to some extent its natural outcome, there came the development of the medical, sanitary and hygienic sciences and arts which not only countered the new risks to health and life of urban overpopulation caused by the industrial evolution, but went further, increasing the health and longevity of the whole population everywhere, and vastly diminishing the mortality and the prevalence of some of the most devastating epidemic diseases all over the world. Thirdly, and acting in the same direction, the slow development of humanitarian feeling, the feeling of Christianity in particular and civilization in general, has largely suppressed many of the methods by which fertility had always been diminished and most of the chief methods by which the population is directly and deliberately reduced.

Thus three new forces of world-wide

influence, unknown in the world previously, all began to exert pressure in the same direction at the same moment early in the nineteenth century. How enormously effective they have been we today witness, although so novel is the situation that few have yet grasped its terrible significance. The population of the world which during millions of years had grown so slowly, suddenly, in a mere flash of time—as a century is in the earth's growth—doubled, and at the present moment is increasing more rapidly than ever before in history. . . .At the present rate of increase, the time when there will be no more room left on the earth is not so far distant but that some of our grandchildren may live to see it.

Now it is certain that the present rate of increase will not be maintained. The growing difficulty of obtaining food must cause an ever larger number to perish long before every swamp has been drained and every desert and mountain top rendered available for agriculture. But, if we assume that Man will continue to make only feeble efforts to control his own fate, while the final catastrophe will thus be delayed, it will not be averted. . . .

The rate of increase will be slackened. But it lies with us to decide whether this shall happen destructively, with accompanying misery and degeneration, or constructively, in accordance with increasing knowledge. . . .The only method which comes before us today as a reasonably practical instrument, whatever its defects, for effecting the limitation of the family and eugenically moulding the future race, is the method of contraception, henceforth probably the only legitimate and practicable form of birth control. It is practically a new method, and as yet it has not had a measurable influence in restraining the ever-increasing flood of human fertility. So vast and menacing is the evil to be fought that birth control will need to be applied on a scale as yet undreamed of if that devastating flood is to be stayed. . . .—Havelock Ellis, in *Plain Talk*

A Cannibal Considers His White Brothers

IN a remote Solomon Islands village, close to where the recent murder of two white men took place, a man asked me if it were true, as he had heard, that in white men's countries the people quarreled and stole so much that strong men called policemen continually walked the streets to keep the peace.

In his own village, he said, there was little quarreling—except with other villages or with intruders—and hardly any stealing at all. He said he had thought that white men would have known better than to behave like that.

Another savage thought it strange that whites rejoiced and made holiday only at specified times—such as Christmas and Easter.

His people, he said, jubilated just whenever they felt like it, which, incidentally, was very often indeed. He thought that our capacity for enjoyment must be extremely limited, in that we had to have special times and arrangements for it.

In New Guinea a native told me that the meanest person he had ever heard of was a white man he had been told about during a brief visit to a mission station.

This man, it appeared, discovered that a mighty flood was coming, whereupon he built a large boat with a house on it, placed on board all his pigs, fowls, and dogs, and with his family sailed away and left the rest of the people to drown. The name of this mean person was Moses, he thought, and the boat was called Moses-Ark. Perhaps I had heard of it.

In some of the South Seas settlements there are cinemas, but the films shown are usually very old and scratched; wherefore the natives have a firm belief that in white men's countries it is always raining! I have heard natives declare that the white men in the South Seas are there because they could not endure the everlasting rain of their own country.—Jack McLaren, in the London *Daily Mail*

THE OUTLOOK FOR HUMANITY

SIR OLIVER LODGE, the eminent English scientist, recently delivered an address at Christ Church, Westminster, London, in which he gave three reasons, here stated, for his optimistic view of the future man. The reference in the opening paragraph is to the recent statement of Sir Arthur Keith, who shares the scientific eminence of Sir Oliver Lodge, completely substantiating the Darwinian theory.

IN recent times there has been a recrudescence of what is spoken of as the conflict between religion and science. I have known people greatly disconcerted and depressed by the utterance last autumn of the president of the British Association concerning the origin of man. It has been thought that man's outlook was spoilt and degraded by the idea of an animal ancestry, and I have known people inclined to throw up the sponge and give up hope because of the findings of science, which they had never grasped and which they did not properly understand.

This seems to me so contrary to a wise attitude that I have tried to indicate a more rational view. Discoveries in science should be accepted from experts, unless we are competent to judge for ourselves. There is no infallibility among experts, they may make mistakes, but still theirs is the best knowledge available at the time. . . .

There is no need to feel depressed. Youth is pressing forward with undaunted energy. The psychical aspect of man is no longer ignored. Wider and nobler truths are being recognized by science. Human welfare is being attended to, and in spite of obstacles the outlook is bright.

Why do I look at the future of man, even at the future of society, so optimistically? For many reasons. I will give you three, setting them in increasing order of importance. First, because of the social revolution which has occurred during my own lifetime and is still going on. It may be spoken of as the emancipation and increasingly welcome cooperation of a previously partially suppressed half of the human race in the management of the affairs of this planet. They had a severe struggle for this opportunity of service on a larger scale.

> EVERY emotional relationship to God is meaningless, whether it be rebellion or submission. We may prostrate ourselves in the dust before the altar, or we may wish to destroy it—but in either case we were the ones to erect it.
>
> Those who *believe* in God, pray. The devotion of those who *know* Him is called work.
>
> —Arthur Schnitzler

It is impossible to exaggerate the vital importance of women in the affairs of this planet. The very term motherhood carries with it immense significance. The unrecognized labor of the working wives, the control of the domestic arrangements, the spenders of the wages and the keepers-together of the house, and the nursing in illness—all these difficult tasks are performed without much recognition. That has gone on from time immemorial. But now a further step is being taken and they are entering into public life. Do we think that the emancipated moiety will make no mistakes? Not for a moment. Wisdom is the growth of time and experience.

And I see there is a movement toward increasing the political power even of youth. Well, it has a very educational influence. I have become converted to the idea, though at first, like many others, I thought it dangerous. I do not think so now. Freedom and power are good things if they are taken responsibly. Enlightened activity will follow. Corporate intelligence and power are now gradually going to be

associated with intuitive sympathy and goodness, and political power is being placed in their hands to an extent more widespread and deepseated. I feel that the result will be good.

Second, I look forward with hope to human destiny because of the goodness and self-sacrifice of the quite ordinary man. That spirit of self-sacrifice is not often called out by circumstances, but when called for it is forthcoming. Witness the heroes of fire, shipwreck, colliery disaster and the response to many another stringent and sudden call on common humanity. We had it in the war—heroic deeds constituting the one bright spot amid its horrors. But the summons is not limited to the destructive episode of war. It comes in peace-time.

My third reason for optimism is because humanity is beginning to realize, even through the ministrations and investigations of an at present unpopular branch of science, that it is not isolated in the universe. Humanity as a whole is not so isolated as it had thought, but it is a temporarily materialized portion of a great spiritual world, wherein are powers and affections and intelligences innumerable, intelligences outside the scope of our senses, but watchful and helpful to the utmost of their permitted power. We are beginning to get into touch with them, though they have always been more or less in touch with us.

Human history has been guided more than we know; even national blunders have in the long run been overruled for good. Doubtless our unruly wills and affections have caused trouble and been responsible for many failures, but the more we realize the efforts that are being made on our behalf, the more we appreciate the importance with which they regard these temporary stages of our own planetary existence, the less obstruction they will meet with and the more willing we shall be to cooperate with them in furtherance of the age-long plan.

Spiritual evolution—that is our destiny in this and other worlds: an evolution gradual, with many graduations and rising to no assignable close. The passion for life, sometimes called the struggle for existence in the lower creation, is no selfish weakness; it is a factor in the universal energy. Our racial restlessness, I believe, is the restlessness not of senility, but of adolescence. It resembles the approach of puberty, rather than the approach of death. . . .

The destiny of humanity, whether as an individual or as a race, is far higher than at present we can apprehend. The universe is a far bigger thing than we realize. Its material aspect is only one aspect of many. Our present stage of development has been reached through eons of gradual evolution and we can only dimly speculate on what we shall become in the long future ahead.—Sir Oliver Lodge

THE INTOLERANCE OF THE INTELLECTUALS

A TOLERANT intellectual is a contradiction in terms, for the intellectuals are, by definition, professional traffickers in ideas and theories, and they have a thousand reasons for being intolerant where the average man has one. The mass of men are so happily untroubled by anything deserving the name of personal convictions that they have to be stampeded into intolerance by the inflammatory appeals of their intellectual leaders. . . .

The intellectuals, being professionally familiar with ideas, are usually as untouched by their contact as hearse-drivers and grave-diggers are unmoved by the grief of bereaved friends and relatives at a funeral. They handle their explosives with an assurance born of long practice and the certainty that nothing can happen to them personally, that the disaster, if it comes, will happen to somebody else. Hence, for example, the slight astonishment of evangelists if some sister, more realistically inclined

than the average, transforms into action the ecstasy that possesses her, and runs away with the preacher. Or the resentful amazement of Christendom when Tolstoy renounced the world and actually tried to adjust his life and his philosophy to the teachings of Christ. . . . What all intellectuals have in common, despite wide differences of time, geography, and education, is their role of leadership in ideas and their continuous occupation in that sphere. What they further have in common is their ability, by fair means or foul, sooner or later, to infect normal people with their obsessions, and the inevitable sequel is an outbreak of intolerance. . . .

Where other people have inclinations, the intellectual has principles, so that he can never afford to be indifferent, in the best sense of the word, that is, to realize his own fallibility, and to admit that he has no apostolic mission. . . .

He sees life as a series of problems to be solved, of causes to be vindicated, of conspiracies to be defeated. His head is in the clouds, but they are clouds of theory, and for him every cloud has a paper lining. In deference to any theory in which he believes the plain facts of life must make way. He is intolerant of that wise toleration which has enabled the human wolves to build up a social order in which they can live at peace . . . more or less. He is always ready to "get down to fundamentals. . . ."

At the bottom of this form of intolerance lies the realization of the painful discrepancy between theory and practice and, since the intellectual lives by words alone, he is intolerant of life, which is made up entirely of compromises between what is and what might be. He thinks only of what ought to be; and as the standard is his own sense of omniscience, he, very naturally, is at odds with his fellow-men. He revolts at the convention that is working, in the belief that we are its victims, never realizing that we may be using it for convenience, without any illusion as to its intrinsic soundness. . . .Pragmatic intelligence should be the privilege of the superior order of men.

It is that intelligence, however, which the intellectuals invariably lack, and in that lack lies the secret of their intolerance of life. They must always be onlookers, frequently parasites on those who create the world in which the majority of men and women wish to live. Unable to act themselves, they resent the methods which make action possible and, by way of compensation, they evolve a philosophy which is essentially a negation of living. The creative impulse is driven in upon itself, or loses its drive in a sand of words. Never was this so true as in our own time, and the instinct which prompts the plain people to look askance at the class-conscious intellectuals and compels the authorities to discourage their excesses is a sound one. The race wishes to survive. The State wishes to endure. It is an instinct of self-preservation. . . .—Ernest Boyd, in *Harper's Magazine*

ALL the best jokes are about serious things, and you can't make a really good joke about anything unless you are in deadly earnest about it.

The best jokes are about birth and death and love and marriage and poverty and patriotism and religion and friendship and strong drink. And you can't make good jokes about these things unless you believe in them. You can merely be sarcastic. Which is a very different thing.

The sense of humor is the sense of proportion. And a sensible man should be able to see that compared with the perfect thing his little attempt is comic.

The best lovers I know make bawdy jokes about love, and only the frigid philanderers and the sensualists are shocked. The most religious men I know make jokes about religion, and only the half-believers are shocked. It is a sign of doubtful loyalty that you are frowned upon if you make jokes about your country or your King.

No, the solemn folk are all wrong. Life is a quite tremendous joke. It's the best joke I've met yet.—Garrett Thorpe, in *G. K.'s Weekly*

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MARS

I WAS, until lately, puzzled at one recurrent accusation that I have heard uttered against Americans in Europe. It used to crop up oddly, usually as a conclusion to a tirade. "What," the utterer would exclaim, "can you say for a people whose theaters smell of offal!" And this used to puzzle me until lately I went to Chicago and was asked by several of the inhabitants of that very sensitive city whether I had really smelled the stockyards in their opera house. You see, they—I mean those sensitive individuals, not all the inhabitants of the city of the Fire and Loop—had been seriously hurt by some sort of foreigner who, coming to visit them, had gone away declaring that so sensitive was he that he had actually performed that olfactory feat. Even that person—I do not remember who he was: some sort of minor poet or major journalist—had only meant to display his own poetic intensity; he had meant to say that he had not been able to forget the stockyards when in the foyer of the opera house. That, I daresay, is true. I have had a good deal to do with slaughtering beasts—mostly pigs—and I daresay, if I were really a poet, I might remember them, now and then, with regret; though I never do.

But that fellow had to put that record of his emotions picturesquely; and he put it so picturesquely that half the papers in Europe and, I daresay, all the papers in America, quoted that passage, with the results which I have already adumbrated. *Every* American is, therefore, by certain Europeans regarded as the sort of insensible individual who can sit in a theater reeking of putrid meat. That does not help the cause of peace.

Nay, more: it is the sort of thing that causes wars. . . .Wars are declared for all sorts of reasons—because of fear more often than not. But they are not cheerfully prosecuted unless the peoples engaged are convinced that the individuals of the enemy nations are too brutish to be accorded the sympathies due to human beings. Yet once that position has been established against the Enemy, we shall fight to the bitter end. We shall fight to the bitter end because if we are vanquished we shall have to endure the forcing on ourselves of the brutish habits of the conqueror. We shall have to eat black bread, rotten cabbage, and sausages . . . . or sit in theaters that smell of putrid meat. . . .If, then, a politician or publicist can be found to proclaim that I am—or in the alternative, that you are—the less civilized of the two, I will fight you or you me. I will fight against your Prohibition because you are of so low an order of humanity that you cannot be kept from making a beast of yourself without Federal enactments; moreover you sit in theaters that smell of offal and, for all we know, your bluejackets wear the wrong sort of little boys' hats. Possibly even white linen ones. We, on the other hand, regard ourselves as God's chosen. . . .

I do not mean to say that the war-risk is very imminent. It is about as imminent as the war of 1914 was in 1870—but that is near enough. And that is a nasty state of affairs which has been brought about not merely by American politicians and the smart Alecks that write for the American press, but by all the politicians and all the smart Alecks the world over. It is time our peoples turned their attentions to what is being done for us. . . .—Ford Madox Ford, in *Harper's Magazine*

YET ANOTHER WAY OF LOVE

To that cold lady in her pride
Who bade her knight show if he loved,
Nor prove his valor by the sword,
But face the lions for a glove—
If she had bid him stand aside
And wait for years with scarce a word,
Would he, think you, as true have proved?

—H. Lejeune, in *G. K's Weekly*

In America everybody prides himself upon being prompt, and nobody arrives on time.—Andre Maurois

TOLSTOY AND THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS

THIS correspondence between Count Leo Tolstoy and the Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich, who was shot, together with Grand Duke Paul, by the Bolsheviki in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, recently came to light. The Soviet Government has also discovered in its archives and made public the journal of the Grand Duke Nicholas, from which this introductory passage is taken.

From Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich's journal, November 4, 1901.

I HAD long wanted to make Tolstoy's acquaintance, and the occasion finally presented itself in the Crimea in the autumn of 1901. I had gone to spend a few days with my brother Alexander, at Gaspra, and Tolstoy was staying almost next door with the Countess Panin. . . .Realizing that only a lucky chance could bring me in contact with him, I decided to write to Count Tolstoy quite simply and ask to meet him.

I sent my letter on the morning of the twenty-sixth, and immediately received a reply. The Count asked me to call and see him at one o'clock. I was received by the Countess Sophia Andreevna, who informed me that her husband was in his study upstairs but that he would appear presently. Ten minutes later Tolstoy entered the room. He greeted me very cordially, and excused himself for having answered me by telephone and not by letter, saying that he was suffering from rheumatism in his hand. We soon were sitting side by side talking, the Countess having left.

Physically Tolstoy looks like a decrepit old man, but when he talks this impression quickly disappears and the old man is transformed into a robust, well-built peasant. He dresses simply —a gray blouse and leather belt, trousers of the same color, and boots that reach halfway to his knees and cover the bottoms of his trousers. When you are told that the Count dresses in rags and that he never washes, do not believe it. On the contrary, he is extremely neat. His hands and finger nails are well cared for, and even his big white beard, though in a state of poetic disorder, is well combed. But his clear blue eyes are what strike you most. His penetrating gaze seems to plumb the depths of your soul, and, since his eyes are deep set and his cheek bones protrude sharply, the impression is heightened. These eyes wear a tender expression with a touch of sadness, but they are spiritual eyes that concentrate intensely, revealing character and will power. He has none of that wandering look that people have spoken of so much, nor is he in the least agitated. On the contrary, everything about him is majestic, simple, and dignified. . . .

SHEEP AND SHEPHERD

The Shepherd's work was done.
The sheep were safe
Within the fold—
Ninety-and-nine, and one.

But, he had paid the cost
Of climbing step—
Of daring flood and frost.

The sheep were safe
Within the fold;
The Shepherd? . . . He was lost.

—Egbert Sandford, in *Poems*, (Burns Oates, London)

The second time that I visited Tolstoy was in the evening before dinner. I was invited to go to his study, where the Count greeted me with these words: "I am very pleased to see you. I was expecting you. I am ashamed, and my conscience has been reproaching me. I should like to ask if you stopped to consider what you did the first time you came to see me. I am a pestilential person. The Church has excommunicated me, and people are afraid of approaching me. Yet you come to my house. I repeat that I am an outcast, and that I may cause you trouble. People will look at you askance on account of your visits to a man whose politics are disapproved of."

We later discussed the present state

of Russia, the lack of central authority and of governmental system, the abuses of ministerial power, the futility of Sipiaguin, the insolence of Witte,—although we did justice to his capacities—the lack of religious sentiment, and so on. On the last subject Tolstoy spoke at great length, accusing the Russian clergy of being largely responsible for the present state of religious indifference.

I remarked that many people who had read his books thought that he doubted the immortality of the soul. In a state of obvious distress the Count replied: "Is it possible that there are people who understand and explain my teachings in that way? If so, it is a great shame. I feel, however, that I am growing older. My inspiration is not what it used to be—indeed, it is sorely lacking; but I assure you that my only desire is to aid suffering humanity. At present I am working hard on my book on religion. If I succeed in ending this work before I die, I shall be happy. Two-thirds of the labor is already completed. It is not ending well, for inspiration is often lacking, and I am often sick."

In most of his conversations Tolstoy spoke often of death. I got the impression that the thought of death was troubling him, and, although he did not admit it, doubt seemed to be invading his soul.

On this occasion I stayed with him nearly two hours. . . .The thing that impressed me most during this intimate interview was Tolstoy's naturalness. Devoid of pose, he struck me as a thoroughly simple man, and charmed me as the most delightful of conversationalists. . . .

I should say that Tolstoy the writer and Tolstoy the man are two different people, and I am happy to have had the chance to see the individual at such close range, for I can now pardon the hot-headed writer for many of his indiscretions.

* * *

Letter from Tolstoy to Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich.

5 April, 1902

DEAR Nicholas Mikhailovich,—I wanted to write you as soon as I received your telegram, but I have been so sick for the last two months that I have not been able to sit up and take a pen in hand. Nevertheless, I did want to write and thank you cordially for everything you have done. I am particularly grateful to you for having carried out my request, although it probably inconvenienced you to deliver my letter to the Tsar. You probably read it, as I asked you to, and it could not have accorded with your own opinions. If I am mistaken, I should be very happy, and would beg you to pardon this assumption. . . .One of the goals toward which the Russian people have always, in my opinion, aspired is the freedom of the soil and the right to hold individual property. Much has been written on this subject but it has received really masterly treatment by Henry George in his great work, *Progress and Poverty*, and in a more succinct book, *Social Problems.* To my mind, it is just as necessary to solve this question now as it was necessary to emancipate the serfs during the first half of the last century. Nevertheless, in our day not only is the solution of this question neglected, but the problem itself cannot even be stated. The great landowners in Europe and America who compose the governing caste are trying to stifle it and not allow it to reach government circles. Yet in Russia alone can it be

THE RAZOR-EDGE

So, life was walking on a razor-edge
Above a seething crater! Well, if he
Could keep his balance, doubtless presently
He would get hardened to the agony
That every step now cost him: and yet why
Keep walking? He, at last, might reach a ledge
Where he could rest in some security;
But was it worth the price? Would it not be
Better to leap to quick death in the crater,
Than to crawl in slow anguish hopefully,
Merely to tumble in exhaustion later?
Yet he kept on; and when he reached the ledge,
Repined that he must quit the razor-edge.

—Wilfrid Gibson, in the London *Nation and Athenaeum*

solved, for here we have autocratic power, and it is in Russia that its solution is particularly necessary and important, since the majority of the Russian people live on agricultural work, and their chief grievance is the lack of soil at their disposal and its unjust apportionment. Henry George's project, called the single-tax system, which you probably know, is simple and practical. It consists of having all land valued by the rent that it brings and having this rent paid to the Government by whoever occupies the land. This rent then composes the entire state revenue, and takes the place of all other taxes. I can readily imagine an imperial order abolishing landed property and confiding to different committees the task of assessing its value in various provinces.

And what a great benefit the Russian Emperor would be conferring, not only on his people, but upon the entire universe. How completely it would protect him from Socialist and revolutionary plots. What a strong position he would occupy, backed by thousands of his people and by the popular masses, who would receive from his hands the realization of their most cherished and legitimate desire—the right of every man to nourish himself by working the soil that God has given, not to a few, but to all human beings without exception.

Such are my ideas, but I admit I may be mistaken and that humanity may aspire to other goals that the Government should endeavor to attain. Although this is possible, it is not possible for a Government to continue, as ours is now, maintaining something that no longer corresponds to real life, and refusing to show its people the way to attain real happiness. Such a Government cannot long exist. . . .

The news came yesterday of the murder of Sipiaguin. It is terrible, principally because of the anger, hatred and the desire for revenge that this assassination will certainly provoke. . . .

Adieu! With all my heart I wish you all possible happiness, principally in your spiritual life. Affectionately,

L. Tolstoy

Letter from Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich to Tolstoy.

Tiflis, *April* 15, 1902

MY very dear Lev Nikolaevich,—
Your letter, which I received yesterday, I enjoyed enormously—in the first place because I see that you are so far recovered that you can write, and in the second place because I had been waiting for a long time for news of you, and it arrived on Easter Day. I have followed the bulletins of your health in the newspapers, and I have been intending these last few days to break the silence and to beg and beseech you, after this two and one-half months, to amuse and relax my mind with one of your letters. I now reply to your communication.

Arriving at Petersburg on the twenty-second of January, I received your missive the next day. I read it, and had a copy made to keep. I then found the person for whom it was destined, and delivered it. When I asked if I could put this letter in the Emperor's hands, people told me "Certainly," and three days later, after a family dinner, I gave it to him, saying as I did so: "I beg of you, out of respect to Lev Nikolaevich, not to give this letter to any of your ministers. I am asking you that as a personal favor."

The Emperor promised not to show it to anybody, and told me that he would read it with interest. Since then I have had no opportunity to discuss it with him again. The fact that the Emperor let me give him this letter, and his friendly attitude ever since, lead me to believe that he is well disposed. Our Emperor is a very good man, a benevolent man. All the harm comes from his entourage. If I went so far as to beg him not to show this letter to his ministers, I only did it out of respect to you, and because I should not care to have the ministers abusing you before the Emperor. I hope that you will approve.

As for the means proposed in your letter of April 5 for saving autocracy and improving the sad situation in which our country finds itself, please don't be hurt if I say that you are too great an

idealist. You believe that we can do something in Russia that people do not even speak of in Europe or America. Every peasant is devoted to his little domain, and, if I understand you correctly, you would nationalize all the land, whose revenue would return to the State, or, in other words, to the Treasury. I think that even if this method received the consent of the owning classes—that is to say, the proprietors of every kind,—it would encounter the most violent opposition from the peasants. Furthermore, to realize this grandiose idea we should need a formidable emperor like Peter the Great, as well as collaborators of a very different type from those who surround Nicholas II. We should have to reform and revivify institutions whose supremacy runs back through the centuries, such as the State Council, the directing senatorial body and all the ministries.

My conclusion, therefore, is that your idea is as far-reaching and sympathetic as it is impractical. Clearly, we are living in a terrible period that demands immediate practical reforms; but where to begin? "That is the question." We are vexed with the question of public instruction and the teaching personnel, with the labor problem, the incompetent bureaucracy, the general passion for profit, excessive militarism, depraved morals, and so on, and in the face of all these you propose raising the agrarian question again. You run the danger of being the only soldier on the field, because even those who share your ideas will hesitate when it becomes necessary to pass from theory into practice. Our society seems to me so thoroughly rotten that convalescence is only possible by a united and gradual effort on the part of the different government departments.

To my mind, the autocracy can only be saved if its responsibilities toward a people of one hundred and thirty million are limited and if the number of ministries is increased. One explanation for our evil condition is that it is extremely old. In the course of the nineteenth century life and the exigencies of life marched forward, but our institutions scarcely budged. Only when all of them have been reformed shall we be able to think of the complicated question you raise, and then perhaps men will be found who are capable of realizing this magnificent idea. . . .

I have let myself run on, and fear that I have bored you, and I beg you not to hold this long letter against me. If you have any free time, write to me. I am not in the least afraid of the police, and enjoy enormously talking to you. Thank you again for the charming lines you wrote on the fifth of April; they touched me and convinced me that you love me a little. I beg you with all my heart to regain your health as quickly as possible. Take good care of yourself, and do not go out walking or riding horseback imprudently.

Transmit, I beg of you, my most sincere homage to the Countess. I press both hands affectionately.

Yours affectionately,
Nicholas Mikhailovich

—From the Paris *Revue Mondiale*, translated for *The Living Age* {Boston}

PRESIDENT WILSON spoke of "making the world safe for democracy," and Mr. Baldwin speaks of "making democracy safe for the world." Highly desirable objects, both of them beyond doubt. But there is a third which is equally important and at the moment even more urgent. This is to make statesmen safe for both the world and democracy.

Democracy is getting it in the neck all the time, if so vulgar an expression may be permitted. Every statesman all over Europe who has made a mess of anything says that democracy is to blame. Every dictator, white or red, flings a jibe at democracy. And yet, after all, what has democracy been doing in these last years except to suffer patiently and helplessly the blundering experiments of men who pride themselves on being statesmen?

—J. A. Spender, distinguished British publicist, in the London *Daily News and Westminster Gazette*

MY PAIN BENEATH YOUR SHELTERING HAND

From the Painting by Charles Sims, R. A.

While six of his mystical paintings, including this one, were creating a sensation at the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy, London, the artist drowned himself. These pictures, which tell of the pilgrimage of the soul, are expressed, says the Manchester Guardian, *"in designs of torn, starlike shapes of fierce color, with great obscured heads and hands, amid which the soul—a male figure with streaming hair—aspires and suffers." They are akin to those of William Blake in the loftiness and devoutness of their religious aspiration.*

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Tolstoy as a Baffled Searcher

THE interest of Tolstoy: The Inner Drama, *from which these passages are taken, is enhanced by the fact that Count Tolstoy was born a hundred years ago {in 1828} and that numerous centenary celebrations have been held. The author of this study deals with Tolstoy primarily as a baffled searcher after the art of life, and reconstructs the great Russian's moral problem on a psychological basis.*

He observes in the growth of individuals and to a less degree in that of peoples, three stages of consciousness: the first primitive or animal, in which instinct is the ruling factor; the second self-conscious, in which the critical intelligence has separated itself from instinct; the third ideally human, in which intelligence and instinct cooperate in the conquest of nature. Tolstoy, according to this writer, never reached the third level. He "outgrew the animal without achieving the human."

SELDOM indeed has there been an artist so naturally endowed or so morally obsessed, and one consequently who projected into his characters so much of moral questioning or elaborated a personal creed with such relentless sincerity. His writings are "one vast diary of fifty years, one endless and minute 'confession.'" . . .

And yet he is not among those writers who are most intimately loved. No one perhaps has expressed love as a passion, lyrical or malign, more vividly: no one has preached it as an ideal more urgently. But he preaches love with too fearful an intensity to inspire it. Homeless, he seeks for human fellowship and cannot find it. With Nature and animals he is at home; with men and women, as spiritual and intelligent beings, he is remote and ill at ease. He moves through his life in a self-tormented isolation.

He is alone as a force of Nature and in his hatred of Nature; alone as he aspires to the far sky that taunts him with its peace, alone in the careless world that would not heed his doctrine, and even at last in his own family circle, where he sits, as Gorki described him in old age, "in a corner tired and grey, as though the dust of another earth were on him, and he looks attentively at everything with the look of a foreigner or of a dumb man."

Often the look is bitter and inquisitorial as that of a captive peering through bars, and out of that terrible inner solitude his voice issues, the voice of Nature and of a soul struggling to transcend Nature. From year to year the struggle grows more intense, the possibility of easy relationship more difficult. He enthralls and overpowers, demoralizes and disintegrates, spinning about us the web of his life-long moral dilemma. We feel with him the beauty and the cruelty of the world, and we feel it physically, since his words have the quality of sensations. And with him through more than sixty years of dynamic experience we seek a salvation beyond recurrent ecstasy and despair.

> WE have much to learn from Tolstoy's moral teaching. For our civilization is still morbid, and no man has exposed the conditions of its morbidity more powerfully than he. But his value is rather as the pathologist of a false civilization than the prophet of a true one.
>
> — Hugh I'Anson Fausset

He tells us that he has found it in a renunciation of desire and responsibility. Yet no assured serenity succeeds. His face is still harrowed and distraught; preaching humility he betrays his pride; he hates the senses as fanatically as he loved and loves them; he is an egotist in the excesses of his altruism. Always we feel the clutch of his tenacious hands that are pitiful as the peasant's and pitiless as the autocrat's. His keen small eyes pierce us with their defiant appeal;

they demand uncompromised acceptance. But the very intensity of his demands impedes our response. His suffering disproves his claims, his solution is too simple and self-interested.

Yet only when we have realized the forces with which he struggled so continuously and frenziedly, have weighed the burden of intense pleasure and pain which he was fated to carry, can we do justice to the truth which he wrung amid error from his own ordeal and the falseness which he exposed so scathingly because he knew how seductive it was....

Tolstoy has been dismissed by some as a savage and reverenced by others as a saint. In fact he was neither, but he strove in turn for the integrity of both. The savage preserves his integrity instinctively, the saint fulfils his spiritually; the one is below good and evil, the other is above it. . . .

How to live the life of Nature without its transience and want of purpose, was what he sought. For a time he sought it in a vague mysticism, by losing himself in "the distant sky, not clear, yet immeasurably lofty," compared to which everything seemed insignificant. But an infinite sensation is as transient as a finite. His instincts were too strong and earthly to allow him to escape by way of a vague transcendentalism. He was also too honest. For if a perpetual need of self-confession {itself a symptom of self-confinement} was typical of Tolstoy, so also was a hatred of self-deception.

In *Childhood* he describes how he suffered for the insincerity of two lines in some verses he wrote to present to his grandmother on her name day, and later in *Boyhood* he tells how the fact that he had suppressed at Confession what seemed to him a particularly shameful sin compelled him to drive early the next morning to the priest to ease his conscience.

The quality illustrated in these two early incidents persisted, and it was because of his inherent honesty that he was so painfully haunted during the latter part of his life by a sense of discrepancy between his professions and his practice.

And that is why, despite his bias against modern civilization, he is nearer to our needs than Emersonian mystics or Victorian moralists. An evasive mysticism may provide gracious retreats for world-weary initiates, but like a conventional morality it fails to further, if it does not actually retard, the true march of the human race. . *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch* and *The Kreutzer Sonata* are the two stories in which he betrayed most clearly that the extreme demands of his Christian ethic were dictated by an extreme horror of the flesh. No man could have written either who was not tortured by his appetites. Both are masterpieces by virtue of their intense physical reality, and although the horror of death predominates in the one, and of sexual passion in the other, the two are identical in essence. Ivan Ilyitch's married life, like Pozdnyshev's, contains islands of carnal love in an ocean of concealed hostility, and he dies with terror and nausea because, behind all his colorless decorum, he has lived grossly.

Once again in this story Tolstoy expressed the agony of a man who, like himself, had lost a natural relation to life and death, without achieving a spiritual. In telling the history of Ivan Ilyitch, which was "the simplest, the

PRAYER

When I was young I told God what to do,
And called it prayer.
Even the questions that I asked of you
I let Him share.

There were so many things He might not see,
That was my fear—
I told Him ways of secret ecstasy,
He would not hear.

Now that I'm old, I have been taught to see
The unspoilt sweetness that is yesterday.
Without a future man at last is free,
With nought to ask for I have learnt to pray.

—From *Poems* of Elizabeth Bibesco, by permission of George H. Doran Company

most ordinary, the most awful," he reconceived the intense physical revulsion from death which he first fully experienced at the death-bed of his brother Nicholas . . .

Ivan has no positive vices. He is the typical official, who worships correctness, makes a conventional marriage and derives his pleasures, apart from the satisfaction of his appetites, from petty professional pride and petty social vanity. And then he injures himself while arranging the furniture in the new house which signalizes his ascent in the scale of suburban respectability, and the fatal disease which is to destroy him at the age of forty-five after appalling suffering takes root.

And as the disease advances secretly within him, he becomes aware that he is a solitary, querulous individual in a household of mean souls, absorbed in their own trivial concerns. Even the doctors whom he consults are interested only in his medical aspect as he himself had been interested only in the legal aspect of his clients. He "is left alone with the consciousness that his life is poisoned for him and poisons the life of others, and that this poison is not losing its force, but is continually penetrating more and more deeply into his whole existence. . . . And he had to live thus on the edge of the precipice alone, without one man who could understand and feel for him."

And suddenly he realizes that it is death that has him, as it always has had him, in its grip. "Death. Yes, Death. And they—all of them—don't understand, and don't want to understand, and feel no pity! . . . And the worst of it was that It drew him to itself not for him to do anything in particular, but simply for him to look at It straight in the face, to look at It and, doing nothing, suffer unspeakably. . . .

"He cried at his own helplessness, at his awful loneliness, at the cruelty of people, at the cruelty of God, at the absence of God." And all the time he is groping for a meaning, for some relation with the universe which will deliver him from a loneliness "than which none more complete could be found anywhere—not at the bottom of the sea, not deep down in the earth." And looking back on his life he finds it all, except his childhood, unpleasant, disgusting, worthless, *deadly,* and he suddenly knows that in spite of all his propriety he has lived amiss, has perpetrated "a horrible vast deception that concealed both life and death." He knows, but he will not admit it fully. He will not accept the fact of death in his past life, and so he cannot accept it in the little life which remains to him. . . .

"He was struggling in that black sack into which he was being thrust by an unseen resistless force. He struggled as the man condemned to death struggles in the hands of the executioner and knows that he cannot save himself. . . . He felt that his agony was due both to his being thrust into the black hole and still more to his not being able to get right into it. What hindered him from getting into it was the claim that his life had been good. That justification of his life held him fast and would not let him get forward, and it caused him more agony than all."

At last two hours before his death he really abandons the claim and finds peace. "He looked for his old accustomed terror of death, and did not find it. 'Where is it? What death?' There was no terror, because death was not either. . . . 'Death is over,' he said to himself, 'It's no more.' "

In no other story did Tolstoy express the physical reality of death so vividly, or so appallingly. Ivan's bodily sufferings are not realistically described; they are realized with imaginative as well as pathological exactitude. And his mental agony, if we strip it of Tolstoy's moral interpretation, resolves itself into a conflict between the will to live and the assaults of pain . . .

In 1886 Tolstoy was seriously ill and during his illness he wrote *The Power of Darkness,* a play in which great tragedy is wrung by sheer force of genius out of physical horror. But of all the characters it is the women, Matryona and Anisya, who are irreparably bad. What

Gorki later described as his "implacable hostility" to women was indeed a necessary condition of his faith. For he felt that women expressed with terrible seductiveness the physical life which he must deny. He felt it so morbidly that he could write in a letter, still unpublished, that "in modern times they appear to be possessed of devils, and career round like cats on a roof."

And the intensity of his fear and hatred, and the physical enslavement to which it was due, he betrayed with burning conviction in the cynical frenzy of *The Kreutzer Sonata.* Certainly Pozdnyshev does not represent the whole of Tolstoy. But he represents the violent sensualist in him, which dictated alike the qualities of his art, the defects of his morality, and the discord of his life. . . .

Tolstoy had become convinced of the final and fatal animalism of love between the sexes, of what he called "that enchanting, disgusting, frightful passion." In *Resurrection* occurs the sentence, "He says that this love arouses his energy, and is platonic, but I know that, even if it is exceptional, still at the bottom of it lies the same nastiness." And Pozdnyshev expresses the same sentiment with cynical ferocity.

"Every man," he says, "experiences what you call love for every pretty woman." . . .

"But you are talking all the time about physical love. Don't you acknowledge love based on an identity of ideals, on spiritual affinity?" asked the lady.

"Spiritual affinity! Identity of ideals!" he repeated. "But in that case why go to bed together?"

And he continues, "You know, what is vilest about it is that in theory love is something ideal and exalted, but in practice it is something abominable, swinish, which it is horrid and shameful to mention or remember."

Here in fact the discord in Tolstoy's nature between instinct and intelligence finds its starkest expression. He was physically enslaved by passion, and so he denied that such passion could form the basis of a human and spiritual relationship. And because for him it could not do this, it was horrible and humiliating in itself.

This carnal conviction enabled him to attack with piercing insight through the medium of Pozdnyshev the sensualism which conceals itself behind a veil of false poetry and refinement, but it prevented him from offering any substitute for a false indulgence but a false asceticism.

Pozdnyshev describes how as a boy of sixteen, "woman, not some particular woman, but woman as something to be desired, woman, every woman, woman's nudity tormented" him, how he lost his innocence, and his relationship with women was sullied and spoilt for ever.

"A libertine may restrain himself, may struggle, but he will never have those pure, simple, clean, brotherly relations with a woman. . . . And I had become, and I remained a libertine, and it was this that brought me to ruin. . . . So I lived till I was thirty, not abandoning for a moment the intention of marrying, and arranging for myself a most elevated and pure family life. . . . I remember how, when we were engaged, I showed her my Diary, from which she could learn something, if but a little of my past, especially about my last *liaison.* . . . I remember her horror, despair and confusion. . . ."

Up to this point Tolstoy was describing, if with some morbid exaggeration, his own early life. He too in actual life, as Gorki has testified, when discussing women could be "unspeakably vulgar. It seemed as if he had once been hurt and could never forget nor forgive." And although the rest of the story ceases to be in any literal sense autobiographical, it expresses the dread of lust from which he found a temporary refuge in marriage but which more and more impelled him to seek escape from marriage itself.

To Pozdnyshev "the most exalted poetic love, as we call it, depends not on moral qualities but on physical nearness . . . we are continually lying about high sentiments but only want her body . . . and all that presents it in the most deceptive light."

And the art, the social habits and the education of the upper class are simply means to this end, veils behind which their one thought is: "Take, take me!"

It is "woman's vocation to afford pleasure to man, and the education given her corresponds with this view. . . . But you will perhaps say that this is true only of badly brought-up girls—those who among us are contemptuously called 'young ladies'—you will say there is another, a serious education supplied in high schools—even classical ones—in midwifery, and in medical and university courses. That is not true. All female education of whatever kind has in view only the capture of men. Some girls captivate men by music and curls; others by political services. . . . No bringing up, no education can alter this as long as woman's highest ideal remains marriage, and not virginity and freedom from sensuality. Till then she will be a slave." . . .

Tolstoy's own marriage was moral in this sense and yet it increasingly disgusted him. He was torn between a false ideal of celibacy and the physical demands of his nature, and his morality, instead of bringing him inner freedom, only heightened his sense of servitude.

And the ultimate pessimism to which such an attitude logically led is expressed in Pozdnyshev's assertion, "A pure girl only wants children. Children—yes, but not a husband."

"How then," I said with astonishment, "how is the human race to be continued?"

"And why should it be continued?" was his rejoinder.

Tolstoy, like the interrogator in his story, may have been astonished that his morality should logically entail the cessation of the human race, but there can be no doubt that Pozdnyshev's attitude was his own. For all his moral and social philosophy reflects the same irrational negation and it drove him at last, a fugitive, from his own home. Like Pozdnyshev he was convinced that "of all the passions the strongest, cruellest, and most stubborn, is the sex-passion, physical love; and therefore if the passions are destroyed, including the strongest of them—physical love—the prophecies will be fulfilled, mankind will be brought into a unity."

He would not admit that the unity would be one of death, that the passions were the necessary agents of life, and that the prophecies could only be fulfilled when they were creatively expressed. For him there could be no escape from the agony of sex, as from the agony of a death-bed, save in the death of the body. And his morality was but a preparation for and a prevision of that final surrender. . . .

Nevertheless the imagination which made him a great artist invested his tortured personality with far more than a personal significance. He is, as Romain Rolland has said, our conscience. His personal problem is also the problem of our civilization in which both our salvation and our survival are involved. The science which he despised forces us to choose between moral relationships, in a sense which he imperfectly understood, and suicide. Without its help we cannot make a good life possible under the conditions which it has created. But unless it is put to the service of the love to which he so despairingly aspired, it will destroy us.—From Hugh I'Anson Fausset's *Tolstoy: The Inner Drama,* by permission of Jonathan Cape, Limited

America is remarkable because there we find European human nature in the raw . . . . The American, thus, is a civilized man without a civilization. . . .There are more men than women in America, consequently men are cheap and the women have it all their own way because they possess what economists call a "scarcity value." The result is a petticoat-ridden society wherein feminine standards and ideals are paramount.—Osbert Burdett, English critic

There was never a time when there were so many politicians in the wrong party.—David Lloyd George

Pages From the Life of Chaliapine

THE autobiography of the great Russian basso, who has the reputation of being the highest paid opera singer in the world, is typically Slavic and abounds in contrasts. Often, when a boy, living with his parents in Kazan, he was so poor that he went hungry. His life story abounds in colorful reminiscences of his early days as a member of struggling operatic companies which traveled in steamboats up and down the Volga River, and visited the Asiatic provinces of the Russian Empire. It was this experience gained as a strolling player that laid the foundation for the acting ability so rare in the ordinary opera singer.

I HAD an acquaintance by the name of Kamensky, a very theatrical youth of seventeen. He acted small parts in plays on the open-air stage in the Panaevsky Gardens. He told me one day:

"There is a splendid opportunity for you of getting on the stage! Our manager is very strict, but he is well disposed towards young people. Ask him to give you a chance!"

"But I can't act!"

"Never mind! Try! Perhaps he will give you a part with two or three words...."

I went to the stage manager, and he at once offered me the part of the gendarme in the play *Gendarme Roger*, a comedy translated from the French. I do not remember the name of its author. The play deals with thieves and tramps who are continually playing all sorts of tricks, whilst Gendarme Roger endeavors in vain to catch them. I was commissioned to play the part of this clumsy gendarme, and at once fell into a state of blissful and incessant agitation, due to my joy and the consciousness of the responsibility resting upon me....

The longed-for evening arrived. I came to the Gardens earlier than anyone else, went into the dressing room and put on a uniform of green calico with red collar and facings, with cloth gaiters, and plastered my face with various colors; but was not very well pleased with the effect of the whole when completed. My heart thumped uneasily and my legs were somewhat out of control.

The play began. I can't say what I felt that evening. I only recollect a number of horribly disagreeable sensations. It seemed as if my heart were taken out of my body and pierced and cut. I recollect being pushed on to the stage. "Now it is your turn!" some one said. I knew full well that I had to walk about, talk, and seem to be alive. But I was quite unable to move. My feet seemed to be stuck to the boards of the floor; my hands hung at my sides immovably; my tongue swelled up, choked up my mouth, and turned to wood. I could not say a word nor move a finger. Behind the scenes I heard various voices whispering:

"Speak, you fool! Say something!"

"Speak, ass!"

"Hit him with something or other...."

Everything seemed to go round before my eyes; a huge deep mouth guffawed with many voices; the stage rocked. I felt as if I should sink through the floor or die.

The curtain fell, but I stood there immovable, as though turned to stone, until the stage manager, white with rage, began to beat me, tearing the gendarme's costume from my body. The gaiters and boots came off my feet by themselves, and finally falling into a patch of nettles I was pushed forth into the Gardens in my underwear, and a moment later my jacket and other garments were hurled forth after me. I crept away into a quiet corner of the Gardens, dressed myself, climbed over the fence and walked away, without observing where I went. I wept....

I was already seventeen years of age. A light-opera company was appearing at the Panaevsky Gardens. Naturally I hung about there every evening, and one day a chorus singer told me:

"Semenov-Samarsky is getting a chorus together to appear at Ufa. Ask him to take you on!"...

I went next day to his hotel, but the

doorkeeper would not let me go up to his room. I begged and entreated him, almost with tears, and in the end tormented him so much that, after expectorating in disgust, he sent a boy to ask Semenov-Samarsky whether he wished to see a long-legged, ill-fed, ragged fellow who was waiting downstairs.

"Send him up," said the boy when he came back from seeing the music-master.

Semenov-Samarsky enquired of me kindly as to the extent of my musical knowledge.

It did not surprise me that such a gentleman should address me so politely, for I thought so refined a man could not do otherwise; but his question alarmed me. I knew nothing, but made up my mind to put on a bold front, and said.

"I know *Traviata* and *Carmen.*"

"Yes, but mine is a light-opera company."

"I know *Les Cloches de Corneville,*" I went on, enumerating all the operettas I could call to mind, but failed to produce any impression.

"How old are you?" he asked me.

"Nineteen," I lied shamelessly.

"And what is your singing voice?"

"First bass."

The kindness of his manner gave me increased courage. Finally he said:

"You know, I can't pay you the salary that chorus singers with a good *repertoire* receive . . ."

"I don't want it. I'll come without pay!" I blurted out.

This astonished everybody. They all three stared at me in silence. I explained further:

"I haven't any money, of course, but perhaps you will give me something?"

"Fifteen rubles a month," said he.

"You see," I retorted, "I must have enough to live on. If I can live on ten rubles a month at Ufa, then give me ten, but if I shall need sixteen or seventeen rubles . . ."

The Caucasian laughed and said to Semenov-Samarsky:

"Give him twenty rubles and be generous! What difference does it make?"

"Sign," said the manager, pushing a document towards me. And I signed my first theatrical contract with a hand "trembling for joy." . . .

Presently my artistic reputation had increased to the extent of receiving an offer to appear in America. This came in the shape of an engagement to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, during the season 1907-08. I signed a contract which called for appearances in *Mefistofele, Faust, The Barber of Seville,* and *Don Giovanni.*

> THE traditions of the Russian imperial theaters were so powerful that not even revolution could crush them, and so, during the great revolutionary conflagration, the Russian stage stood like a knight in indestructible armor, ready to meet any and every enemy. Today this handsome and gracious figure still firmly stands its ground, smiling a welcome to new artists, new writers and new composers.
>
> —Feodor Chaliapine

I was much excited at the thought of singing for the first time in "the land of big business," about which I had heard repeatedly from fellow artists. Consequently, I set out on the trip across the Atlantic with the keenest anticipation.

The first object to claim my attention as we neared New York was the statue of Liberty. Next, on the dock, I was greeted by a small army of newspaper reporters. They seemed to me amiable, clean-cut people, who lost no time in coming to the point of their business. They plied me with questions as to how I had endured the voyage; where I was born; whether I was married or single; if married, whether I was happy with my wife; whether or not I had ever been

in prison for some political crime; what I thought about the condition of Russia at the time; what I believed to be my country's future; and what I thought about America.

I was somewhat bewildered, much astonished, and even rather touched by the interest in me displayed by these people, and answered all the questions that they asked me to the best of my ability.

My next ordeal consisted in rehearsals at the Opera House, closely followed by my first appearance there, which took place on November 20, 1907, in Boito's *Mefistofele.* On that occasion, as in many subsequent performances, my companions in the cast included Riccardo Martin and Geraldine Farrar. I remember that the performances of *Don Giovanni* were conducted by the late Gustav Mahler and that the manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company at that time was the late Heinrich Conried.

> PERHAPS, being Russian myself, it is not modest of me to be so enthusiatic about Russian music, and people will think that I am screaming with the hoarse voice of patriotism; but in expressing my joy at the reception everywhere given our most profoundly original compositions, I am expressing myself as an artist, not as a citizen of any country. —Feodor Chaliapine

My stay in America was short and far from happy. My artistic ideals were misunderstood, my performances were adversely critized, and, in general, it seemed that I was looked upon, artistically, as a barbarian. Complete ignorance of the English language prevented me from establishing sympathetic contact, to any extent, with natives of the great country, America. . . .

Remembering my visit to America in 1907, I thought, involuntarily, of the Russian saying, "A crow once shot at dreads every bush." Indeed it was with this saying in mind that I at last stepped on board the steamship *Adriatic* and found myself once more on the way to brave those haunts where, many years before, the gun had been aimed at the "white" crow—Chaliapine! . . .

Scarcely had I come on board when, strolling along the deck, I met the composer Richard Strauss and the no less interesting and delightful writer H. G. Wells. Not so very long before this, Wells had been a guest at my home in Petrograd and had done me the honor to say that amid the horrors of the revolutionary desert my house seemed an oasis.

It was a great pleasure to meet these two men and in general the voyage proved to be a real pleasure trip. Everyone felt gay and light-hearted. We passed the time playing games on deck and cards in the smoking room. A concert for the benefit of the seamen and their families was the climax of the voyage. For this worthy cause Wells drew caricatures and I ventured to do the same, besides singing several times. Richard Strauss played the piano and was also good enough to act as accompanist for a German soprano and myself. Altogether this evening was one of the pleasantest memories of the voyage. . . .

No sooner had I stepped on shore than the gentlemen of the press, as before in 1907, began plying me with questions. Unfortunately, their chief preoccupation seemed to be concerning a matter in which I could be of little assistance to them—politics, Russian politics.

"Politics—?" I said. "To ask me about politics is as though you were to ask an Eskimo to give his views about a Beethoven sonata. The art and beauty of every nation—that I sing well and give always of my best—these are my only politics." . . .

At last, came the day of the performance, and I trembled with twin fears—that of a first appearance and that of the "white" crow.

I lived through that day, as I live

through all others upon which I sing, preparing myself for the ordeal like any Toreador. {No doubt everyone knows that the Toreador undergoes special religious preparation before entering into mortal combat with the bull.}

To me, of course, the theater is a shrine. I enter its doors as I would those of a temple, with little or no interest as to who may be in the audience.

So on this day I drank the usual two cups of coffee, dressed about six-thirty, prayed after my own fashion, and went to the Opera House. Of course, my dear, thoughtful, and understanding Gatti-Casazza, who knows my habits well, met me at the door.

"Hello, Chaliapine!" he said. "Don't be nervous! A great audience is waiting for you and everyone is almost too thrilled and excited about hearing and seeing you again. Come; I have had Caruso's dressing room prepared for you."

With a friendly hug, he took me to—Caruso's room! Still another emotion!

"Just a little while ago," I thought, "he was in this room, perhaps as nervous as I, at the thought of the coming performance—Caruso, with his sunny nature, so full of life and health and gaiety. Now he is in his grave! No one will ever see him again in this theater or in this room!"

Remembering the friend, the artist, an overwhelming desire came over me to write a few lines in memory of him and in his honor. Although I do not pretend to be a poet, I snatched a black pencil from the make-up table and wrote these lines on the wall:

Today, with throbbing heart,
I entered thy art's shrine,
Oh, friend of many years!
But thou didst not reply to my greeting.
Snatched by cold death from sunny climes,
Thou liest in the earth!
My tears fell and,
Seeing my grief,
Thy Muse wept,
Sharing my sorrow.

The overture started. At last came the Coronation scene. . . .To this day I do not know who crowned me—the composer, my comrades the artists, the chorus, the musicians, or the public. I only realized this—that on that evening I had indeed been crowned as an artist, at the Metropolitan Opera House! . . .

It was during one of my seasons at Monte Carlo that Henri Cain, the celebrated librettist and my very good friend, came to see me at the theater in a state of the utmost excitement.

"Chaliapine," he said enthusiastically, "how would you like to play the part of Don Quixote? Massenet has an idea for an opera on the subject and he sent me to ask you what you think about it and if you would like to create the role. He says to tell you that he already has an ideal Dulcinea in Mlle. Lucy Arbell, and I would write the libretto. What do you say? *Cette idee te sourit?* See, my friend, I have even made a sketch of you in the part for your approval."

The idea fairly took my breath away. The thought that Massenet should have chosen a big Siberian bear like me to play Cervantes' immortal hero was an overwhelming honor. In a word, I was thrilled to the utmost.

"Nothing would delight me more," I said to Cain. "Particularly if you are to do the libretto."

Cain then showed me the sketch he had made. I looked at it a long time and then told him that while I liked it, indeed thought it very fine, I had still another idea for a sketch. Cain was very nice about this.

"All right," he said. "I don't want to hold you down to anything. The principal thing is that you consent to create the part. We will call the matter settled."

He went off to Massenet, leaving me the sketch and all the pleasures of keen anticipation.

Some two years later, in Paris, I received a letter from Massenet asking me to come to his home.

"I am not sure," he wrote, "but I think things have turned out well. At any rate, Henri Cain will call for you tomorrow at three. Come and listen and tell me your opinion."

At that time Massenet lived on one of the boulevards on the left bank of the Seine. He was already full of honors, an

elderly man with grey hair and such eyes as I have never seen, before or since. . . .

When Cain and I arrived, we first sat over tea and sandwiches for some time. Massenet showed me the proofs of his score fresh from the presses and still smelling of printer's ink, which he had just been correcting. Then he sat down at the piano and began to play.

From the very beginning the music touched me very deeply. Some tears came to my eyes. By the time he reached the beginning of the last act I was sobbing so hard that Massenet stopped playing for a minute, looked at me, and exclaimed:

"Chaliapine, please, please! *Calme-toi!* Control yourself! Let me finish! Wait until the end and then you can have your cry!"

I did my best to keep down my feelings, but when he had played the last bars of the opera, in order to be as little of a nuisance as possible and at the same time in order to pull myself together, I asked permission to retire to another room, where I could be alone for a few minutes.

By degrees I grew calmer. When I came out, however, I was still too much under the spell of this work, so touchingly, so immortally beautiful, played by Massenet himself, in the sanctity of his own home, to be able to talk very much. Sometimes when the heart is full one simple gesture, a handclasp, an embrace, means more than the most elaborate flow of language. And just then my heart was too full for words.

"*Maitre,*" I said huskily, "permit me to embrace you!"

Massenet understood.

There are many composers, of course, that I could mention who have written more profound music than Jules Massenet. Yet I must confess that I never remember being more intensely moved than by his interpretation of the score as he played it to me that day for the first time.—From Feodor Ivanovitch Chaliapine's *Pages From My Life* {Harper & Bros.}, by permission of Katharine Wright

THE TERRIBLE BEAUTY OF WAR

HERE is the problem as I see it with troubled eyes. War has no validity in reason, in selfishness, or in religion, but . . . it has a strange and awful validity of beauty. War breaks upon us as a sudden fact, and what happens? Our hearts open to it in an irrational, suppressed, but riotous welcome. We may be people who dislike to inflict pain; who have but little room in us for hate or vengeance; who see the hardships, the filth, and the general degradation and inhumanity that are coming; and yet—and yet our response to this sudden fact of war {or the response of ninety-nine out of a hundred of us} is a response of thrilled emotion, an aesthetic delight, a self-yielding to some dark allurement more powerful than all reason and contemptuous of all expediency. And that which can stir such emotion must be, I suggest, a terrible beauty. . . .

But in Heaven's name! {you interrupt}, surely if there's one thing universally understood today, it is that modern war is ugly—hideous. Yes, but the strange truth is that Ugliness is not the antonym to Beauty; it is the antonym to Prettiness; and Beauty {how inexplicable it all is!}, Beauty, which very often has little kinship with Prettiness, can hover very close to Ugliness indeed. The Ypres Salient, with its monotonous wastes of shell-pocked mud and its gutted city behind, was the least pretty thing I have seen, and one of the most beautiful. It would make me wonder if Prettiness had any connection whatever with Beauty; if Beauty could ever be thought of as its superlative. For Prettiness is certainly on the hither side of Danger, whereas Beauty is always on its farther side. And Prettiness has no habitation near Terror, while Beauty can come at its elbow. {That thrill of alarm when fingers tap your window at night, has it nothing lovely

about it?} Sweat, blisters, unspeakable fatigue, and final exhaustion—these things combine ill with Prettiness; but Beauty is their neighbor. And Pain and Death; never have they had any traffic with Prettiness; never have they been separable from Beauty.

How many of us had moments in the last war when some such voice as this surged up in us: "God! it may be the ugliest thing that has ever been, but it is also the most beautiful. At last, at last we are living deep. If I'd never had a shell rush at me, I had never known the swift thrill of approaching death—which is a wonderful sensation not to be missed. If I'd never known the shock of seeing sudden death at my side, I'd have missed a terribly wonderful thing. They say music is the most evocative art in the world, but they hadn't counted the orchestra of a bombardment. If I'd not heard that, I'd never have known what it was to have my soul drawn out of me by the maddening excitement of an intensive bombardment. . . . And—and, *que voulez vous* —I have had to kill!. . .Look at that great gun, swinging its long muzzle with slow dignity into position, till its silent mouth is looking, over miles of hills and valleys and villages, at its unsuspecting target in the enemy's lines. . . .Watch it speak. . . . There! it has flashed, and its thunder is rolling over all the visible world. . . . The man who refuses to admit that that is thrillingly beautiful has the lie in his heart. . . ."

Well, there is the problem: War has its own awful validity of beauty. As men of reason we scoff at it; as men of business we fear it; as men of religion and good will we loathe it; and as artists we love it. Perhaps the answer to the problem is that we must spiritualize our vision till we find a far greater beauty in spiritual war against spiritual evil; but if that is so, we have an unthinkable distance to travel; for though our reason may whisper to us that this is the goal, our emotions are not within sight of it. But I do not really know. This problem I can only see; I cannot find in myself the wisdom that shall answer it.—Ernest Raymond, in the London {Sunday} *Times*

CHURCH REPUDIATES KIPLING BATTLE HYMN

THE choir of Union Church have participated in the Brighton Musical Festival for several years past, and last year succeeded in securing the first place in Class 2 {Mixed Choirs}. It was their hope and intention to enter this year, but, upon being confronted with the test piece to be rendered, Kipling's *Hymn Before Action,* they reluctantly but unanimously felt compelled to withdraw, and to protest against the words of the piece selected.

The first stanza runs thus:

> The earth is full of anger, the seas are dark with wrath.
> The Nations in their harness go up against our path.
> Ere yet we loose the legions, ere yet we draw the blade,
> Jehovah of the thunders, Lord God of Battles aid!

In the mouths of a troop of savages, bent on slaughter, calling upon their tribal deity, such words might be appropriate enough. But the sentiment of the piece is completely at variance with the spirit of the New Testament. It presents a primitive and unworthy conception of the Deity, and is quite unfit to be sung by the choir of a Christian church. It is suggested that "the music's the thing," and that the words are immaterial. The choir do not share that view.

Further, the piece is a glorification of primitive and dangerous passions and instincts of war. In these critical days, when the future maintenance and progress of civilization itself urgently require that those passions shall be subordinated to reason and understanding and sublimated by love, the rendering of such sentiments with enthusiasm and apparent approval by hundreds of singers to large audiences is a grave social disservice. Surely, from the rich treasure house of our noble heritage of English poetry, words and sentiments more worthy and less degrading might have been chosen. —Rev. T. Rhondda Williams, minister of the Union Congregational Church, Brighton, England.

MACHIAVELLI: HIS SECOND LIFE

IN life a pronounced failure, in influence one of the most potent of all the world's intellectual figures—such is the portrait drawn of Machiavelli by a contemporary Florentine journalist, in a recent biography of the author of The Prince. *The closing chapter of this keen and searching analysis is particularly illuminating. It is given here complete.*

LEGEND is the reward awarded by History to the great to console them for their failure in life. By legend they realize often what they could not, in life, by genius.

Legend laid hold of Nicolo Machiavelli on his deathbed; and sweeping him on through the ages on its glamorous surf of glory and ignominy, it has now dilated and exalted him in an avatar appalling to one and auspicious to another.

Machiavelli has been hated, feared, denied, stoned, burned, honored and execrated, vaunted and sung, imitated and impeached, travestied and insulted: one he has clad and another cobbled and drilled like a picklock for a third; one, like an elixir, has sipped him; another, like a dram, has swilled him; a third, like a bartender, drawn him; a fourth brewed him in his own weak water. Machiavellis have been born by the dozen: one for the Jesuits, one for the patriots, one for the philosophers, one for the encyclopedists, one for the Protestants, another for the Catholics, a third for the dilettante, a fourth for the student, a fifth for the rostrum and a sixth for the wedding-breakfast, and lastly, of all the best known, the Machiavelli of the imbeciles. A new vice has been born—Machiavellism; and Machiavelli would have said, You never got it from me. He has taught priests to rule and rulers to curb priestcraft. One fought him in public to con him in private. Autocrats ignored him, but by him they were legitimized; revolutions bore him a grudge, but their hearts raced at the sound of certain of his republican phrases. For many a rising youth his books became what those of the Latins had been for him; and the burning eyes that scanned them to discover the secret springs of action flashed, flamed, blazed, wept, but never once blinked, and when they closed, closed on a vision.

> THE name of Machiavelli rings in our ears with the resonance of history. But for his contemporaries it was a name like another, the name of a functionary, or a good fellow, or a poor poet. It was a name without echo, like so many which we read in the papers or hear in conversation. He was John Doe. His life and death interested next to no one. His contemporaries would have thought it a wild joke, if they had been told that for ages and ages to come Machiavelli would haunt the minds of men of every temperament, in every form of myth; and a pretty mean one, if they were informed that posterity would recall certain outstanding men of that day, only because they had to do with Machiavelli. —Giuseppe Prezzolini

But after an underground life in secret drawers, forbidden files and public masquerades, he was really re-born to the light of day in the twentieth century, which was the era of nationalism, the age of active *virtue,* and and therefore Machiavelli's own, long-awaited and indisputable hour. He was reborn with his sardonic smile for the snivelling and the weak, the humane and the hesitating, the devout and the fawning. Once more he spoke his own Florentine tongue, even on alien lips. Once more he flung to the sun his banner, with the device he had written one day, with his finger dipped in indelible wine, on the table of an inn: prompting intrepid-

ity, tripping up helpless prophets, fighting Fortune with unsubdued soul, bugling for heroes for the herd; ever prompt to appear wherever men labored for an Italy united, armed, and unfrocked.

We see him at Napoleon's ear, reminding him that he was born Italian and spurring him to raise the first national army, in the ranks of which Lombard and Venetian, Tuscan and Neapolitan, brothers-in-arms at last, muster once more to war a nation of dead men and ghosts. Then he persuades Murat to foster an enterprise, which ended ingloriously in the waters of the Potenza. He clasps hands with Pisacane, as he dictates to him the law of armed insurrection. He supports Victor Emmanuel II, when that prince zealously declines to renounce the national Constitution, and draws all the hopes of Italian unity toward Piedmont. He was often in conference with Camillo Cavour, and it was he who proposed the participation of a Piedmontese brigade in the Crimean war and the choice of Rome as the capital of Italy. He entered Rome with Mazzini, but he fought shy of Garibaldi, for whom he held an antipathy; and his return to Rome was made on the arm of Cadorna, to the joyous sound of the cannon of Porta Pia. He tried to guide Crispi, whom he liked for his spirit of authority and bold policies; but he was not always heeded. He prepared for Salandra the declaration of war against Austria, and he was with Mussolini in the March on Rome. After which. . . .—From Giuseppe Prezzolini's *Nicolo Machiavelli, The Florentine*, by permission of Brentano's

MACHIAVELLI was neither a monarchist nor a republican, because where others made a crusade of the "ideal" he made a mission of the "possible." He never asked himself which was the best type of government, but the most suitable. He knows that the needs of each nation are different. One has an innate inclination for livery and another an irresistible craving for brickbats and bully-baiting; one chooses its rulers by balloting for them, and another by shooting at them in the streets. When Machiavelli was consulted by Pope Clement VII on the best way of governing Florence, he advised him to maintain the republican form, not, however, out of any abstract love of republics, for he was careful to add that, had he been in Milan, he would have adopted an absolute monarchy. —Giuseppe Prezzolini

IF the hurry and bustle of this city {Berlin} spreads to its social life, if men in the center of public life are compelled to accept invitations every night, beginning with October 1 until late in the summer, you rob us of the possibility of spiritual development which every statesman and politician needs. . . .It is necessary that the statesman be given the time to read those books which tell him of the cultural life of his nation. He also needs the time to attend a theater occasionally in order to occupy himself with the problems confronting humanity. We also need quiet hours in which to think. We finally need that kind of social life which permits the discussion of certain problems in a small circle where one may talk about many things and become acquainted with the individual man, not with thousands of men as they pass through the house of a much occupied politician.—Dr. Gustav Stresemann, German Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a Berlin dispatch to *The Christian Science Monitor*

It is absurd that every Italian should have the vote simply because he has completed twenty-one years of life. Only those who work and produce should have the vote.—Benito Mussolini

Ibsen the Romantic

Norway, during the week of March 20, 1928, celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henrik Ibsen, poet, dramatist and "doctor, who sat at the bedside of a sick society and diagnosed its maladies." Many and impressive were the ceremonies at Oslo and elsewhere in which "ambassadors of goodwill" from the United States and the leading countries of Europe participated.

E. M. Forster, the distinguished English novelist, here stresses the greatness of Ibsen as a poet—an artist—rather than as a philosopher or a social reformer. Ibsen himself said: "I have been more poet and less social philosopher than people generally seem inclined to think."

"To tear the plays of Ibsen and their personages out of the life of the Europe of the nineteenth century," said the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, of New York, in an Ibsen centenary sermon, "is like tearing out the campaigns of Napoleon or the speeches of Lincoln."

Ibsen was a poet during the earlier part of his life. He began as a lyricist, and his first plays are either in verse or are inspired by an imaginative contemplation of the past. When he was about forty, a change occurred, the importance of which has been differently estimated. Certain critics, both friendly and hostile, regard it as a fundamental change. They argue that with *The League of Youth* the real or realistic Ibsen begins to emerge, the singer dies, the social castigator is born. "Somewhere in the course of the battle of his life," writes Brandes, "Ibsen had a lyric Pegasus killed under him." The critics agree in thinking that the poetry, if ever there was any, has gone.

> More living characters than the characters of Ibsen have never moved on the stage. His women are at work now in the world, interpreting women to themselves, helping to make the women of the future. He has peopled a new world.
>
> —Arthur Symons

Has it gone? Can the habits of forty years be set aside? Of twenty years—yes; most people are romantic at twenty, owing to lack of experience. As they grow older life offers various alternatives, such as worldliness or philosophy or the sense of humor, and they usually accept one of these. If, in spite of more solid temptations, they still cling to poetry, it is because a deep preference has to be satisfied. Ibsen was a poet at forty, because he had that preference. He was a poet at sixty also. His continued interest in avalanches, water, trees, fire, mines, high places, traveling, was not accidental. Not only was he born a poet—he died one, and as soon as we try to understand him instead of asking him to teach us, the point becomes clearer.

He is, of course, not easy to understand. Two obstacles may be noted. In the first place he has got the deceptive air of a teacher, there is something in his method that implies a message, though the message really rested on passing irritabilities, and not on any permanent view of conduct or the universe. In the second place, he further throws us off the scent by taking a harsh or a depressing view of human relationships. As a rule, if a writer has a romantic temperament, he will find human relationships beautiful. His characters may hate one another or be unhappy together, but they will generate nobility or charm, they will never be squalid, whatever their other defects. And the crux in Ibsen is, that, though he had the romantic temperament, he found personal intercourse squalid. Sooner or later his characters draw their little knives, they rip up the present and the past, and the closer their intimacy, the better their opportunities for exchanging pain. . . .

Seldom can a great genius have had so large a dose of domestic irritability. He was cross with his enemies and friends, with theater managers, professors and students, and so cross with his countrymen for not volunteering to help the Danes in 1863 that he had to go to Italy to say so. He might have volunteered in person—he was in the prime of life at the time—but this never occurred to him. He preferred instead to write a scathing little satire about a Norwegian mother whose son was safe at the front. And it is {if one may adopt the phrase} precisely the volunteer spirit that is absent from his conception of human relationships. He put everything into them except the strength of his arm.

"Not a great writer . . . almost great, but marred by his lack of generosity." How readily the phrases rise to the lips! How false they are! For this nagging quality, this habitual bitterness—they are essential in his greatness, because they beckon to the poetry in him, and carry it with them under the ground. Underground. Into the depths of the sea. Had he been of heroic build and turned to the light and the sun, his gifts would have evaporated. But he was—thank heaven—subterranean, he loved narrow passages and darkness, and his later plays have a romantic intensity which not only rivals the romantic expansion of their predecessors, but is absolutely unique in literature. . . .To his impassioned vision dead and damaged things, however contemptible socially, dwell for ever in the land of romance, and this is the secret of his so-called symbolism: a connection is found between objects that lead different types of existence; they reinforce one another and each lives more intensely than before. Consequently his stage throbs with a mysteriousness for which no obvious preparation has been made, with beckonings, tremblings, sudden compressions of the air, and his characters as they wrangle among the oval tables and pot-plants are not by any means alone, because an unseen power is watching them or slipping between their words.

A weaker dramatist who had this peculiar gift would try to get his effect by patches of fine writing, but with Ibsen as with Beethoven the beauty comes not from the tunes, but from the way they are used and are worked into the joints of the action.

The source of Ibsen is indefinable; presumably it comes from the same place as his view of human nature, otherwise they would not harmonize as they do in his art. The vehicle in which poetry reached him—that can easily be defined; it was, of course, the scenery of western and southwestern Norway. At some date previous to his Italian journey he must have had experiences of passionate intensity among the mountains, comparable to the early experiences of Wordsworth in the English lakes. All his life they kept returning to him, clothed in streams, trees, precipices, and hallowing his characters while they recriminated. . . .

To compare Ibsen with Wordsworth is to scandalize the faithful in either camp, yet they had one important point in common; they were both of them haunted until the end of their lives by the romantic possibilities of scenery. Wordsworth fell into the residential fallacy; he continued to look at his gods direct, and to pin with decreasing suc-

SIR ARTHUR PINERO and Henry Arthur Jones, then the leading English dramatists, were immediately affected by him, and it is safe to say that neither *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* nor *Michael and His Lost Angel* would have been written if Ibsen had not lived; and it is certain that he prepared the way that was to be trodden by Bernard Shaw and John Galsworthy, and the whole army of authors who, in the last thirty years, have striven to restore the theater to a position of pride.

—St. John Ervine, in the *Yorkshire Post*

cess his precepts to the flanks of Helvellyn. Ibsen, wiser and greater, sank and smashed the Dovrefjeld in the depths of the sea, the depths of the sea. He knew that he should find it again. Neither his satire nor his character drawing dwelt as deep; neither the problems he found in human conduct nor the tentative solutions he propounded lay at the roots of his extraordinary heart. There, in that strange gnarled region, a primeval romanticism lurked, frozen or twisted or exuding slime, there was the nest of the Great Boyg. The Great Boyg did not strive, did not die, lay beneath good and evil, did not say one thing more than another:

Forward or back, and it's just as far;
Out or in, and it's just as strait.

What do the words mean, and, apart from their meaning, are they meant to be right? And if right, are the prayers of Solveig, which silence them for a moment, wrong? It is proper that we should ask such questions as these when focusing on the moral and social aspect of his work, and they have been excellently asked and answered by Bernard Shaw. But as soon as we shift the focus the questions go dim, the reformer becomes a dramatist, we shift again and the dramatist becomes a lyric poet, listening from first to last for the movements of the trolls. Ibsen is at bottom Peer Gynt. Side-whiskers and all, he is a boy bewitched:

The boy has been sitting on his mother's lap.
They two have been playing all the life-day long.

And though the brow that bends over him can scarcely be described as maternal, it will assuredly preserve him from the melting ladle as long as books are read or plays seen.—E. M. Forster, in *The New Republic*

LEO TOLSTOY WRITES BERNARD SHAW

DEAR Mr. Shaw:

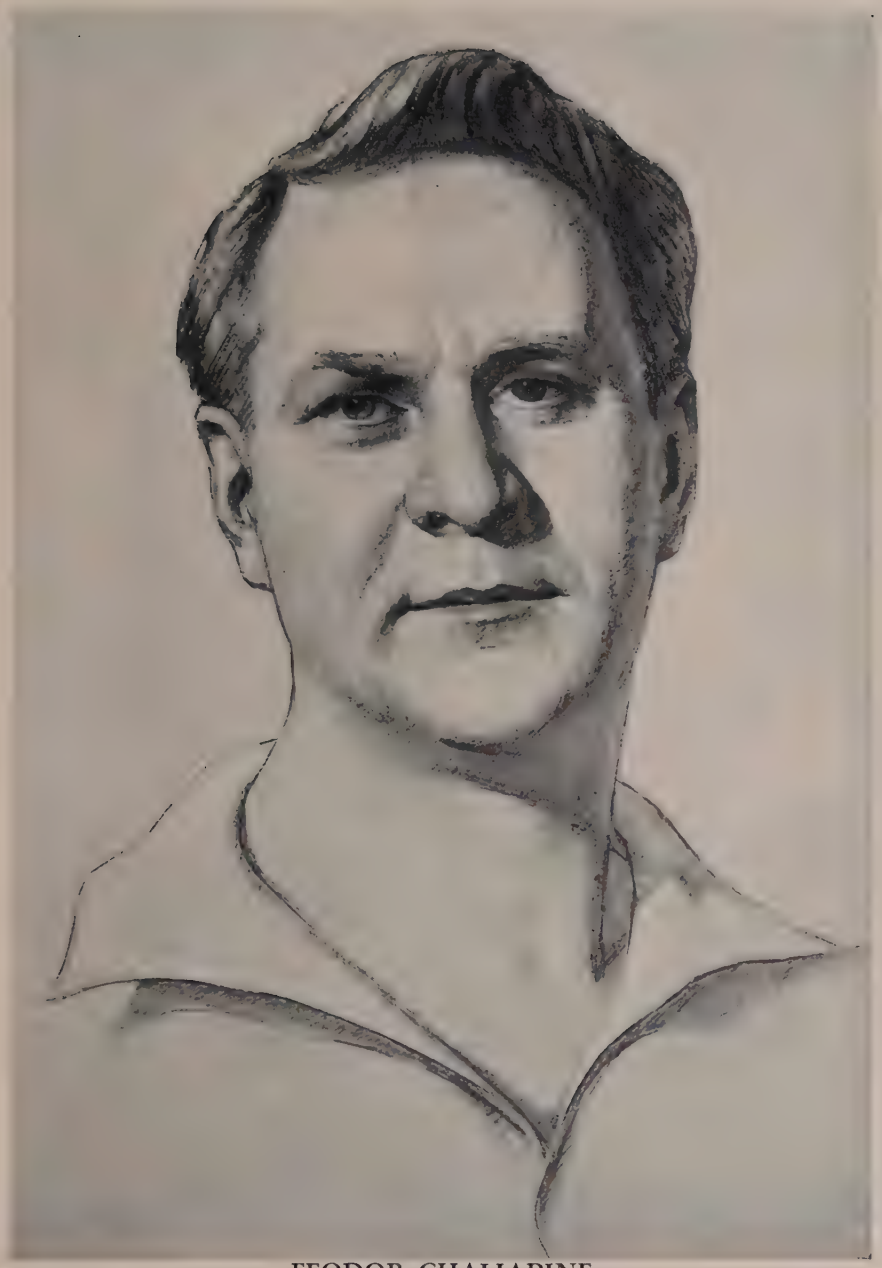
.... I am particularly pleased by your attitude toward civilization and progress, and by the very true reflection that, however long the one and the other may continue, they cannot improve the state of mankind unless men themselves alter.

The difference in our views is merely this: That, according to you, mankind's improvement will be accomplished when ordinary people become supermen, or fresh supermen are produced: while in my opinion it will occur when men disencumber the true religion of Christianity from all the accretions which deter them, and when all, uniting in the understanding of life which lies at the base of all, realize their reasonable relation to the world's eternal origin and accept the guidance for life which flows therefrom.

The practical advantage my way of freeing people from evil has over yours is that one can easily imagine very large numbers, even of little educated or quite uneducated people, accepting true religion and following it; whereas to evolve supermen out of people who now exist or to breed new ones would need exceptional conditions, which are as far from being attainable as those required for correction of mankind by progress and civilization.

Dear Mr. Shaw, life is a great and serious affair and we all in general, in the short interval of time granted us, must try to find our appointed task and fulfill it as well as possible. This applies to everybody, and to you especially, with your great gift of original thought and your penetration into the essence of all questions. And therefore, confidently trusting that I shall not offend you, I shall tell you what seem to me to be the defects of your book {*Man and Superman*}.

The first defect is, you are not sufficiently serious. One shouldn't speak jestingly of such subjects as the purpose of human life, the causes of its perversion and the evil that fills the life of humanity today. I should like the speeches of Don Juan to be not speeches of a vision but speeches of Shaw, and also that *Rev-*



FEODOR CHALIAPINE
From the Drawing by Demetrius Trifyllis

"They began to give me small parts with two or three words to say. . . . Unexpectedly one day the stage manager called me to his dressing room and inquired if I could sing a certain part. I was alarmed, for it was a responsible role. I felt that I ought to say, 'No, I cannot,' but involuntarily the words slipped out: 'Very well. I can sing it.' 'Good! Take the music and learn it by tomorrow.' "

(*See* Pages From the Life of Chaliapine. *Page 232.*)

olutionist's Handbook should be attributed not to the non-existent Tanner but to the living Bernard Shaw who is responsible for his words.

The second reproach is that questions you deal with are of such enormous importance that for one with such profound comprehension of the evils of our life and such brilliant capacity for exposition as you possess to make them the subject of satire may easily do harm, rather than help the solution of these grave questions.

In your book I detect a desire to surprise and astonish readers by your great erudition, talent and cleverness. Yet all this is not merely unnecessary for the solution of the questions you deal with, but often distracts the reader's attention from the essence of the matter by attracting it to the smartness of the exposition. In any case, I think this book of yours expresses your views, not in their full and clear development but only in embryonic state. I think these views, developing more and more, will arrive at the one truth we all seek and toward which we all gradually approach.

I hope you will forgive me if there is anything that displeases you in what I have said. I have said it only because I recognize your very great gifts and for you personally have the most friendly feeling.—Tolstoy

{This letter was written shortly before Tolstoy died. The Irish playwright had sent Tolstoy a copy of his play, *Man and Superman*}.

WHERE WOMEN ARE GETTING IN POLITICS

WERE a chart drawn showing the relative position of women in various countries today, the Scandinavians would be at the top.

They were the first in Europe {Norway was actually the first} to grant equal suffrage to women, with eligibility to sit in Parliament. Today in Sweden, Norway and Denmark women and men are on an absolutely equal basis. Sweden has the best marriage law in the world, establishing the fullest partnership between man and wife.

Reviewing women's progress in various countries, Holland may be cited as peculiarly favorable to them and as giving them a place in the sun. This little State, has fifteen women deputies, and a Queen reigning in her own right. It is accordingly more amenable to receive suggestions favorable to the fuller and freer admission of women to citizenship.

Britain has six women M.P.'s, three Labor and three Conservative, though only women over thirty vote. Ireland, which, before Britain, returned a woman to Parliament, and which returned nine women since, now has only one woman deputy. The Six-County Parliament also has one woman deputy {Conservative}.

In the United States, where women enjoy almost complete freedom, but few have been elected either to the State legislature or to the Houses of Representatives.

Germany, which has full franchise for its women citizens, has from thirty to thirty-nine women deputies in the Reichstag; from being one of the most backward nations where women were concerned, it has advanced enormously. Under the Republic women now possess full social, educational and economic rights.

Unlike Britain and Ireland, Germany does not dismiss women in civil service, teaching, medical, or on other appointments on marriage, regarding this as a private matter for the individual in which the State has no right to interfere.

Mussolini recently granted the municipal vote to Italian women, though he at once abolished municipal councils. At least men and women are equal in Italy, for neither can vote.

Cuba has just given its women the vote. South Africa is still a black spot, and so is Canada, in parts. Where French influence prevails, as in Montreal, women are politically disfranchised.—Mrs. Corbet Ashley, addressing the National Council of Women for Ireland, as reported in *The Irish Statesman*

A New Dark Age

WE stand today on the threshold of a new Dark Age—an age like that which followed the era of Roman splendor. This does not mean that a period of decline is about to succeed the age of progress, but only that a new era, different in quality from the era lying between the Renaissance and the World War, is at hand. . . .

If we take in the whole of mankind today at a single glance, we shall see that Bolshevism and not Democracy has been the general issue of the World War: a craving not for peace, but for violence: not respect for the old rights, but the institution of new rights, is the hallmark of the age. America represents today an island sundered from the rest of the world. The Monroe Doctrine has acquired a new meaning.

The United States alone has preserved and consolidated the results of previous development. It follows from this that, contrary to the universal opinion, the world was never less prepared and never less likely to become Americanized than it is today. Never were American ideals and standards less applicable to the world at large. It is superficial to identify Americanism with prosperity and technical progress. Science and technique and a social order based on equality of opportunity are universal characteristics of our age. What matters is not the material facts but the spirit that permeates these facts and uses them as a means of expression.

In China, India, Turkey, Russia, and, last but not least, in post-War Europe, this spirit is entirely un-American. In all these territories we do not find belief in the ideals of Democracy, in the rights of property, in Puritan morality. It is so new and primitive a spirit that side by side with it the spirit of the so-called New World begins to look old. The East and the Far East are entering on a period which closely resembles the time of the "wandering of the nations." Everywhere races, either new or rejuvenated, are becoming the leading historic forces. Even Africa is astir. In reality the triumph of "Democracy" in the World War has meant only the supersession of the old ruling classes by new ones. The Anglo-Saxon ideal of Democracy is the dying expression of a very ancient ideal of liberty and self-discipline, not to be found in any other part of the world.

But the new spirit is also finding embodiment in the United States. The re-

WHEN a country produces a man of genius he never is what it wants or believes it wants; he is always unlike its idea of itself. In the eighteenth century Scotland believed itself religious, moral, and gloomy, and its national poet Burns came not to speak of these things but to speak of lust and drink and drunken gaiety. Ireland, since the young Irelanders, has given itself up to apologetics. Every impression of life or impulse of imagination has been examined to see if it helped or hurt the glory of Ireland or the political claim of Ireland. A sincere impression of life became at last impossible, all was apologetics. There was no longer an impartial imagination, delighting in whatever is naturally exciting. Synge was the rushing up of the buried fire, an explosion of all that had been denied or refused, a furious impartiality, an indifferent, turbulent sorrow. Like Burns, his work was to say all the people did not want to have said. He was able to do this because Nature had made him incapable of a political idea.

—William Butler Yeats, in *The Dial* [New York]

volt of modern American youth surely bears a closer resemblance to the spirit of the Russian Revolution than to that of traditional America. And the ever-growing idea of "social service" is almost identical with Russia's collectivist ideal. The conception of a high standard of living as the highest goal also springs from a materialistic spirit very similar to that of Russia.

In this connection more than in any other it becomes clear what "vital spirit" means, and in what sense we are approaching a new Dark Age. American feeling is, if anything, anti-Bolshevist. Yet there is little in the life of the young American generation whose underlying meaning could not also be expressed in terms of Bolshevism. In just the same way an idea may be expressed either in English or in French. Indeed, this parallel illustrates how little importance we should attach to differences in external facts. America is prosperous; it believes in Christianity and in the rights of private property; it is not ruled by a despotic minority. Yet the new spirit of America resembles the spirit of latter-day Russia much more than the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The difference between America and Russia should be understood as a difference of language—a difference, as it were, in external circumstance. For it must never be forgotten that, in history, it is not the facts that count but the meanings they embody; that the true, underlying reality of history is not material but psychological.

For me, then, the parallel between Russia and America affords the final proof of the fact that we are entering upon a new Dark Age.—Count Hermann Keyserling, in the London *Fortnightly Review*

A CHANGING INTERNATIONAL ATTITUDE TOWARD WAR

THE movements of the American mind in regard to international matters, though obscure, grow intelligible. The United States will resolutely refuse to touch the League of Nations, but none the less desire to take a hand, and even to lead, in bringing to pass "the outlawry of war." Apparently they desire to sign a treaty with each and every Power pledging the signatories reciprocally against undertaking a war of aggression. Logically, this method could be extended till all nations were mutually pledged, and war between Powers deemed worthy of acceptance in this compact would be outlawed. But there would be no agreed sanction for any of these bonds.

It is characteristic of America to believe that an evil can be ended by declaring that it must not exist. Long ago, after one of the recurring fights against Tammany, an actor in the contest wrote a book which argued that the root of the trouble lay in America's habit of passing laws which would look well on the Statute Book. . . .The reason, according to this writer, why an Irish organization secured this or that illegal privilege was that the Irish did not prey on each other; the other willing combinations had no honor among grafters, and so broke up. This concerned only State laws. We have now seen universal prohibition. Suppose the universal prohibition of war led to as much contraband provision and use of armament as there appears to be of alcohol, should we be better off?

Yet we have to recognize that America by a majority approves the continuance of prohibition, and believes that ultimately the public expression of this principle will lead to universal sobriety: and also that sobriety has already very greatly increased, despite the flagrant breaches of law. Apply this reasoning to war—and who is to be sure that America is wrong? It was possible in 1914 to have great States looking to aggressive war as a means of expansion—and without concealment or condemnation. We are moving away from that possibility. The mentality of diplomats and politicians has changed more in the last ten years than those realize who have not been recently studying the mind of these classes—in all countries—before 1918. —*The Fortnightly Review*

Holding the Mirror Up to America

WHEN we first approached New York and from the deck of our ship looked at the New York skyline, a sight so novel to us, one of our group, a Frenchman of wide experience and erudition, frowned and said: "The thing has no harmony." It occurred to me at the time that there was no harmony in nature itself. All nature, it seems, manifests itself through discord and dissonance. It is true that the first impression of America is as of something elemental, of something that arose on the surface of the earth as a result of a cataclysm and assumed the fantastic outlines which mountain ranges have in nature.

America interests me as an immense reservoir of energy for exhausted Europe, as the asylum where European culture, threatened at home, may find a way toward recuperation and even greater flourishing. Here, it seems, on this virgin soil, all the cultural values brought from ancient Europe may create a synthetic and hence a new civilization.

I am not particularly impressed by the so-called materialism attributed to Americans, since I know that the accumulation of wealth is the basic condition for the growth of a higher civilization. I believe, however, that wealth justifies itself only through the creation of higher values. Within six months I have traveled through most of the Eastern as well as the Middle Western States. I have observed American life with the greatest interest. I have accumulated a good many positive as well as negative impressions which I should like to share with the public. I do not intend to speak of the immense material progress of the country. I saw the factories of Ford, of the American Steel Corporation, the rubber factories at Akron, Ohio. Undoubtedly all I have seen in this direction testifies to the immense energy of a young race. There remains, however, one question: Is not all this energy being spent in this one direction alone? Will there remain sufficient spiritual or even physical reserves for the other and higher creative efforts?

I saw a good number of American cultural and humanitarian institutions. It seems to me you have too many colleges for them to be on the necessary high level. On the other hand, you have but a few good theaters and few artistic forces of your own. You have two prevailing basic tendencies. One is the natural urge to create something of your own in art; the other is the great temptation to buy things ready made in Europe. If this latter temptation takes the upper hand over a sound urge toward creative work of your own, it will endanger the moral as well as the intellectual development of this great country.

A little historical parallel. Like every comparison, it is not absolute. However, for me, a newcomer from France, where I have lived the last few years, the first as well as the last impression has been the same. It is as if I came from Athens to Rome.

Athens and Greece are smiling. Rome was severe and forbidding. Athens created the acropolis, with its sublime harmony of outline. Rome created the Coliseum. Rome built roads, bridges, aqueducts and public baths.

Of course, all these baths and aqueducts are good things in themselves, but higher civilization cannot assert itself through them. And when the Renaissance came it found its chief in-

INTOXICATION

Bees that blunder in the clover
Rarely are, if ever, sober;
The bird that sings upon the thorn
Is drunken with the dew of morn;
A lion roaring on the hills
Is tipsy in the blood he spills;
And man himself, before he thinks,
Gets drowsy with the milk he drinks.
He muzzy gets with wine and beers
And tipsy too with loves and tears:
So, like the bees in scented clover,
Healthy men are rarely sober.

—C. H. Lay, in *G. K.'s Weekly*

spiration in the Greek civilization, for almost all the chief artistic treasures of Rome had been created by Hellenes.

If this be true from an artistic viewpoint it is also true from a humanitarian viewpoint. Where Athens was humane, Rome was merciless. Of course, America, is not a mere repetition of Rome, just as France is not a replica of Athens. What interests me is the basic tendencies of American civilization. These tendencies manifest themselves in a stupendous constructive power, in a striving for colossal dimensions, in a certain severity and in the temptation to obtain ready made aesthetic and philosophical values from Europe. I am convinced, however, that America has all the requisite resources and abilities with which to create higher cultural values, which may presently blossom forth from the soil of her untold wealth. I have heard more than once from my American friends that all this is explained by the comparative youth of America. A young man could be made into almost the proper direction. All efforts should be bent toward enabling the young generation to move to higher spiritual activity. The main problem at present is to develop the urge toward the god of the beautiful, of the true and of the good. You Americans are wonderful workers. I wish you would also learn how to live in the widest sense of the term.—Kosta Todoroff, Bulgarian diplomat, in the New York *Herald-Tribune*

THE REAL WAR-MAKERS

IT WAS the men who were regarded as reformers and rationalists who started the great international split. Of course, I do not myself admit that the World War was due to immediate provocation. I should say, in my simple and practical way, that the war was due to the men who declared war, to the men who forced war on Serbia, to the men who forced war on Belgium. But if we are to carry our speculations backwards. generation behind generation, to the ultimate responsibility of Adam and Eve, I have no doubt of the intermediate personalities upon whom I should pause. And they were persons who thought themselves as advanced and enlightened as Mr. H. G. Wells. If I had to choose three men who made the materials of war, I should select Frederick the Great and Peter the Great and Napoleon.

Each of these three men was a reformer. Each of them was a free-thinker. Each of them was a man who regarded himself as bringing in rational and scientific ideas, instead of barbarous and superstitious ideas. The French Revolution produced Napoleon; and Napoleon produced the leaven of democratic legislation in Europe. If Frederick the Great had not been a French free-thinker in his type of culture, he would never have wanted to regulate and rationalize the Teutonic type of barbarism. If Peter the Great had been content to leave all his sleepy Slavs in their immemorial sleep, he would have done much less for civilization, but much more for peace.

It was a Prussian Atheist who produced Prussian militarism. It was something very like a Russian Anarchist who produced the Russian despotism. It was naturally the Revolution that produced the Revolutionary Wars. If France had not been revolutionized, if Prussia had not been {partially} civilized, if Russia had not been very partially Westernized, I take it as certain that the great rivalries and enthusiasms that clashed in 1914 would not only never have come into conflict, but would never have come into existence. Three very modern States, founded by very modern modernists—the French Republic, the German Empire, and the experiment of Peter at Petersburg—had this ultimate effect of unchaining the most ancient of the enemies of man.—G. K. Chesterton, in *The Illustrated London News*

I believe that I can render personally no greater service to the cause of peace than by trying to promote a musical and literary entente between nations.—Edouard Herriot, French Minister of Public Instruction

To a Young Man About to Visit America

YOU have read that the Americans are an active and rude people, who jostle the stranger in the streets, who have no intellectual interests, who have admirable libraries in which nobody reads, who think only in dollars and announce the price of everything.

Be assured. I have just spent two months in America. I was treated politely everywhere. I saw libraries so crowded with readers that I had difficulty in finding a seat, and nobody told me the price of anything, except in the shops.

You have read that America has no past, no traditions. You will find that, almost at every step, historical monuments will be pointed out to you. . . .

It is a bit naive to consider that country as having existed for only two centuries, since the colonists who created it brought with them the entire past of the white race. Go to the Metropolitan Museum and look at those rooms in which interiors of eighteenth-century American houses have been reconstructed. You will readily perceive that this is not the art of a primitive civilization, but that of a refined one. Washington was not a rude pioneer; he was an Anglo-Saxon gentleman. . . .

So here is my first bit of advice: Go in a sympathetic state of mind, much more disposed to understand than to criticize. My second is: Spare your nerves. What is terrible about this country is its incessant agitation. Being sons and grandsons of pioneers, the Americans have not yet realized that the whole charm of life consists of leisure.

You have read, among other platitudes, that America is a land so addicted to conformity that if you wear a hat a bit different from others you will be jeered in the streets. Don't worry. Dress as you like. Nobody will pay any attention. Dress is less important in America than in England.

But be sure to take a raincoat. Everything there is large, even the rain.

You will be pleased by the railway stations, which are works of art, and by the country stations—from which you will constantly expect Charlie Chaplin to emerge.

You will like the locomotives, which have bells on their necks like the Swiss cows. In the trains without Pullmans you will like the one-class cars. The passengers stick their tickets in their hats, and the conductor comes and gets them without saying a word; a little boy sells fruit, chocolate and packages of fried potatoes; and it is impossible to tell the banker from the carpenter.

Then you will begin to understand in what sense the country is democratic. It is not so in its institutions. But the different classes resemble one another in their exterior aspect, in their manner of living. At the factories the workmen arrive in soft hats or "derbies." Before a building under construction you will see lines of motor cars belonging to plumbers, masons and carpenters who are at work there.

Passage from one social class to another is easier and more rapid than in Europe. Most of the large businesses are not managed by the sons of those

THE LOVERS

She

The great Italian made his statues wear
the rhythm of his mind as absolute
as though he poured the metal like an air
along the cool obedience of a flute.
And yet when all was finished, on the smooth
of bronze or marble side some alien glow
descended with the menace of a truth,
that baffled even Michael Angelo.
So love, though shaped to follow perfectly
the ultimate vision men and women spend
for that brief peace at the flame's heart, goes free
by some strange light their passion could not lend.
Love is greater than the lovers. Love is such
that all may love, and fail, and yet be rich.

—From Humbert Wolfe's *Requiem*, by permission of George H. Doran Company

who founded them. The hopes of each beginner are large. Manual labor is not scorned. In the tone of a workman speaking to a member of the middle class there is far less of humility and envy than in Europe.

But you are listening impatiently. "What?" you think. "Isn't he going to speak of the most important of subjects?"

I am coming to it. They are pretty, and a good many are intelligent. Perhaps, like the men, they do too many things. We Europeans are accustomed to regard woman as a companion of our leisure hours. Over there she takes part in so many different activities and has so many committees, clubs and lectures that you will be at first a little frightened by her. Don't be too frightened. Beneath this accumulation of knowledge you will find that nearly all the women remain feminine.

Don't imitate the Americans who live separated from their women, scarcely seeing them except in the evening. Keep up the charming French habit of taking tea with them, and, if you have sufficient courage, take a walk on Fifth Avenue with a lady even in broad daylight. You will ruin your reputation as a business man, but it will be very pleasant.

Many years of research and disappointment, of philosophies first admired, then abandoned, have rendered us in Europe prudently skeptical. Perhaps you will be sorry to find so rarely in America that "soft pillow" of Montaigne —doubt; for America is the paradise of the creator of theories.

Refrain from prophesying America's future. Too many doctors have leaned over her and said, "She isn't sick, but she soon will be." The elements of the problem are so numerous that no human mind can solve it. Content yourself with observing and describing.

Above all, be yourself. Be simple. They will receive you generously, with a great desire to show you their country in its most attractive aspects, with some concern also as to your European critical sense. Don't discourage them. Don't think that everything that is different is absurd.

If you can like them, you will return from your journey with greater confidence in life, happier because thenceforth you will know that the human race possesses over there, still intact, a vast reservoir of benevolence and youth.—Andre Maurois, in the London *Daily Express*

AMERICANS look upon nature only as something to be beaten and not as something to be revered. Yet that, too, is natural, for England was showing the signs of old age before her poets ever dreamed of revering her natural beauties in lyric form. . . .

I find that you are at the beginning of a new civilization, and that is something that has happened since I was here sixteen years ago. Then you were still in the Colonial period, your Homeric age, or age of mythology. Your history began, I think, with the World War.

And I am not sure, either, just what your new civilization will be. It may possibly be the first civilization based on general prosperity that has ever existed. That seems likely, for you are a socially gifted nation. There is a lot of bunkum about social service and lots of people use it for their own advantage, but I think Americans sincerely think along social lines. I think they sincerely think in terms of their neighbor. . . .

I doubt if you will produce many philosophers like the Greeks and the Germans. That is not where your ability lies. And each nation should follow its own particular genius.

And my experience bears me out. America is a vast country, and China and Russia are also large. America is closer to Russia and China in understanding than it is even to Europe. John Dewey, the philosopher, who is one of the most important people living in America, is followed in Russia and is revered as no one has been since the time of Mencius in China. Yet he is unknown in Europe. —Count Hermann Keyserling, in a New York *Times* interview

Our "Amiable Men" and "Conquering Women"

I CAME to America with the determination of being surprised and astonished, and as this is a thrill so seldom experienced in mature years, I pursue my aim of being overwhelmed with all possible energy. This is one of the reasons why I never go sightseeing and why I object to being shown around.

What strikes me the most in the American men, and seems to me to be the most outstanding trait of their character, is their innate amiability. Nowhere in the world have I met so enthusiastically amiable men as in this country. The only race which could to some extent compete with the Americans in amiability is the Italian. Those who have traveled in Italy will understand what I mean by saying that these men are enthusiastically amiable. Ask the simplest question from an Italian, for instance: Which is the road to Bologna? He is not satisfied with giving you the correct answer. He does so with the flame of happiness in his bright eyes; he answers with words, movements, gestures, with his whole body, as if being indescribably happy to be at your service. This same enthusiasm in amiability can be observed in American men. If it is true that this has something to do with the so-called naivete of the Americans, then this trait in their national character is still more beautiful. Naivete means in this case artlessness and the unhampered development and fearless display of precious natural qualities.

As to the American women—well, that is a different story. They are of a conquering type. Their most captivating quality seems to be their astonishing beauty. It is not a natural gift, but a trait of character. It is one of the mysteries of feminine psychology that women can become beautiful at their will. That this will to be beautiful is incomparably strong in the women of America is proved by the fact that it is not the great individual beauty of the few that captivates the eye of the visitor, but the astonishingly great number of beautiful women.

European women are more beautiful today than they were years ago because they imitate the women of America. The boyish figure, the bobbed hair, the fashion of wearing dresses which are but an ingenuous imitation of shirts and all those things that enhance the charm of the women's outward appearance, are American inventions.—Ferenc Molnar, Hungarian author and playwright, interview in the New York *Times Magazine*

THE World War was one consequence of the fact that world history had left Europe and shifted to America. . . .My deep conviction is that the happiness or unhappiness of the world depends upon the answer to one single question: Are the people of the United States morally ready to lead the world and make its history for the next 2,000 years? Is the United States ready to lead itself, Europe, all the victorious and defeated peoples of the world? If not, we are all lost, Europe, the United States, the most victorious and prosperous of peoples, and so would be Hungary, the most downtrodden State of all.

—Dr. Roland de Hegedus, former Hungarian Minister of Finance, now president of the Hungarian Association of Banks and Savings Banks

There is no post in the business world or indeed, in public life, which the right woman could not fill every bit as ably as a man.—Sir Harold Bowden

American women are clever, beautiful, and the best dressed in the world, but they have too few children.—Lord Rothermere

The American Scene and Character

WHEN I read certain vindictive strictures on America, wherein one philosophic observer after another analyzes human life in this country to such disparaging result, I feel a longing to make some sort of a reply. Like all "strangers within the gates" I have had my shocks and my malicious reactions; but these experiences, granting them freely their due place, have left a margin, a borderland, of something else, about which it would seem ungrateful to hold my tongue. . . .

A "resident alien" like myself whose profession carries him into every part of the country feels as he reads books such as the recent ones by Joad and Siegfried that these attacks are much easier to make than to answer. It does not suffice to enumerate certain outstanding advantages which America possesses over all other quarters of the globe; advantages that no indictments can shake. Over these the more intangible felicities ebb and flow and waver, like clouds of midges above a powerful life-giving stream.

The solid advantages can be quickly summed up. Such is the indulgence women enjoy and their unrestricted self-expansion; such are the economic opportunities for the masses of the unprivileged; such are the endless labor-saving and health-preserving scientific inventions; such is the thinning out of those "armies of the homeless and the unfed" that poison the wells of life for all; such is the airy buoyancy and gaiety—in spite of all its devastating extremes of heat and cold—of the atmospheric climate of this continent.

Commenting upon the most obvious of these solid advantages, let me say at once that while we foreigners detect plenty of limitations to *democracy* along political and economic lines we are compelled to do unstinted honor to what it offers in the purely human and social field.

> I HAVE always regarded "humility" as the most creative inheritance of spiritual Christian culture; and when I think of the banked-up conceit of intelligent Europeans, so opaque to the free flow of new ideas, I cannot help recognizing that in the possession of this quality alone Americans release a hope of immense moment, not only for their own future but for that of other races as well.
>
> —John Cowper Powys

Many a rough shock at first does the educated European receive! I remember well what I felt when my leisurely patronizing tone—that peculiar class-conscious tone of Englishmen abroad — was received on all sides with amused indulgence. I remember what I felt when I was first addressed as *a man* rather than as *a gentleman.* "This *man* wants so-and-so"; "Here's a *man* saying so-and-so"; "Give the *man* back his seat, honey." By degrees however as I was buffeted into accepting my essential status quo, just *Anthropos Erectus* among other anthropoids, I came to recognize what a great moral advance had been made in this particular. Reconciled to being a *man,* it was more difficult to slip naturally into the role of being a *guy.* "This *guy* wants his ticket"; "Here's a *guy* kicking about his seat." But even this has almost come now to seem no real derogation from primitive human courtesy.

It is not only women in America who benefit by this large equality. Young people, over here, of both sexes are given an indulgence and a consideration which is an absolutely new thing upon the face of the earth. The children of Manhattan, for instance—who can forget the audacity with which they bathe in prohibited fountains and burn bonfires under the very noses of the police? Those street bonfires have always seemed to me

a brave symbol of the achieved freedom of youth in this country. How the little imps dance round them! And, to my mind at least, this fire-dance of the New York children is sufficient evidence that an atmosphere exists here less disciplined by the bureaucratic "verbotens" of organized paternalism, whether imperial or Fascist or communist, than anywhere else in the world. . . .

No doubt one of the great misunderstandings about Americans is due to the "protective coloring" with which people who do not fit into the standardized verdicts of their community evade the detection of their peculiarities. In England—with the weight of his class behind him—a man can be as eccentric as he pleases. It is indeed his joy and delight to assert his idiosyncrasies. English individuality therefore protrudes itself and fortifies itself where American individuality hides itself; but you have only to scratch one of these citizens and you'll find a prickly philosopher.

But, as I have suggested, over and above these obvious benefits to humanity of the American Scene there hover a thousand nuances of delicate intimation, which in my own opinion are of far rarer, far finer significance. But one has to wander like an old-fashioned "bagman," up and down all manner of out-of-the-way quarters of this country, playing the Quaker and waiting patiently upon the Spirit, to catch these more subtle flavors of the confused hurly-burly.

How, for instance, can the ways of such a continent be as inimical as these critics hint to the nobler motions of the soul when a man can wake up as I have done on many a Sunday morning in the most flagrant of all American cities, New York itself, and listen to the silence in the cool-blowing summer air, while the wind rustles the ailanthus leaves at the window, lifting them up and letting them fall like undulating seaweed in a vast green rock-pool? Sunday mornings in America are indeed halcyon seas of luxurious quiescence to any one wakeful enough to be conscious of their peace. There is no deeper calm to be found in the depths of the ocean, in the heart of the desert. It is a psychic calm, produced by the relaxation of the quivering nerves of the most electric of all peoples. Such nerves when they do relax, relax to a level of abysmal somnolence unparalleled elsewhere, and out of these "fields of sleep" if the cool wind still blows what friendly sounds reach the ear! The echoing hoofs of the milkmen's horses, the siren-calls from the river, bringing rope smells and tar smells and the splash of waves at portholes and the glittering, rocking sun-path to the horizon's rim, the twitter of sparrows, the murmur of pigeons—all these sounds as they come to us here, no less than anywhere else on the earth's surface, have the friendliness of those faint race-memories that Wordsworth loved to note as they came and went.

But it is the silence itself on these Sunday mornings rather than any sound,

THE feminine influence in American culture is quite a new thing in the world, so it seems to me, and a thing of extraordinary interest. The truth is that the *timbre* of masculine activities in this vast country is still attuned to the pioneer note; so that through all their politics and business and camaraderie there is that rough, untidy, adventurous casualness which men naturally assume when left to themselves. . . .

The tougher "he-men," as they call them, are content to leave culture pretty much in the hands of their "women-folks." The result of this seems to be that all over this country the feminine attitude to life has invaded fiction and poetry and the decorative arts to an extent unparalleled in human history.

—John Cowper Powys

rather even than the mass bell from St. Joseph's or the bell-buoy in the river, that seems to be the sleep of the great, taut, tense city, relaxed at last, taking her fill of "deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill." That wave-washed mountain of delicate towers, what may be its multitudinous, its Atlantean dream? Millions of sleepers, in apartment houses, in tenement houses, in old doomed Dutch houses, under the spans of iron bridges, under the pillars of iron rails, lie horizontal and unconscious now, indrawn into the great cosmic diastole. Over it all the slippery sea-gulls sway and slide and are suspended. Over it all the white clouds journey, intent on voyages unknown to thought; over it all shiver those invisible air-waves that rise and fall forever through space, linking life to the secret causes of life.

I repeat once more—the essential spirit of America, its real contribution to civilization, is a psychic quality intimately associated with the geography of the continent, and far more involved with mystic nuances of feeling than with the making of Arrow Collars, Chevrolets, caskets, plow-shares, chewing-gum, kodaks, dynamite and steel-rails.

Factories enough, industries enough, the traveler sees, from the old Dutch livlages of New York State, through the small towns lost in the rich dark loamlands of the Middle West, to the inhuman fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains; but these Mills of Progress no more really dominate human character in these places—its drifting resilience, its humorous patience—than they dominate the cosmogonic landscape which engulfs them.

For between this landscape and this character there has grown up a psychic reciprocity older than any science. What those old Indians breathed in from the earth-spirits of this land—an evasive sensitiveness in womankind, a rooted withdrawnness in mankind—can still supply its fluidity and its reserve to the modern mind that waits upon its spirit.

Americans themselves, isolated in particular portions of their native land, are ready enough to defend their predilection for New England or the Far West or the Old South; but what a wanderer like myself cannot help noticing is that the quality I speak of can be found in a measure everywhere you go, found in the most diverse places, be they prairie or desert, be they pastoral uplands or the littered debris of city environs.

The thing I am thinking of, with its blending of human and natural elements, is what Walt Whitman had in mind when he used the term "calamus-root" to express the spirit of his democracy of the wild, of his camaraderie of the waste. . . .

This silly parrot-cry about Americans' love of money ought to be answered; and the way I shall answer it will seem to many Europeans a monstrous paradox in the face of the aggressive possessiveness and the resonant social "climbing" of the very rich and the *nouveaux riches* in this country. But it must be remembered that the vast majority of Americans are neither very rich nor *nouveaux riches;* any more than they are class-conscious "proletarians." They are that completely new thing in the history of our race, which one can only simply call American and leave it at that. Struggle for money they certainly do—day in, day out—but it is not, as it is with us Europeans, for the sake of palpable benefits that money brings that they make it so fast and furiously. We Europeans treasure it because it brings social prestige, attractive possessions, and above all leisure. But the American pursues money for the sake of one of the craziest, vaguest, fantasticalest *ideas* that has ever entered a rational brain. He pursues it for the sake of what might be called "power-in-the-abstract," an idealistic, subjective, cerebral thing; a dream in fact without substance, without habitation, an "airy nothing," a floating will-o'-the wisp! . . .

Well! Is not this "power-in-the-abstract" something parallel to the quests for intellectual truth, for esthetic beauty, for sensual pleasure as we know them in the old world? Average Americans are as completely devoid of any epicurean "art of life" as were the monks of the Thebaid! They have no taste for these things, no interest in them. Gour-

mands, virtuosos in meat and drink, hardly exist in America. Still less are Americans misers. What money represents to them is something thinner than a ghost, less ponderable than a cloud. It is not even power in the European sense of that word that they are after—not power, that is to say, over people, over things, over the destinies of nations. It is, as it were, the Platonic idea of power —power *for its own sake,* or, if you will, the diffused potentiality of power; the sense of being in a position to experience all human experiences; to give every form of privilege, every form of knowledge, every form of adventure, what they would call the "once over."

There is quizzical humor about this restlessness. It is not discontented or morbid. But it is at the extreme opposite pole from anything materialistic or self-satisfied. It is a sort of psychic answer to some drifting whisper from the cosmos itself—flowing in from the unknown —prophesying incredible happenings. It is an abandonment, at once proud and humble, to some occult pressure in the air whirling up from the immense untamed landscape like a spiritual typhoon, a pillar of smoke by day and of fire by night, tornadoing forward in vast windy spirals toward the Uncreated.

What these European critics fail to discern are not only the Lares and Penates of cities as different from one another as New Orleans, Indianapolis and San Francisco, giving each of them its own secret "genius," but the projected auras of the mass of isolated villages stretching from coast to coast. In these frost-bitten, sun-baked outposts of Progress, there exist, between the "false-fronts" of the ramshackle "stores" and the boarded "sidewalks," quaint indurated characters whose crusty humors unrevealed to a Sinclair Lewis, would still delight the soul of a Laurence Sterne or a Charles Lamb. The visitor from England or France, who knows such people at home, naturally sees nothing of them in hotels and Pullmans, and he returns to write his indictment of America from his impression of a handful of big buildings that could be hidden in one little fold of the Rocky Mountains or lost behind sand-hills in the smallest of Arizona ranches!

But the supreme mistake made by the European psychologist in summing up the American character is the mistake of assuming that the superficial braggadocio of this polyglot people is anything but skin-deep. In one generation from his incoming a strange new reserve establishes itself in the nature of an immigrant; a reserve that underlies all his *brio* and all his effusive slang. This is the primitive reserve of America. This is the mood of the high cheek-bones and caustic lips of the old aboriginals. And it is a reserve that is totally concealed from the "reserved" Englishman and the ironic Frenchman—concealed by the engaging candor and oratorical pedantry of the men who hide it! Sometimes I dream that it is a reserve concealed even from its own possessors. But, such as it is, it shares its secret with the astounding natural features of the land that evokes it. . . .Whatever may be felt about a civilization that combines such elements, the present writer cannot conceal his premonition that, in Walt Whitman's quaint and characteristic jargon, "divine things well-enveloped" are likely to be its issue.—John Cowper Powys, in *The Century Magazine*

A YOUNG man from the country, walking along a City street, stopped in front of the fire-station and looked in.

"D'ye have many fires in town?" he asked.

"Yes, pretty often," replied the fireman.

"Ever see how quick you can get out!"

"Oh, yes!"

At that moment an alarm was sounded. At the first stroke of the gong the men rushed to their posts, and within a few seconds men and engine were speeding down the street.

The young man watched the proceedings with admiration.

"Well," he exclaimed, "there ain't many places where they'd go to all that trouble to show a stranger what they can do!"—*Pearson's Weekly*

American Scenery

I HAVE traveled pretty widely in Europe and the East, but a circuit of 7,000 miles in the United States leaves ineffaceable impressions of natural beauty—beauty with a quality which is uniquely American.

It is not for nothing that most of the country is in a latitude which is distinctly southern, according to north European ideas. The sky has the brightness and at morning and evening the warm glow which Englishmen call Italian. But with it, and especially as one goes away from the coast, is a keen, dry atmosphere which keeps the human fit and gives trees, plants and crops a Northern vigor. One sees the Italian cypress casting its black shadow on what might be an English countryside. Again and again I have been struck with this combination of the Northern and the Southern—one sees it right down to the Gulf of Mexico, where fan palms grow in what look like English woods—and to the English eye it is one of the characteristic American touches.

Certain things, of course, stand out—the noble rivers and the spreading deltas at their mouths, the great natural prodigies, Niagara, the Grand Canyon, the Painted Desert, the immense lakes, the great California forests. But the prodigies are a small part of the whole, and one remembers with a quiet affection the pleasant homely things, the wooded garden suburbs of Kansas City or Atlanta, the view across forests and upland to distant blue hills from Topeka or Lawrence—like any sketch of north Yorkshire—glimpses of the Sound and Long Island through a blaze of autumn glory, the green valleys and old Colonial houses of New England. And then the mountains in their endless variety, the delightful Catskills seen across the Hudson, the immense, snowclad Rockies and the towering Nevadas, the desolate heights about Salt Lake, the tree-clad ranges of North Carolina, the line of the Adirondacks, with their deep wooded spacious valleys.

Some scenes dwell specially in memory — an evening hour in Denver, with the vast sweeping line of the Rockies turning from pale amber to hazy blue and then down the scale to deep violet as the sun sets; morning in the moonlike desolation of Salt Lake, the descent into California from the high snows and their fogs, with the sudden vision of peach land and vine land and apple land breaking down steeply to the fertile plain under a brilliant sun; the "Golden Gate," with the brown and purple velvet mountains across the waters; the lovely bay of Santa Barbara, with its great eucalyptus forest coming down to the Pacific; the all-day journeys through the deserts.

Americans warned me that passing through the deserts was a penalty which had to be paid for the pleasure of arriving somewhere else. I never found it so. . . .

To the European eye the American desert is a real novelty in landscape and a thing of rare beauty. The African, Indian and Arabian deserts have their charm if you escape their sand storms, but the American deserts, with their rolling expanses of sage brush and jagged mountains on their rim, are like nothing I have ever seen before. There is no

> AMERICA has no repressed desires as far as money is concerned. America admits frankly that it would like to have its money and sets out to get it. But when it has money, it gives it away or throws it away on an unprecedented scale.
>
> There are rich men in Europe now and there were more before the war, but you don't see them giving money away on the American scale, do you? In Europe the people don't admit that they want money, but they are being untrue to themselves. They are repressing their desires.
>
> —Count Hermann Keyserling

monotony in traveling through them. The scene changes incessantly as the sun rises and sinks and new mountains come into view and are swept with waves of color. There are long stretches in Arizona and New Mexico in which beautifully chiseled mountains rise like Greek islands from the sea of sagebrush. The air on these high plateaus is amazingly exhilarating, and if American ingenuity can solve the problem of bringing water to them they will yet provide sanatoriums for the whole continent. The difficulty should not be insurmountable, if one may judge from the considerable number of ranches which may be seen in a day's journey, and the sturdy looking bullocks and goats which appear to find something to eat there. . . .

Henry James, returning to America after a lifetime spent in England, said that emptiness was the dominant impression left on him by a journey across the continent. That is still what strikes an eye accustomed to Europe or the crowded regions of the East. Large parts of India are jungle, mountain and desert, but traveling through the plains of India you get all the way the sense of population. The fields are alive with people; there are villages every few minutes, and toward evening when the tide sets homeward a held-up throng of men, women and children, with their bullock carts and donkeys, is waiting at every railway crossing. In England the villages race past as the train moves on, and the countryside is a network of roads, lanes and footpaths running in and out of green fields, which make a jumble of small patterns with their irregular hedges. Everywhere there are signs of people and close cultivation. Massachusetts, Maryland and some parts of New York State give you the sense of population, but mostly in America you are traveling over thinly populated spaces with enormous intervals, according to the European standard, between the chief towns, and though the main roads are now nearly always visible the crossroads are few, and there seem to be hardly any lanes or footpaths.

Agriculture having moved West, the thrifty Englishman gets the impression of quantities of serviceable land going to waste in the East and thinks enviously of what the British farmer might do with it, and then corrects the thought when he observes the distance of the market for the farmer's produce. All this, of course, is but the outward expression of the fact that the population of England is more than 700 a square mile, whereas that of the United States, for all its great aggregate, is only 35. But the difference between the two things must be seen to be realized, and only when you see it do you begin to understand what the expression "a new country" means, or what is implied when Americans talk of their "unexploited resources."—J. A. Spender, former editor of *The Westminster Gazette,* in the New York *Herald-Tribune*

JUST as in California no one speaks of earthquakes, so throughout America no one speaks of depression or failure. Christian Science is everywhere applied to business and economics. Britain solemnly counts up her unemployed and issues a monthly statement of them to a sympathizing world. America counts only her employed and leaves it to be inferred that there are no others. Virgil says of the winning crew in his *Aeneid* "Possunt quia posse videntur"—"they can because they think they can." Faith removes mountains, and unfaith destroys nerves and confidence. This is the serious philosophy of American business, and accounts, in large measure, for what the Englishman calls American "boosting." Certainly it is in striking contrast to the English method which is to disarm opposition by understatement. But undeniably it works in America, where the industrial movement goes forward on a high tide of confident enterprise which sweeps obstructions out of its path.—J. A. Spender, in the New York *Herald-Tribune*

Little Girl {to her playmate}—When I was born I was so s'prised I couldn't speak for a whole year and a half!—London *Tit-Bits*

"The Greatest Living Americans"

Emil Ludwig, the German biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck, thus succinctly states his reasons for acclaiming Orville Wright, John D. Rockefeller, Jane Addams and Thomas A. Edison as four of the greatest living Americans. He expects to add a fifth one to the gallery as a result of his recent visit to the United States.

Orville Wright

The first ones to overcome the difficulty of aviation, the first human beings a quarter of a century ago to maintain themselves aloft in a contrivance heavier than the air, the first, five years after their initial success, to fly two hours and twenty minutes—these were the brothers *Wright.* And if the palm of victory belongs to both of them, this last summer one of the brothers was still alive to see his spiritual descendant Lindbergh fly across the great ocean. The Wrights were without that greatest of all helps to courage—youth. When Orville Wright undertook at Fort Myer his trial flight in the presence of Government experts, he was thirty-seven years old. On this occasion he fell, breaking hip-bone and ribs, sustaining a concussion of the brain, remaining unconscious for days.

But a year later success had come, and for the first time a pilot in a Wright plane was flying over the edge of an ocean. The sublime quality in Wright is, after all, not the lightning flash of genius; it is the immensity of perseverance, the sure faith in reaching the sought-for goal, and the courage to rise again and again.

John D. Rockefeller

Rockefeller signifies in a way the direct antithesis of Wright: he invented nothing, discovered nothing, never threw his life on the scales, gave the world no new civilizing agent—and yet he appears a genius.

Rockefeller's life is rich in creative moments of activity. When in the early sixties thousands were thronging the Oil Creek region in Pennsylvania to bore for crude oil, this twenty-three-year-old youngster decided to buy outside the district the precious possession of the wildcatters, to refine and sell it again, and so to avoid all the risks of chance, sickness and rowdyism which so ruinously beset the humble soldiers of fortune. Thus with calculating insight he derived the major profits of the hot struggle.

After he has gained his first million dollars he sees confronting him antagonistically none but the great railroad companies who hold out to him their freight tariffs, like the tables of the Ten Commandments. What can be done about this matter?

At that time Rockefeller was only thirty; yet he had already begun his long and successful war on his chief opponents, the railway magnates. Ten years later he founded the first trust by welding together two or three dozen oil-princes, just as Bismarck amalgamated princes who were guiltless of oil. This first was the prototype of all modern trusts and constituted for Rockefeller's world a concept as large, as new and as dangerous as the welding together into a single guild of the modern forces of international labor. He is the first to organize on a vast scale both production and disposal . . . He has founded a new world-power more mighty than many a State.

Jane Addams

Jane Addams looks like Goodness personified. What she has built up in Chicago has never been accomplished by any individual in Europe, nor by any groups or societies.

When she was twenty, in the days when Rockefeller and his pupils were staring up from below to the apex of the social pyramid and swearing to become like those half gods who stood at the very top of it, this girl—a Quaker's daughter—looked down from the middle of her pyramid and saw with horror what forms human existence took on, what

sufferings guiltless beings must endure.

What she then builds up during decades rises just as painfully, arduously and slowly as does the edifice of the Rockefellers. Nay, from an economic point of view it is even of less value, for she cannot nourish hundreds of thousands of people, but only hundreds. She cannot build factory cities, but only thirteen houses, and her kindergartens, charity kitchens and workingmen's clubs are surely not as rich and beautiful as is Rockefeller's splendid world-wide benevolence.

But the heart that beats in Hull House, the self-denial which it contains, the flame which it feeds, are imperishable; and this woman has as the exponent of a definite other America done more to win the respect of the Old World for the New than all the bank directors and magnates of the metropolis.

THOMAS A. EDISON

WHEN I multiply the best spirits of America with one another, the inventive spirit of Wright, the organizing talent of Rockefeller, the humanity of Addams, the result is Edison. In him are present all the elements needed to create a novel from a life. Here is genius and naivete, shrewdness and good breeding, industry and imagination. And all this is not transformed into power, not into enjoyment, wealth and a somewhat embarrassed benevolence, but a light at night in uniting peoples, in the transmission of voices, in moving pictures, in cement houses, and all of this from one pole to the other, all of this for the billion of human beings who inhabit the earth. If we speculate as to the living being to whom the world owes greatest gratitude, no one can compete with Edison, although there live in our midst some great physicians who have served humanity almost as greatly as stupid or criminal statesmen have harmed it. Let one dismiss from his mind everything that Edison has invented, and how much poorer is the earth in happiness, comfort, safety and stimulation!—Emil Ludwig, in *The Red Book* {Chicago}

It might be said of Shaw's plays that he creates characters who express feelings which they have not got. It might be said of mine that I create characters who have feelings which they cannot express.—John Galsworthy

NEW HOPE FOR SOME

{In Irish mythology the Fairies are not only fallen, outcast angels, but also lonely spirits between two worlds, since they were not bad enough to find a home in hell. Insects are their servants.}

When I am no more thought of,
Though I'm little thought of now,
When nobody will praise me,
And nobody will bow,
I'll creep into the garden upon my hands and knees
And sing a song of Jesus beneath the currant trees;
And each shiny bug and beetle, the earwigs and the snails,
Those little outlaw people whom not a tongue bewails,
Those glinty outlaw people who neither laugh nor cry,
Perpetual as the dust-motes and lonely as the sky,
Will run and tell the fairies that here's the Voice of Pain
To hew a way to Heaven and get them home again,
Will run and tell the fairies that here's the thing they craved,
That nought and nought make twenty, and strangest folk are saved,
Will throng upon my shoulders and swarm across my knees,
And crown me King of Magic beneath the currant trees.

—Herbert E. Palmer, in *The Irish Statesman* {Dublin}

PONTIUS PILATE AND THE LAST DAYS OF JESUS

THE two Letters from Pontius Pilate *reprinted herewith have something of the spirit of Anatole France's famous story,* The Procurator of Judea. *They are taken from a book supposed to have been written by Pilate, {purely imaginary} during his Governorship of Judea, and edited by W. P. Crozier, formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford. This book is an effort not only to throw new light on the life and times of Jesus, but also to expand the one-sided view of Pilate as a just and humane but timorous character that we get in the Gospels.*

Pilate was Procurator of Judea from A. D. 26 to 36. The public activities of Jesus began toward the end of the first half of his term of office. Little could he know of the place that the Nazarene was to occupy in the imagination of humanity! For Pilate, whose first duty as a Roman Governor was to watch for the appearance of popular leaders who might be politically dangerous, Jesus was just a disturber of the peace, an agitator who might make trouble. He discusses local gossip, the Games he is arranging, the aqueduct he is building. He refers to Marcius Rufus, his chief military officer; to Alexander, his secretary; to Joseph Caiaphas, Jewish High Priest, and Annas, former High Priest. The letters are addressed to Lucius Annaeus Seneca the younger, who was later to be the tutor of the young Emperor Nero.

ARREST OF JESUS

Jerusalem

YOUR freedman Krito has arrived this morning bringing your letters and others which he had picked up for me at Caesarea. He started back again at once, so that the letter I write you now must be a short one. I wish it had been only your letters he had brought me, for they gave me the pleasure which I always experience in hearing about you and Rome. But no sooner had I read them than I was thrown into ill-temper by the news from Caesarea.

You know—I am sure I have told you this before—that when the Passover is finished and a large part of the foreign Jews troop back to the coast on their way home, I hold Games in Caesarea for several days. It is a relaxation for me as well as for them, and it is good for trade. Do you ask whether they come to my Games? Of course they come. They are not Pharisees. They are Greek Jews, Cyrenaic Jews, Asiatic Jews, merrier and humaner folk than their harsh Judaic brethren.

Could anything be more exasperating than the blow which has befallen me? In the first place a ship bringing six lions from Cyrenaica has foundered. The crew had not even the good grace to go down with the ship. Still, lions are cheap and I do not make too much of it. What is more serious is the loss of my gladiator Aduatucus, a Gaul. He was the best swordsman in the East. Since I came out here he had fought nearly fifty contests and had never been beaten. The women love him. The Governors of both Syria and Egypt had tried to buy him from me—once or twice I lent him as a great favor, but I always refused to sell—and I had told him that when he completed fifty contests I would give him his freedom and make him trainer of the troop. He might have become manager of the Games, he might have gone back with me and become first favorite of the crowd at Rome. Why, he might have caught Caesar's eye, entered his Household and controlled provincial governors. With this career before him, and knowing the value that I attached to him, he was inconsiderate enough to enter into a tavern brawl about a girl with two Thracians. They stabbed him to death and then took their own lives, so that I have not even the poor consolation of using them for the Games. By Jove, I am annoyed.

You were asking about the aqueduct. It works admirably and I have reason to know that the foreign Jews applaud me for it. They disapprove, as they are bound to do, of my use of the Temple-money, but they see that I am not behind the Governors of more important provinces in my care for the Roman name and the health of my people. The Jews

here also use the water, even the Pharisees. The only difference is that they show no gratitude.

Jesus was arrested late last night. I provided a troop of soldiers who accompanied the officials of the Sanhedrim. The advantage is that as the news spread this morning—if it did spread—it would be known that Procurator and Sanhedrim had acted jointly. The Sanhedrim are not popular with the most zealous Jews, but the general impression would be that if all the authorities, Roman and Jewish, were acting together, this must be a troublesome fellow who was better out of the way. The arrest was made without disturbance. Jesus himself gave no trouble and his followers ran at once. I believe some of them are well on their way home.

The prisoner was taken to the High Priest's quarters until this morning when he was handed over to my people. I believe Caiaphas got a few of the leading priests together and they examined him for themselves. The case is a perfectly simple one, from my point of view, and will give no difficulty. . . .

ANOTHER popular hero rising to worry me and call himself king. . . . If Jesus values his life he will keep out of Judea. If Antipas lets him slip through his fingers I will not. Only one thing grieves me. "He is at daggers-drawn with the priests, the lawyers and the Law." I could like him for that. But a king in Judea, even one who would not [[at present]] be a king, a man imperious, fierce, burnt up by his own passion, the type of man to whom this restless and insurgent people willingly gives heed—no, no, that will not do! When he is dead, then they can call him king.

—From *Letters of Pontius Pilate* in Judea to Seneca in Rome

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF JESUS

Jerusalem

I must complete the letter which I began this morning. Immediately after despatching Krito, I confirmed with Marcius the military arrangements for the Passover, which begins to-morrow. I heard reports from Joseph {Caiaphas}, who thinks that acts of violence against individuals amongst the ruling Sadducees will grow. In his opinion it does not much matter whether the province is as quiet as I contrive to keep it or whether there is constant friction between us and the Jews; his feeling is that the extreme men are tired of peace. Afterwards I tried and condemned the prisoner Jesus. He was crucified at once along with some other prisoners who were awaiting execution. It is not a bad thing to have an object lesson of this kind on the eve of the Passover because, in such a nondescript gathering as we have here, there must always be dangerous characters who have exceptional opportunities for their special qualities. By this time Jesus is buried. It is their custom to bury an executed offender the same day. . . .

The trial was short but in due form and order. Jesus was accused of disturbing the peace, stirring up disaffection and claiming to be King of the Jews. There was evidence both from our side and from that of the Jews, both from Galilee and from this city. Caiaphas, Annas and the leading Sadducees were prominent and so were some but not all of the chief Pharisees; some of the Pharisees would lend no assistance in convicting a rebel against Caesar however much they desired his death as a rebel against themselves. However, that did not help him. The priests had much to say of his attacks on their religion, but I cut them short on that. They cannot have it both ways. If we are not allowed to interfere in their religion, they cannot appeal to us when their observances are attacked; as soon as the offense becomes political, directly or indirectly, then we

take note of it. They may squabble about Yahveh, like the Egyptians about Isis, till they burst, but when a man brawls in the Temple he tends to provoke a general explosion and that concerns us closely. The charge against Jesus of disturbing the peace was proved to the hilt and he could not deny it.

I inquired of the prisoner, through Alexander, whether he admitted the more serious accusations. The Jews alleged that he regarded himself as the destined deliverer of the nation, which involves the end of both their authority and ours. This would constitute a much more direct offence than that for which Antipas put John to death. They cited both the public utterances in which Jesus had spoken of a new kingdom as being imminent and also certain admissions about himself which they said he had made to his own followers. This was, I suppose, the special evidence which Annas said that they intended to produce. I put the question to him. I asked him whether he considered himself to be the deliverer. "So *THEY* say," he answered, indicating the High Priest and his neighbors, with a curt gesture of contempt. I pointed out to him that he was accused also of representing himself as King of the Jews. I asked him whether he considered himself to be that. He made the same answer—"So *YOU* say," meaning, I suppose, that in neither case was there anything in his own conduct or motives to support the accusation, but that he knew well enough that we meant in any case to fix the charge upon him. He realized that he was trapped, and that there was no way of escape, but he was bold and resolute, defiant, almost insolent. They are all alike, these Jews, bitter and unyielding, whether to us or to each other. Standing alone he might be, forsaken and with enemies on every side who meant his death, with his own countrymen delivering him to the Roman executioner, but he was cool and determined, like the men who engineered an attempt on the life of the great Herod and suffered the extremes of torture sooner than yield an inch. A dangerous breed!

> IS it not a comic idea—this paltry little [Jewish] race, that has been overrun by half a dozen conquerors, carried into slavery, and scattered about the earth, believing that it is chosen out of all others and that its God, who has never been able to prevent its misfortunes, will send some one to overthrow Caesar and Rome? You would think that when they see we only keep 4,000 soldiers here they would know how weak and contemptible they really are.
>
> —From *Letters of Pontius Pilate* in Judea to Seneca in Rome

I condemned him to death. I could, of course, do nothing less. All roads lead to that conclusion. . . .I am sure that if he was not a dangerous rebel yesterday, he would have been to-morrow. For either he would have succeeded in his assault on the priesthood or he would not. If he had not, how long would a man of his temperament, so passionate, headstrong and bold, have abstained from making that appeal to the patriotic feelings of these Jews which always—always—meets with a quick response, even when made by men of much less powerful character than his? . . . And supposing that he had conceivably made headway against the priests and all the mummery of the Temple ritual, how long would it have been before he turned upon Caesar and the sacrifices to Caesar and to Rome? Would he have respected the cult of Divus Augustus, do you suppose? But long before we had to consider that eventuality we should have had to intervene with force between their contending factions. Why, as it is, they are almost in a state of suppressed civil war, ready to fly at each other's throats. Give them a bad governor—a governor even half as bad as they say that I am—and the

feud between those who tolerate us and those who despise the tolerators will break into open war. This is an unfruitful soil in all respects but one. The seeds of disorder will grow if you only scratch the soil. My policy is to destroy them the moment that they sprout.

But I had forgotten: allow me one word about the inscription announcing the offense of Jesus. It was "King of the Jews," set up over the cross. The Pharisees were indignant. They themselves want a King of the Jews. It would give them the greatest pleasure to see Caesar overthrown tomorrow and a Jewish King installed—not a half-Jew like Herod—who would rule the country through them and suppress their Sadducean rivals. But it angered them to see the precious title, "King of the Jews," held up to ridicule; it was too plain a reminder of their servitude. Besides, they thought it an insult that a crucified criminal, a presumptuous countryman who had defied them, should be labelled "King." I took a short way with them.

"What I have written I have written," said I, and bade them begone. I know the breed. From the moment that this Jesus set up his individual judgment against theirs they meant to have his life. Scratch a priest and find an autocrat. All the world over, if a man says that he will use his own intelligence about things divine, the priests prick up their ears and feel their knives. If he goes further and tells his fellow-men that they also are entitled to use their own intelligence—off with his head and there's an end of it!

I run on so, my dear Seneca. The subject carries me away. I must apologize to you again; I am afraid that even you will find the subject tedious. For, after all, what does it matter? What does it matter—one Jew more or less?

I wish I could find a substitute for Aduatucus.—From *Letters of Pontius Pilate,* edited by W. P. Crozier, by permission of Jonathan Cape, Ltd.

TESTAMENT

When I am dead what shall I leave to you?
Some faint imaginings, a doubt or two,
And one great dream that never could
come true.

When I am dead then I will leave to you
A legacy of little things we knew
When the sun shone, and when the sky was
blue—

The dusty windings of a road in Spain,
A smile you left upon the window-pane,
The only tear you ever wept in vain.

Your tangled sweetnesses divinely grave,
The silent memories of you I have
Deep, timid secrets struggling to be brave.

For I will leave you no heroic thing,
No unguessed poverty of Pope or King,
A ring of smoke, but not a ruby ring.

Proud as a beggar, lonely as the free,
What I gave you must still belong to me,
But what you gave is called eternity.

—From *Poems* of Elizabeth Bibesco, by permission of George H. Doran Company

Dean Inge of St. Paul's

As far as there is any dispute as to whether Christianity is gaining or losing ground in the British Isles, the Dean of St. Paul's, William Ralph Inge, is to be found, as usual, on the side of the pessimists. There are few questions bearing on life in the twentieth century that this tall, lanky controversialist can consider without compressing his thin, cold lips even more grimly. The only sign Ralph Savonarola showed of taking a less harsh view was on his return from "dry" America, when he frankly confessed to the reporters what a relief it was to him to get back to the cellars of his Deanery. It might be supposed that where there was wine there would be a cheerful spirit, but in his *Outspoken Essays* there is only one cheerful remark—and this is borrowed—namely that it is a mistake to picture the Almighty as a stern judge, he must surely have a strong sense of the humor of existence. . . .

> REAL Christianity is a revolutionary idealism which estranges conservatives because it is revolutionary, and the revolutionary because it is idealistic.
>
> —Dean Inge

Truly, the Dean of St. Paul's is a refreshing oasis in the desert of British common sense. The Englishman can be sensible and practical to an unbearable degree. There is sometimes a deadly wearisomeness in the simplicity of sound common sense. But the Dean is amusing. To enjoy him thoroughly one must be a disinterested spectator. He provokes his countrymen beyond endurance, and yet does it with such delightful naïveté, so fearlessly and wittily, that many Englishmen are inclined to concede a privilege to the Dean otherwise only allowed to one man—Bernard Shaw—namely the right to say anything—and indeed everything.

Free expression of opinion in England is in itself a rather delicate matter. A crank or a fool, or any man of no importance, Hyde Park speakers and those sort of men, may say very much what they like, even against God and the King. But there is something in the English nature that fixes solid limits to what a man who is someone, and of whom something may be expected, feels he can say—quite apart from any question of a Censor. Anyone who oversteps these bounds without suffering for it achieves a miracle. Bernard Shaw is an artist, and the English people are sensible enough not to make themselves ridiculous by objecting to what he says of them. But Dean Inge is only a good scholar, poor, almost stone deaf, a man with a family. He lives on his meager stipend, and what he can make by a little journalism. Consequently he is not independent. Yet he is allowed to speak and write as he pleases, in defiance of all tradition. When he was asked whether it might not get him into trouble in the end, as the Bishop of London must sometimes be very much "disgusted," he replied contemptuously, "It's of no consequence; he can't do anything."

So he carries on his campaign against the Church and the clergy, against Governments and Ministers, against sacred institutions, against riches and Capitalism, against the proletariat and Socialism, against arrogance and large families, against the barbarism of our much vaunted civilization, against Imperialists and democrats, against Moscow and Rome, against the Oxford movement and modernism — against everything. If one were to judge him by the newspaper articles he dashes off hastily, and his occasional comments on questions of the day, he would seem an odious man, ridiculously fanatical, ill-informed, offensively arrogant and superficial. A tragi-comical collection of absurdities might be made from his writings. "People infected with the revolutionary spirit," he says, "ought to be shot down like mad dogs." "Democracy is a per-

verse sentimentality." "Thank God, the lads are still birched at Eton," for this "increasing orgy of sentimentality and indiscipline over England, is due in part to the fact that Board school boys are not caned." It is true that in spite of his prejudice in favor of the stick, the Dean regards such characters as Frederick the Great and Napoleon as "old fashioned brigands." Civilization is a humbug, organized religion a failure. Man is and remains a "splendid fighting animal, holy and satanic;" the Trade-Unionists are robbers, and the "lazy miners" are already getting more than their share of the national income. . . .

The Dean must not be judged by his newspaper articles or even by his sermons. What is the press, what is the Church to him? He is deaf, wishes to be deaf, he stands aloof, and wishes to stand aloof, for alas, the world is terrible! So he buries himself in his books, in the tangled web of his inexorable philosophy. Dean Inge, who came of a family of theologians, was an instructor of theology at Oxford before Asquith transported him to St. Paul's. The cool halls of a college were surely a more suitable arena for his activities than the sacred precincts of a great city cathedral. What should he preach? What has he in common with the masses? His library is his world. He has read a great deal and has written occasionally himself. . . .

Dean Inge personifies the British spirit in its original puritanical form, and the national feeling on which the Church of England is based. He holds views that are still held by the Englishman in his inmost heart. He is a remnant of a lost Paradise. The question is whether that Paradise can be recovered. The Dean is a national Conservative, the sworn enemy of all Internationalism, whether it comes from Rome, from Moscow, or Amsterdam, whether of a religious, political, or social character; and that in itself drives him into a position of opposition to all Socialism, even in the mild form of the Labor Party and the Trade-Unions. Both try to keep in touch with the social-political movements in other countries, and thus, in the opinion of the Dean, throw an obstacle in the way of national cohesion. . . .

The Dean takes the Church severely to task for its attitude during the war. "Lovers of peace have not much to hope for from organized religion." . . .

"Christianity is a spiritual dynamic, which has very little to do directly with the mechanism of social life." It will be seen that his horror of the State by Divine right, and of the tradition of the visible Church, drives the Dean a long way towards the other extreme. . . .

The Dean is not inhuman, but the masses, the proletariat, do not fit into his philosophy. There simply ought not to be a proletariat. The capitalists are to blame; their senseless love of money-making has created the masses and the great towns. The proletariat are increasing like rabbits. "What we are witnessing," he says, "is nothing less than the decline and downfall of the social order. We live in a continual state of civil war; it

> I CONFESS as an impartial outsider, I hope that, as long as there are an appreciable number of Protestants, they will be balanced by some Catholics, for while both bodies have been about equally hostile to the truth, the Catholics have on the whole been kinder to beauty. And as long as the Anglican Prayer Book includes prayers for rain and for the satisfactory functioning of the organs of the royal family, for Dean Inge to animadvert upon Lourdes is simply a case of the pot calling the kettle black.
>
> —J. B. S. Haldane, author of *Daedalus; or Science of the Future*

will go on, as long as this dreadful industrialism goes on. We are destroying ourselves. Shocking are the egotism and luxury of the rich, and the insatiate greed of the poor. This glorification of productive industry, whose end we are approaching, began with the Reformation. We find in Calvinism and Quakerism the genuine religious basis of modern business life, which, however, has degenerated sadly now that the largest fortunes are made by dealing in money rather than in goods. If men lived according to the Bible, they would not only put an end to militarism, but also to its analogue in daily life—the endeavor to exploit one's fellow men for the sake of gain. Instead of that, there is war, war of all against all." This is what the Dean of St. Paul's preaches from his pulpit in the heart of the City of London! Humanity has ruined the world with its senseless Industrialism. Valuable lives are swallowed up in the proletarian scum. We are proud of the birth rate, of the decrease in the death rate, but what does this mean? Only that the scum increases. So the good stock is slowly dying out. There is only one remedy—"eugenics"—natural selection and extinction of what is worthless. Truly, this Dean is consistent!

Were the Dean's constructive ability equal to his powers of criticism, he would be a remarkable phenomenon. It may be assumed that they are not. What he propounds of a definite nature is very largely derived from the Platonic school of thought. The only future he sees for religion is in Christian Platonism. Theologians would find astounding proofs of his independence of the Church of England doctrines in his writings.... Quite incidentally he outlines a future scheme for the salvation of humanity after the deluge which he sees about to overwhelm the capitalist world. It is simple enough. "The time may come when the educated classes, and those who desire freedom to live as they like, will find themselves oppressed, not only in their home life by the tyranny of the Trade-Unions, but in their souls by the pulpy and mawkish emotionalism of herd-morality. Then a league for mutual protection may be formed. If such a society comes into being, the following principles are, I think, necessary for its success. First, it must be on a religious basis, since religion has a cohesive force greater than any other bond. The religious basis will be a blend of Christian Platonism and Christian Stoicism since it must be founded on that faith in absolute spiritual values which is common to Christianity and Platonism, with that defiance of tyranny and popular folly which was the strength of Stoicism. Next, it must not be affiliated to any religious organization; otherwise it will certainly be exploited in denominational interest. Thirdly, it must include some purely disciplinary asceticism, such as abstinence from alcohol and tobacco for men {at present the Dean is against Prohibition!} and from costly dresses and jewelry for women. This is necessary, because it is more important to keep out the half-hearted than to increase the number of members. Fourthly, it must prescribe a simple life of discipline and duty, since frugality will be a condition of enjoying self-respect and freedom. Fifthly, it will enjoin the choice of an open-air life in the country, where possible. Sixthly, every member must pledge himself to give his best work. It may be necessary for those who recognize the right of the laborer to preserve his self-respect, to combine in order to satisfy each other's needs in resistance to the Trade-Unions. Seventhly, there must be provision for community-life for both sexes. Temporary "retreats" might be of great value. Intellectual work, including scientific research, could be carried on under very favorable conditions in these lay monasteries and convents. Lastly, a distinctive dress, not merely a badge, would probably be essential for members of both sexes." The Dean even suggests that it would be well for the Government to appoint a Royal Commission at once to consider the question of a compulsory national uniform for the people of Great Britain. . . .—From Rudolf Kircher's *Powers and Pillars,* by permission of Wm. Collins & Co., Ltd. {London}

THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI

HERE is a newly discovered account of the guillotining of Louis XVI of France, January 21, 1793. Its author, Dr. Penel, was a celebrated Paris physician, one of the founders of modern psychiatry. His high standing professionally did not exempt him from service in the "national guard," his section of which was in attendance at the foot of the guillotine the morning of the execution. This letter was written the evening of the same day to the writer's brother, who was in retirement in their native province of Quercy, Department of Tarn.

I HAVE no doubt that the death of the King will be variantly reported in accordance with the differing points of view of its chroniclers, and that the great event will be so handled by the press and popular account as to distort the truth. Since I am here at the scene of the tragedy, and since, though I am averse on principle to all alignment with a faction, I am well aware of the small value that can be attached to what is termed *aura popularis,* I shall recount to you faithfully what has taken place. It was with the greatest regret that I was present at the execution {I was under arms with the rest of the citizens of my section}, and even now as I write my heart is plunged in sorrow and I am laboring under the stupor of a profound consternation.

Louis, who in consonance with his religious principles appeared to be entirely resigned to his death, started out from his prison at the Temple at about nine o'clock in the morning, and was conducted to the place of his agony in the carriage of the mayor. The shades of the coach were drawn, and with him rode his confessor and two gendarmes. When he came to the scaffold he regarded it with firmness. Without delay the executioner proceeded to the customary ceremony of cutting the prisoner's hair which he put in his pocket as it fell from the shears. Immediately thereafter Louis ascended the scaffold; the rolling of the many drums which boomed out, apparently having been brought to prevent the populace from asking for clemency, was interrupted for a moment by a gesture which the King himself made as if to signify that he wished to speak to the assembled throngs; but at another signal made by the adjutant to the General of the National Guard the drums resumed their rolling, drowning out the voice of the King, so that all that could be heard was a confused murmur, "I forgive my enemies, etc." At the same moment he took several paces around the fatal plank where he had stood rooted as if involuntarily or rather as though bound by the horror natural to a man who sees his last moment approaching, or perhaps in the hope that the people would demand his pardon, for where is the man who does not hope till the last instant? The adjutant to the General gave the order to the executioner to perform his duty; in a moment Louis was fastened to the plank of the guillotine and his head was severed from his body before he had had time to suffer—one advantage,

FRENCH PEASANTS

Those going home at dusk,
Along the lane
After the day's warm work,
Do not complain.

Were you to say to them,
"What does it mean?
"What is it all about,
"This troubled dream"?

They would not understand,
They'd go their way,
Or, if they spoke at all,
They'd surely say:

"Dawn is the time to rise,
"Days are to earn
"Bread and the mid-day rest,
"Dusk to return.

{Continued on next page}

at least, that must be credited to this engine of destruction which bears the name of the physician who invented it. The executioner drew out the head from the sack into which it had fallen and held it up to the gaze of the populace.

The instant the execution was over, a sudden change was noticeable in the countenances of the spectators. From a somber consternation they passed to cries of "Long live the country," and especially was this true of those of the cavalry who were present and who placed their helmets on the ends of their bayonets. Some of the citizens shared in this change of attitude, but a great number withdrew, plunged in grief, to give vent to their tears in the bosoms of their families. The execution naturally could not take place without the spilling of blood, and many of the witnesses hastened to dip the ends of their handkerchiefs into the blood that had flowed on the guillotine, others used scraps of paper or anything else that came to hand in order to secure this souvenir of a memorable occasion. The body was taken to the church of St. Marguerite after the officers of the municipality, the department, and the criminal tribunal had prepared their report. Louis's son, the former Dauphin, with a naivete that was most engaging, in his last interview with his father, implored to be allowed to accompany him to beg the people for mercy.

It would be easy for me to expatiate upon the sentence pronounced by the National Assembly and to attempt to show to what extent prejudice and hatred had broken loose. Certainly I am far from being a Royalist, and no one can boast a more sincere devotion to his country than I do, but I cannot disguise from myself the fact that the National Convention assumed a most formidable responsibility, and further, that it exceeded its powers. . . .

Ah, how you ought to congratulate yourself on being far from that frightful whirlpool that threatens to engulf everything that comes near it. In my capacity of physician and philosopher, wont to meditate upon ancient and modern governments, and upon the nature of man, I foresee nothing but anarchy, factions and war disastrous even to the victors, and certainly I am thoroughly acquainted with this country and the true worth of those many pygmies who are making such a clamor. Give my love to my father, my brother, my sister, etc. Farewell. . . . Pinel.—Abel Chevalley, in a Paris letter to *The Saturday Review of Literature* {New York}

"To be content to pray,
"To hear songs sung;
"Or to make wayside love,
"If one is young. . . ."

One who had questioned all
And was not wise,
Might be ashamed to meet
Their quiet eyes.

All is so clear to them,
All is so plain,
Those who go home at dusk
Along the lane.

—From Monk Gibbon's *The Branch of Hawthorne Tree* by permission of the Grayhound Press (London)

EMPTY THRONES

THE revolution which followed the Armistice was the first real revolution in Germany since Luther's time. Even after the Armistice the German people did not intend to destroy the monarchy. The Princes, by their conduct, forced the revolution upon them. That so many dynasties should disappear without the least sign of a fight was to the German people a sign of decay.

Today there are more than 100 heirs apparent in the various German States. All they do is complain of their fate instead of becoming eminent in some profession and showing their mettle. That is why this monarchy business is steadily losing customers; that is why all over Germany there are empty thrones, gathering dust like empty boxes in a theater.—Emil Ludwig

THE LAST HOURS OF EDITH CAVELL

FOLLOWING an international controversy over a motion picture film purporting to describe the shooting in Belgium of the British nurse, Edith Cavell, Dr. Gottfried Benn, who was medical officer at the German Headquarters in Brussels during the World War, has broken a ten-year silence in giving this eye-witness account of both the trial and execution of Miss Cavell. It contradicts the previous German report that Miss Cavell fainted while being taken to the place of execution and that she was shot in the head by an officer while she was unconscious.

This account is corroborated by Pastor Le Seur, of Berlin, in an open letter {also given here} to a Pastor in French Switzerland, recently made public. Pastor Le Seur assisted Miss Cavell after the Court Martial and ministered to her at the place of execution.

AN EYE-WITNESS DESCRIBES THE KILLING OF EDITH CAVELL

I RECEIVED orders to go by motor car to a destination known only to the chauffeur. At dawn we arrived at the shooting range at Brussels, where a company of infantry lined a path leading to the wall where two platoons of twelve men each—the firing parties—were waiting.

> I'M glad to be dying for England. Other women are sacrificing more—husbands, brothers, sons. I have only my own life to give.
>
> —Edith Cavell

We waited for some time and then another car arrived, in which was a Belgian engineer named Broque, who had been sentenced to die for complicity in the Cavell case.

Broque nonchalantly went to a place indicated to him and standing between two white poles doffed his cap to the firing squad drawn up before him.

He bade them "Good morning."

"In the face of death, we are comrades."

The officer in charge of the firing party, fearing that the man was going to make a provocative speech, interrupted. Broque then stood silent and erect.

Another car arrived in which were Nurse Cavell and a priest. She was dressed in a blue tailor-made costume, with a small hat. Her face was like a mask. Her gait was staggering, owing to muscular impediment, but she nevertheless walked without hesitation towards the place between the two poles where the Belgian stood.

She stopped for a moment to tell the priest: "I'm glad to be dying for England. Other women are sacrificing more—husbands, brothers, sons. I have only my own life to give."

She asked the priest to send a last message from her to her mother and to her brothers who were serving with the British army in France.

The final scenes were over quickly. The firing squad presented arms and the military judge read the verdict of the court which had found the accused guilty. Both the English woman and the Belgian were blindfolded and each was tied to a pole.

At a single word of command both platoons fired from a distance of a couple of yards. Broque's body sagged but for a few moments, the English woman remained upright. Like the Belgian, however, she had been killed instantaneously, receiving twelve bullets which had pierced her heart and lungs.

It is untrue that she received the coup de grace {a finishing shot from an officer's pistol, where there is doubt regarding death}.

I immediately went to the pole to which her body was tied and felt for her pulse. When I found that she was dead, I closed her eyes.

I assisted in placing her in a small yellow coffin. She was immediately in-

terred at a place which had been kept secret.

I am not attempting to correct the legend which has grown up around Nurse Cavell. I want only to tell what I remember; and I remember her as an active woman who paid for her deed as a brave daughter of a great nation.—Dr. Gottfried Benn, in the *Archtuhr Abendblatt* {Berlin}

THE LAST HOURS OF EDITH CAVELL

THE world would be better off if every believer did not feel himself superior to the doubter in nobility of soul, and every doubter did not have the same attitude towards the believer on the score of intelligence. The doubter can also be an imbecile, and the believer a scoundrel—and vice versa.

—Arthur Schnitzler, in *Vanity Fair*

. . . ONE day . . . the Council of the Court Martial, whose difficult duty it was to conduct the prosecution of cases of espionage, told me that the next morning I should be required to assist an Englishwoman who was to be shot—Miss Edith Cavell. I shrank into my inmost soul at the thought of such a duty. I heard the name for the first time. I had known nothing of the proceedings. But of course I could not refuse so difficult a duty. I was not allowed to visit Miss Cavell before the verdict had been passed. It was pronounced at four o'clock in the afternoon. I was present at this transaction. Thirty-five accused persons were assembled in the Court, less one who had committed suicide. The verdicts were read in German and French. Of the nine death sentences that had been passed, only five were ratified, and I knew that only two were to be carried out on the principal offenders. It was heartrending to see the reflection of the verdict on their faces.

All the accused remained perfectly calm except two, who burst into tears, and these were the two who were to be released. They were a simple laborer, whose feelings got the better of him, and a lady, whose husband, standing next to to her, had been condemned to hard labor. The accused had formed an organization with the object of bringing men of military age over the Dutch frontier, in order that they might join their Regiments in England to fight against us. They had succeeded in only too many instances, to the great detriment of our army.

Miss Cavell and a Belgian architect, Mr. Baucq, a Roman Catholic, were looked upon as the chief offenders. . . .

After the verdict had been read I conducted Miss Cavell to an adjoining room. To make it a little easier for her I had offered to tell her myself that the verdict was to be carried out on the following morning. It was unspeakably difficult for me to carry out my intention. She herself came to my rescue. "How long will they give me?" "Alas, only till tomorrow morning." For a moment her face flushed up, and tears came into her eyes, but only for seconds. I offered her my services as a Pastor, and said I was at her disposal at any hour of the day or night, but she politely and firmly declined this offer. "Can I do anything to help you? Try not to see the German in me, but only the servant of our Lord and Master, who is quite at your disposal." She then asked me if it would be possible to inform her old mother of eighty in England, so that she might not get the news first from the newspapers. I promised her to do all in my power to fulfil this request, and as far as my knowledge goes it was done. She further asked me if she could give me letters to be forwarded to her loved ones at home. I again promised her to do all I could. These letters had to be given up to the German authorities, who, I hope, forwarded them. She said that

during the ten weeks following her arrest she had been counting on no other result of the trial but this.

It was greatly on my mind that she should have spiritual help in this great distress. I therefore did something for which I had no legal right. I felt deeply that she could not accept any help from a German in the uniform that she must surely hate. Moreover, according to the principles of her Anglican Church, it was hardly possible for her to receive the Holy Communion from anyone but an Anglican clergyman. But I knew and respected the Anglican Chaplain at Brussels, the Rev. H. S. T. Gahan, a true Christian, who was allowed to conduct his services during the whole of the occupation. So I asked Miss Cavell whether she would like Mr. Gahan to come to her to give her the Holy Communion. Her eyes shone, and she joyfully accepted this proposal. Finally, I told her it would be my duty to help her in the last moments—should I try to get Mr. Gahan to come instead of me? I was doubtful whether this would be allowed. She declined this offer with great decision. "That would be far too hard a task for Mr. Gahan, who is not used to such things." "Ah, Miss Cavell, I am not used to them either. But would I be doing you a favor if I were to come for you here rather than to meet you at the place of execution?" She accepted this gratefully. I said some words of Christian comfort to her, and then we parted, after shaking hands warmly. I quickly hurried to Mr. Gahan, but he was not at home. What was I do? He had to be told quickly, but, of course, the whole affair had to be kept secret. So I left a scrap of paper at his house with some English words, telling him to come to me as quickly as possible with his Communion vessels for a dying member of his congregation, who wished to see him. I went home with a heavy heart. It must have been after eight o'clock when the English clergyman at last came to my house. When I laid the whole matter before him he almost broke down. With the permission I had got for him, he then drove to the prison at St. Gilles. He was allowed to remain there as long as he wished, without any witnesses. Later on he told me, with the distinct permission to tell it to others, that Edith Cavell had said, just before she had taken the Communion, that, standing on the borders of Eternity, she now saw that patriotism was not enough, and that we were not to hate anyone, but to love all!

At the first break of dawn, with a heavy heart, I drove to the prison. I asked to be announced to Miss Cavell. If I remember rightly, the soldier told me that she had been kneeling at her table. In the cell a gas jet was flickering. Two large withered bunches of flowers, which had stood there for ten weeks, gave one the impression of a grave. Miss Cavell had very carefully packed her small belongings into her handbag. I accompanied her through the long passages of the great prison. The Belgian warders stood there, and greeted her silently with deep respect. We then got into the motor that was awaiting us in the yard. . . .

I sat next Edith Cavell to accompany her to her own burial. I had taken a small bottle of Eau de Cologne with me, but she refused to use it. It was not necessary, she said. She sat quietly at my side, and I did nothing else except repeat a line of Scripture or a verse of an English hymn to her now and then. She was wonderfully calm. When we reached the place a company of soldiers were drawn up, under the command of an officer. A Counsel with his secretary, an officer from the Commandant, and a doctor were there. We clergymen led the accused to the front; the soldiers presented arms, and the sentence was read in French and German. Mr. Baucq called out, with a clear voice, "Comrades, in the presence of death we are all comrades!" He was not allowed to say more. The verdict was read, and the last word was spoken to the accused by us clergymen. I thought it best to make this as short as possible. I took Miss Cavell's hand and said, in English of course, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with thee

now and forever. Amen." She returned the clasp of my hand, and answered something to this effect: "Tell Mr. Gahan to tell my loved ones later on that my soul, as I hope, is saved, and that I am glad to die for my Country." Then I led her a few steps to the pillar, to which she was loosely tied. A bandage was put over her eyes; the soldier told me they were full of tears. Then some seconds passed—they seemed endless to me—because the Roman Catholic Priest spoke longer to M. Baucq—till he also stood at his pillar. Then the sharp word of command was heard; two volleys rang out at once, ten men, five paces distant, and without a sound the two accused sank to the ground. A few minutes later the coffins were put into the earth, and I prayed by Edith Cavell's grave, and pronounced the blessing. But when I got home I felt sick in my soul.

My duty was solely that of the pastor. But I can testify that, firstly, the whole sad affair was carried through without the slightest hitch; that in my opinion Miss Cavell's death was instantaneous and without any pain; that, as far as I could see, all present tried to treat the accused as kindly as they possibly could.—Paul Le Seur.

ITALY

ITALY! Italy! England how clear she cries;
"Come o'er the Alps again, come o'er the snow;
Dance through the vintage of France with the dear free eyes,
Dance with the nymphs of the Seine as you go!"

Italy Italy! Why should I cling to thee,
Thou that hast worshippers score upon score,
Poets and painters and lovers to bring to thee,
Passionate kisses and memories of yore?

Laura-Petrarca, Paolo-Francesca,
Beatrice-Dante, the cadences fall;
Muse of the Harmony Ariostesca,
Tasso, the silvery syllables call!

Raphael paints like the dawn, Giorgione
Brings us to Paradise here upon earth:
Titian! Vinci!—No peaks are lonely,
Peopled with loveliness ye brought to birth.

Italy! Italy! I too, I love thee well,
I that have scarce touched thy cheek with my lips,
Scarce seen the sun kiss thy turreted citadel,
Scarce seen thy smile set the world in eclipse.

Italy! Italy! I too was made for thee,
Changed at my birth for some child of of the mist;
I walked afar, while he laughed and he played for thee
Music on lutes, that my fathers had kissed.

Music was born on thy slopes, Monteverde,
Sings with Bellini, Rossini beyond;
Masters! Europa was mute till she heard ye;
Verdi! Cries Echo, thy mountains respond.

Now at this last I have found and I cleave to thee,
Land that my footsteps have trodden so late;
Well will it be if my passing may leave to thee
One northern pearl for the crown of thy State.

Pearl not of oyster that slumbers in ocean,
Fair, yet unworthy thy forehead to bind,
Pearl of the thought of eternal devotion,
Italy, Queen of the heart and the mind.

—Douglas Grant Ainslee, in *The English Review*

Reactionary Youth in France

THIS new generation has taken stock of all the harm wrought by perilous idealism. . . . It wishes to hear no more talk about ready-made ideas, untested by experience, that circulate like counterfeit money from hand to hand. A large group of our young people feel the same aversion to *a priori* ideas that Napoleon did, and, if any remain who are making any sacrifices to the chimera of class equality, they form a rapidly diminishing minority. . . .

Well schooled in the natural sciences, the young people are almost unanimously convinced that there is no such thing as equality, either in human society or in the world of nature. In fact, universal equal suffrage sounds like nonsense to many of our contemporaries. Nowadays even this subject is publicly debated, whereas a short time ago everyone bowed down before it, as to some holy, intangible institution.

It is no longer considered worth while to sacrifice public interest to the idea of liberty—especially when public interest demands the suppression of liberty, as has recently happened in Italy, and as occurred in all other countries during the war. Both on the Right and on the Left, to use parliamentary phrases, liberalism is in its death throes. On every hand it is being reproached with having bred disorder by favoring the most frantic forms of individualism, and even of license. Those of our contemporaries who have organized themselves effectively in support of national grandeur and a moral and economic policy have nothing but contempt for liberty. According to them, it is the cause of all our woes.

The fact is that liberty has been pretty well suppressed since 1914, and the more it has been suppressed the more pleased we have been. The youth of our country has sold it for a song; while in Spain, Italy and Russia it has been completely annihilated. We have entered an era of force in which people refuse to live within the limits imposed by some other person's idea of liberalism. Everywhere liberalism is on the wane. The dogma of the freedom of man that Rousseau put into circulation has seen its day. The Great War, together with a more profound knowledge of history, has dealt the final blow to this idea.

Most young people cannot be too sarcastic at the expense of the kind of pacifism that imagines peace to be the natural thing, whereas in reality it is the exceptional, since it does not correspond to the nature of things. They were able to take stock of this idea during and after the war, and now that they have opened their eyes they are observing, behind the big words and the fine protestations of friendship, that all nations are at war, actively or passively, economically or politically. And because these young people are practical, they have determined to turn this state of affairs to their advantage. They feel that humanitarianism contradicts its own ends, whereas reality teaches them that the

> REALISTIC youth has turned itself toward practical affairs. It demands results. Perhaps it goes a little too far in its reaction against the business of words. Many young people deliberately turn their back on ideas and on disinterested research, only to occupy themselves with the very thing that this research and these ideas are concerned with. This explains the poverty of their conversation. We know many of them who are capable in mechanical matters but cannot utter a sentence of ten words, much less express an opinion. If this is Americanism, we may well say that modern youth is Americanized.
>
> --Paul Gaultier

will to peace is not enough, and that the desire for it is even less effective. What one must do is to put one's self in a position to repel aggressions. They know that a society incapable of defending itself is lost, that it will fall prey to the designs of covetous foreigners, just as weakness in some vital spot encourages malefactors to turn against honest men.

Determined not to be beguiled by fairy stories, the younger generation look reality in the face. They have decided to talk turkey, and to resolve by themselves and for themselves the different problems that our epoch presents, and this explains the manifest disaffection for absolute forms of parliamentary phraseology, such as we are observing in every class at the present time. . . .

The old-time idealism has given place to a just appreciation of realities. Not only are young men and many girls working today, but most of them are only applying themselves to activities that "pay." These new practices have made themselves felt in literature, art and science. Unlike their fathers, who considered money a filthy reward for spiritual work, our young people are commercializing their efforts and drawing the greatest possible profit from them.

It is hardly surprising that gallantry, and even politeness, suffer somewhat from these new practices. It is only too true that more and more young people whom we meet nowadays only seem to have time for automatic, hurried gestures, and do not embarrass themselves with vain, courteous formulas, or "salaams," as they call them. One must move fast, and in the right direction. Moreover, as women are becoming more and more masculine, they are treated less and less as if they were precious or highly respectable. Even in good society, hasty manners, quite different from the old-time deference, are all the mode. The world of affairs grants no special favors to a sex that has entered business, and even sport, with masculine methods. Perhaps virtue is the gainer. These new arrivals are less given to the sentimental complications described by Bourget or to the voluptuous refinements so dear to Maurice Barres. Less cultivated and less romantic,—in fact, not cultivated or romantic at all—they are often much saner. Their frank manner is for the most part innocent. Nothing would be more unjust than to judge their behavior by standards that have been more or less destroyed by the lively literature that they enjoy and champion.

Freed of old-fashioned prejudices, these young people may have a more summary view than their elders, but it is very penetrating. . . . Pitilessly they take the measure of the great men of yesterday and of today. Their iconoclastic fury bears witness, not only to their youthfulness, but to their dislike of false celebrity and the trappings of false grandeur. . . .

Eager, violent and frequently unjust in their destruction, the young people of today are none the less carrying on a useful work of reassessment, a necessary revision of values. Too many illusions, too many chimeras, too many fake celebrities and impressive fallacies, are blockading the road that our country's reconstruction must follow, and we cannot but be grateful to them for an indispensable piece of work, unless we oursleves wish to perish, victims of the mistakes of the past.

For new situations new energies are required, and new men must meet new conditions. This does not mean that the whole past must be thrown overboard, but simply that it has left behind it a certain amount of deadwood that threatens to check the rising tide of life.
—Paul Gaultier, in *Le Correspondent* {Paris}, translated for *The Living Age* {Boston}

FATHERS AND CHILDREN

LAST month the great English educator, Mr. Brereton, who has done so much for French culture in his native country, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* an interesting article on the present generation in England. He explained there that the essential character of this generation was its horror of all authority, and he described in particular the complete transformation of family

life in England during the last twenty years. Perhaps it would be interesting to ask ourselves if we observe a parallel movement in France, and likewise to seek for the causes of any changes we may find.

Fifty years ago children in England were brought up under the regime of absolute monarchy. "Little children should be seen and not heard" was a sacred axiom. In many Puritan families this monarchy was based on a theocracy, and we must read Sir Edmund Gosse's beautiful and terrible book, *Father and Son,* if we would understand a severity that few French families could equal. The parents of the next generation gradually changed into constitutional sovereigns, and the children enjoyed many rights and were restrained by fewer duties.

Today, however, the father has sunk to the role of powerless king in his own house. During the vacations his children often receive friends whom the parents do not know. The parents, in their turn, are familiarly called "Pop" and "Mom," whereas the previous generation used to say "Father" and "Mother," and the one before that "Sir." "All this results," said Mr. Brereton, "in the total abdication of the parents. If there is any such thing as family education left, it is the education of the parents by the children."

Do we offer the same spectacle? In our country, as in England, the little automobile has become the symbol and the means of independence for some young man or some young lady, or for some young man *and* some young lady. In conversation as in business, in household affairs as in literature, the younger generation has seized an authority that it was far from enjoying either in 1850 or in 1900. Only careers of slow advancement, such as the army and politics, remain in the hands of the older generations. We are tending, like England, to become a bureaucracy of youth, but with us the transformation is being executed with less violence because the system we are abandoning is less hard.

What are the causes of this triumph of youth? People generally say the war. Certainly the war has given very young men, almost children, the prestige of courage, while on the other hand many families who were deprived of their natural chief for four years have bred an independent generation accustomed to direct life for itself and impatient of any restraints. I believe, however, that there is a more profound historical cause, whose effects would have been felt about the same time even if the war had not occurred.

The nineteenth century was marked by an astonishing succession of scientific discoveries. The beginning of the twentieth will, I believe, strike the historians of the future as marking the entrance of science into our daily life. Since 1860 a thousand novelties have transformed the life of the individual, but at first most of these novelties were run for the public benefit by specialists. A father of a family who took the train with his seven children did not need to know how to stoke the engine or how to repair a broken bolt. On the other hand, after 1900, what with the automobile, the little electric motor, and eventually the radio, science penetrated the domestic hearth and an all-round specialist became indispensable in every household. The mechanic and the engineer rode on the crest of the wave.

At the same time a certain cleavage appeared in many families between two types of culture—a distinction that gradually increased. The French bourgeois father, and, I believe, many members of the English aristocracy and upper middle class, possessed a literary culture. They looked upon machines as dirty, unintelligible objects which one entrusted to the care of a man in blue overalls. But suddenly the machine, in the form of the automobile and the telephone, burst into their houses. They had to make use of it and continue to ignore it at the same time. The machine, however, refused to be ignored. When this happened, it either became necessary to put these powers into the hands of a specialist, who went under the name of chauffeur, or else to resign

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CAPTAIN GEORGE H. WILKINS AND PILOT CARL B. EILSON

This photograph of the two intrepid airmen and their American-made machine, was taken shortly before they flew over the North Pole, from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Dead Man's Island, near Spitzbergen, Norway. Captain Wilkins, an Australian, was knighted by King George for his achievement. (*See* The Greatest Polar Flight Ever Made. *Page 138.*)

one's self to sitting out in the rain contemplating a hostile, enigmatic motor. A number of the men of fifty and even sixty adapted themselves to the situation, but most of them were incapable of doing so.

It was at this time that a son of twenty, or even of sixteen, would come gently to their aid, murmuring: "Let me drive, Papa. Of course I know how! That motor—why, it's nothing. A broken spark plug—we'll just change it. Those antennae—do you want them fixed? I'll rig up a frame for you. The motor? It needs to be overhauled ten minutes every day. You'll save yourself trouble if you leave that to me."

At first the fathers were hostile, but they soon recognized that all this was true, that their sons knew what they were talking about, for they had been born during the mechanical era and looked upon the machine as a tame, domestic animal. Naturally these fathers were a little jealous, rather proud, very grateful, and, with good grace or ill, they abdicated. Since then the children have taken charge of all expeditions and trips. Often they direct the whole life of the family, because the sudden transformation in human existence that has been wrought by a rapid succession of discoveries finds them more adapted to meet the change.—Andre Maurois, in *Le Figaro* {Paris}, translated for *The Living Age* {Boston}

INDUSTRIOUS CENTENARIANS

WE have made investigations in thirteen of the departments of Bulgaria, and find that, in general, our centenarians are people of only moderately strong constitutions. One of the women centenarians, Mother Maria, 104 years old, born in the village of Letnitza, who married when eighty-two years old, lives and works with her husband in the city of Plevna. She is dried up and small, but she retains her vision {she can thread a needle without glasses}, her hearing is good, her pulse is regular {seventy-five beats to the minute}, her voice is clear and her memory is intact.

She has smoked for fifty years and drinks alcoholic beverages in moderation. There is nothing abnormal about her. Any one going to see her would find her occupied at some task in her garden. He would see her hoe, rake and water her plants. But she does not work because she has to. She works only for the love of it and so that she may avoid idleness. Work is a real pleasure for her. By it she shortens the long days and keeps in health.

This applies in general to the life of all the centenarians whom we have discovered so far. We have not found one who spent his time doing nothing or who indulged in irregular living. All our centenarians are people who have married only after attaining complete physical maturity, at thirty, thirty-five or even forty years. Most of them have children now sixty or seventy years old.

The food of our centenarians is very simple—beans, orties, onions, pimentos, vegetable slaws, curds and white cheese. Meat seldom figures in their diet. It is to be noted that whether from shortage of food supplies or a spirit of economy they have in most cases never eaten their full, and that they have also never suffered from indigestion.

Religious feeling, strongly developed, has influenced them to be sober and careful. They have not been tormented with envy. They have known only the love of working in the fields, a noble rivalry and sincere neighborliness.—Ivan Lilof, president of the Bulgarian royal commission to investigate longevity.

Jazz is more than music to the European, it is a new life principle. It is the new satirist and humorist, and a new Frankenstein of reality. . . .It is pagan and stripping, and calls elementally to the inner man without regard to jacket and tie and upholstered dignity.—Dmitri Tiomkin, Russian pianist-composer

Should a Doctor Tell?

In both law and ethics medical confidences are regarded as sacred, with certain exceptions. The question is what the exceptions are. When may the doctor tell; when should he tell; and when must he tell? In some European countries—France and Germany, for instance—the disclosure of medical secrets is a criminal offense. In Germany the rule includes midwives and apothecaries. . . .

Every doctor admits that he must preserve his patients' confidences. It is true that the ancient Hippocratic oath is rather hazy: "Whatsoever I shall see or hear in the course of my profession as well as outside my profession in my intercourse with man, if it be what should not be published abroad, I will never divulge, holding such things to be holy secrets." This amounts to little more than a general declaration against gossiping. The practitioner is left to determine for himself what things in connection with his profession or not in connection with his profession "ought not to be spoken abroad." . . .

> It is the patients and not their medical advisers who would derive advantage if the revelation of medical secrets in the witness box were prevented. It is strange that the public has never insisted upon a change in the law and upon the establishment of an absolute duty of medical secrecy in the law courts—a duty which would be by no means repugnant to the medical profession.
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> —The London *Lancet*, editorial

Some doctors think they are entitled to disclose their private patients' secrets to other medical men or to their students. This is a mistake. Medical freemasonry does not justify such disclosures. The symptoms and treatment may be stated, but not the patient's name. . . .

But when we come to the performance of a moral or social duty we are faced with serious problems. Let us take some hypothetical cases:—

{*a*} A family doctor is consulted by a husband or wife suffering from syphilis. Is the doctor justified in warning the other spouse to refrain from marital intercourse?

{*b*} A patient who is suffering from lunacy, venereal disease, or tuberculosis in a severe form tells his doctor that he is engaged to be married, and, although the doctor warns him not to do so, insists on proceeding with the ceremony. Is the doctor justified in warning the other party and his or her parents?

{*c*} The family doctor is consulted by an unmarried daughter of the house who proves to be pregnant. Is the doctor entitled to tell her mother?

{*d*} A doctor is consulted by a wife who has procured an abortion and who is seriously ill. Is the doctor entitled to inform the husband?

{*e*} A doctor is called to attend a domestic servant, perhaps a cook or a nurse, and finds she is pregnant or suffering from some contagious skin disease. Is he entitled to tell the mistress?

{*f*} A doctor is consulted by an engine-driver who thinks he is suffering from nervous exhaustion. The doctor diagnoses a serious heart affection and tells the patient he is not fit to drive. The patient disagrees. Is the doctor justified in reporting the matter to the railway company?

{*g*} A patient shows signs of incipient insanity and talks dimly of suicide. Is the doctor entitled to warn his relatives and friends?

{*h*} A doctor is consulted by a hairdresser suffering from barber's itch. He warns him not to pursue his calling until cured. The next day he sees him at work. Is the doctor entitled to warn the man's master?

What is the doctor's position in such cases? Has he a moral or social duty justifying and perhaps necessitating disclosure? If he has, would it be a defense in the law courts? . . .The terrible conse-

quences to innocent persons of secrecy in the hypothetical cases of the syphilitic husband or wife, the diseased fiance, the hairdresser with barber's itch, or the incapacitated engine-driver, are matters deeply concerning the public welfare. Disclosure to avoid such consequences is justifiable and perhaps obligatory on both legal and ethical grounds. . . .

Everyone recognizes the necessity and importance of medical confidences. Everyone recognizes that they are sacred and precious. But we must recognize also that the rules regarding them exist for the welfare of the community and not for the aggrandizement or convenience of a particular class. We must recognize also that they must be modified to meet the inevitable changes that occur in the necessities of various generations. As Cicero says, "*Salus populi suprema lex esto*," or in English, "Let the good of the people be the paramount law."—Lord Riddell, British barrister, in *The Lancet*

DIETETIC DEVIL-WORSHIPPING

A CHILD should be allowed to eat what it likes and as much or as little as it likes of what it likes. . . . It is the merest common sense to recognize that if you force a child's inclination in regard to food you are inculcating in it unnatural tastes and storing up in it physical inhibitions which will cause it in after life to indulge in every kind of dietetic excess. If we Anglo-Saxons are to-day two nations of dyspeptics and hypochondriacs {for there is nothing to choose between the English and the American}, it is largely because of the ignorance and the dietetic devil-worshipping of our parents.

We have all been forced to clean up our plates when we had no appetite, to eat, say, cabbage when our systems revolted against it; we have all been refused food when Nature told us that we needed it, and the consequence is that when in after life we are free agents we have not the least idea of how to deal with ourselves and are at the mercy of every crazemonger and of every advertiser with sufficient capital to force himself upon our attention. . . .

The unfortunate child of to-day who is whined at by parents and nurses to take something or other that he detests "because it is so good for you," or who is refused something that it likes and therefore, needs because it will cause him to have some disease or other, is at once auto-suggested into a tendency towards those very complaints. No child should ever be induced to think about its health, and it is far better, if you cannot bring yourself not to meddle with your unfortunate youngster, to say to him, "You shan't have it, you little devil, because I say you shan't!" than with every term of endearment to reason against the unfortunate's desire for another spoonful of jam on the plea that jam causes acidity of the stomach.

Of course a child that is left to itself will occasionally over-eat certain substances, but it will not do that twice with the same food, the automatic memory of the stomach causing nausea at the idea, and thus gradually it will evolve a system of diet which will leave it free from all cause ever to think of digestive troubles its life long. An occasional fit of vomiting early in life is a small price to pay for lifelong immunity; and it is astonishing to observe in children who are allowed to choose their own foods how moderately they eat and how their chosen diet resembles that of a sensible and rather frugal adult.—Ford Madox Ford, in *Harper's Magazine*

It must be obvious to anybody that the growing domination of women is striking more and more hardly at Puritanism every day. And if ever I have doubts about the ultimate benefits of feminism I console myself with that.—Compton Mackenzie, in *Vanity Fair*

The Spiritual Struggle of Beethoven

THE older Ludwig van Beethoven lived, the more and more profound was what he had to say. The greatest music Beethoven ever wrote is to be found in the last string quartets, and the music of every decade before the final period has greater music than its predecessor. Such sustained development, in the case of an artist who reaches years of maturity, is a rare and important phenomenon. Bach, for instance, who may be likened to Beethoven for the seriousness and maturity of his mind, lost himself at the end in the arid labyrinths of pure technique. Wagner, as the fever in his blood grew less, had nothing to express at the end but exhaustion and ineffectual longing. Beethoven's music continually developed because it was the expression of an attitude towards life that had within it the possibility of indefinite growth.

> BEETHOVEN the man and Beethoven the composer are not two unconnected entities, and the known history of the man may be used to throw light upon the character of his music. This does not mean, of course, that successive compositions reflect successive incidents in his life. The life-work of a great artist is not some kind of sumptuous diary. But . . . the development and transformation of Beethoven's attitude towards life, the result of certain root experiences, can be traced in his music.
>
> —J. W. N. Sullivan

Some attitudes towards life are not susceptible of development. They may achieve greater richness and subtlety, but they are incapable of organic growth. The cynic, for example, may become more bitter and penetrating, but unless he suffers a catastrophic change he remains at the same distance from reality. The man who has sincerely accepted a religious scheme in which all the major problems of life are provided with solutions is likely to go through life without ever experiencing the direct impact of those problems. That is, in fact, the weakness of Bach as compared with Beethoven. Wagner, the great apostle of the pride of life, finds, as the bright world slips past him, that he is left alone with his yearning and his pain. The attitude of both Bach and Wagner towards life was not sufficient to support all their length of days. . . .

The chief characteristics of the fully mature Beethoven's attitude towards life are to be found in his realization of suffering and in his realization of the heroism of achievement. The character of life as suffering is an aspect that our modern civilization, mercifully for the great majority of people, does a great deal to obscure. Few men have the capacity fully to realize suffering as one of the great structural lines of human life, Bach escaped the problem with his religious scheme. Wagner, on the basis of a sentimental philosophy, finds the reason and anodyne of suffering in the pity it awakens. Mozart, with his truer instinct, is bewildered. The G minor quintet is the most poignant expression of his angelic anguish at his late discovery of this earth's pain. To Beethoven the character of life as suffering became a fundamental part of his outlook. The deep sincerity and *naivete* of his nature, combined with the circumstances of his life, made this knowledge inevitable. The quality of this realization has nothing in common with the pessimism of such a man as Schopenhauer. It is the direct, simple and final acceptance of an obvious fact. This attitude of mind is perhaps rarer today than at any previous period in history. To the modern mind suffering is essentially remediable. Suffering is primarily due to physical and moral maladjustment, and with the spread of science and correct social theories we shall be able to abolish it. For an in-

creasing number of people suffering is already practically abolished. They may go through life without meeting one problem they cannot evade until they reach their death-bed, while they find the sufferings of others easier to endure through their conviction that they are the temporary consequences of the imperfect state of society. But to the vast majority of people suffering is still one of the fundamental characteristics of life, and it is their realization that an experience of suffering, pure and profound, enters as an integral part into Beethoven's greatest work, that helps to give that work its unique place in the minds and hearts of men.

Beethoven's capacity for a deep and passionate realization of suffering necessitated, if he were not to be reduced to impotence, a corresponding capacity for endurance and an enormous power of self-assertion. No artist ever lived whose work gives a greater impression of indomitable strength than we find in some of Beethoven's most characteristic movements. The force that triumphs throughout the Scherzo of the ninth symphony, for example, is indeed indestructible, while the fugue of the Hammerclavier sonata is an almost insensate outburst of unconquerable self-assertion. As he grew older his force increased. "I will take Fate by the throat," he said as a young man, apropos of his increasing deafness, and there is plenty of the "will to victory" in the fifth symphony he proceeded to write. But a stronger, although a more subtle pulse, is to be found in some of the last string quartets. In his last years he had more to carry and he carried it more lightly.

The "personality" of such a man as Beethoven is a slowly developed synthetic whole. It is formed by the gradual combination of its constituent elements into an organic unity. For the development of a personality a rich and profound inner life is necessary, and for that reason it is usually only great artists and religious teachers who impress us as being complete persons. Amongst the elements constitutive of Beethoven's personality we must include his lack of malleability. This quality made him almost immune from purely external influences. Thus he was impervious to criticism; his manners were atrocious; he ignored conventions; he was permanently subject to no social passions, not even sexual love. The low standard of education he achieved seems to have been as much due to his lack of plasticity as to his lack of opportunities. He was not an educable man. He accepted none of the schemes of thought or conduct current in his time; it is doubtful whether he was even fully aware of their existence. He remained utterly faithful to his own experience. It is for this reason that his affirmative utterances, as in the Credo of the Mass in D, have such unexampled weight. Such utterances spring solely from his own personal and tested experience.

> I MUST despise the world which does not know that music is a higher revelation than all wisdom and philosophy, the wine which inspires one to new generative processes, and I am the Bacchus who presses out this glorious wine for mankind and makes them spiritually drunken. When they are again become sober they have drawn from the sea all that they brought with them, all that they can bring with them to dry land. I have not a single friend. I must live alone!
>
> —Ludwig van Beethoven in a statement reported to Goethe

Beethoven's capacity for realizing the fundamental character of life in its two aspects of suffering and achievement, combined with his lack of flexibility,

was the necessary condition for the development of his attitude towards life. That development takes the form of a synthesis. The Beethoven of the C minor symphony finds the meaning of life in achievement in spite of suffering. Fate is an enemy to be defied. The Beethoven of the last quartets finds that the highest achievement is reached through suffering. Suffering is accepted as a necessary condition of life, as an illuminating power. That the reconciliation he thus effected was genuine and complete is made evident by the music, for none of Beethoven's music is more obviously the expression of an authentic experience. The quality of this experience has led many writers to call this music "mystical" or "metaphysical." But whatever meanings these terms may be intended to convey, the music in question is really Beethoven's expression of the final synthesis he achieved between the primary elements of his experience. He did not turn away from life towards some mystical Nirvana. He forgot none of the joy, the effort, or the pain. He abandoned nothing. What he achieved is something much more wonderful than an old man's serenity. The life in the last string quartets is as full, varied and intense as anywhere in Beethoven's music. But those aspects of life that Beethoven formerly presented as contrasted he now presents as harmoniously flowering from a single stem. . . .

Within the iron framework of Beethoven's permanent attitude towards life flourished a highly sensitive and passionate emotional nature. Although his vision had the stern strength of the Puritan outlook it had none of its bleakness. He was fully alive to the countless lovely and tender things in life. No one's reaction to simple pastoral scenes, for example, was ever more intense and innocent than Beethoven's. He had none of the doubts that troubled the Victorian romantics after their acquaintance with the doctrine of the "struggle for existence," neither had he any of the eighteenth-century cultured affectation of a "love for nature." His reaction was spontaneous, direct and unsophisticated. Only a man pure in heart could have written the Pastoral symphony. The same quality is shown in what may be called his love music. The Op. 78 sonata expresses that exquisite, shy and yet joyful tenderness, that only the truly chaste have ever achieved. In this it is typical. In spite of music's unexampled power of expressing eroticism, most powerfully exemplified by Wagner's work, there is no trace of this quality in Beethoven. He knows nothing, even in his most abandoned moods {as in the finale of the seventh symphony} of the ecstasy of sexual delirium. We know from Beethoven's own words that he was what is called a "moralist" in sexual matters, but we know from his music that this was due to no asceticism, to no principles, but to the presence of very strong feelings which could allow nothing inferior in that kind to co-exist with them.

To the man of the world Beethoven's love for music may be that of a romantic; to the youth who is just awakening to the awe and rapture of this great experience Beethoven is one of the very few true poets of the heart. Beethoven's attitude towards sexual love never became sophisticated. This very intense and rich emotional nature was, in truth, very simple and very pure. There were no feigned or borrowed emotions, and nerve-storms never took the place of feelings. He had no need to complicate his joy with bitterness or to distort his rapture with cynicism. These are the devices of a man who wishes to come to terms with his suffering without facing it in all its starkness. But Beethoven had the innocence of his courage. . . .

There was nothing in this man, either natural or acquired, to blunt his perceptions. And he was not merely sensitive; he was not merely a reflecting mirror. His experiences took root and grew. An inner life of extraordinary intensity was in process of development till the very end. . . .—From J. W. N. Sullivan's *Beethoven: His Spiritual Development,* by permission of Alfred A. Knopf {New York}

MAN AND THE NEW MEDUSA

WHAT would the New Eve have said to the Old Adam and the Serpent? How would she have accepted Adam's shirking of the responsibility: "The woman tempted me"? I can see the New Eve handling the situation in a very different manner and allowing Adam to understand that he was no sportsman.

In our family it was the tradition that a woman should be adoring. I can remember my little, old, maternal grandfather—dear old autocrat that he was—deporting himself like a bespectacled emperor, and his crown was a stovepipe hat.

I have pondered on the passing of the top hat. Yet women, without exception, seem to approve of the top hat and to regret its decadence. My own wife would lead a revival. I shed the headgear early, but was not the shedding of it a sign of man's descent from Victorian pomposity, a putting away of the double crown of the Pharaohs, because the Neo-Georgian woman has found him out?

How shall he appeal to the New Eve? As Pharaoh or as Moses among the bulrushes or as a brown rabbit that is easily scared? I have heard a soldier and a man of stout experience exclaim: "These young things frighten me to death. I don't know what the devil to say to them." I have heard a young thing at a dinner table take an eminent diplomat to task over his collars and ties. On another occasion I asked a sprightly young woman if she had any views upon parents. She had. She said, "Parents are better disciplined than they were."

Admirable frankness!

The accusation is that the New Eve lacks mystery and has no reverence. She is apt to say just what she thinks about men and about particular men. She may say very frankly what she thinks about the middle-aged and flirtatious married man. And hear Miss Eve on her brothers! She is more ready to look life straight in the eyes. You do do not get so many downward glances and self-conscious posings and flushings. Man does not cause the same tumult, unless he happens to be a Valentino or a Borotra.

But there is a rightness in that. It seems to me that the New Eve is more ready than the Old Eve to cry, "Well played!" I don't think she cheats, as some of her sweet sisters used to cheat at croquet. All youth is apt to be a little raw and dogmatic and aggressive, and sometimes this cockiness conceals an immense diffidence. Sons critize father's golf and his handling of the family car, because father's maturity brings a nice and balanced cunning—and youth is not cunning.

For generations the world has held up hands of horror over the "New Young Man." Because man insisted on being allowed to be new, woman was not allowed to be new. She was supposed to inherit her mother's chair, cookery book, and knitting. But woman is re-

> AUGUSTUS JOHN is not interested in the social need, in the perpetual thirst for greater health, but in character, in the revolt from all that makes one man like another. The old art, if carried to its logical conclusion, would have led to the creation of one single type of man, one single type of woman; gathering up by a kind of deification a capacity for all energy and all passion into a Krishna, a Christ, a Dionysus; and at all times a poetical painter, a Botticelli, a Rossetti, creates as his supreme achievement one type of face, known afterwards by his name. The new art can create innumerable personalities, but in each of these the capacity for passion has been sacrificed to some habit of body or of mind. . . .
>
> —William Butler Yeats, in *The Dial*

asserting her freedom. Her very newness is a symbol.

The New Eve causes consternation because of her newness. She is doing just what the young men did and doing it with vehemence. Hence raised hands and questionings, "What has become of womanliness?" Young Eve claims the prerogatives that belonged to her brothers. I don't hink it is so much that she is new as that she is a frank, more natural, freer waisted, more free breathing creature, with her skirts sensibly shortened. She does not deign to humbug man as he used to be humbugged.

And isn't it for man's good? Man has to play the game on his merits now that Eve is playing it to such good purposes. What a tyranny he has exercised for generations, especially the base tyranny of money! What humiliations have been suffered by women who do not own a check book! I admit that lowered eyes and blushes had a charm. So has the frank glance that asks, "What manner of man are you? Stand up and be considered."

But has womanliness ceased? And what is womanliness? We read of viragos today stoning the police and screaming to their men to do violent and cowardly things. So did the women of Paris of the Terror and the Commune. It is just the cruelty of young souls, children, and such souls always will be with us.

But is gentleness dead in the New Eve? Is she less of the essential woman because she is better and more reasonably dressed and better groomed and better washed than were her mothers? She doesn't read so much poetry. She can write devastating and ruthless books. She displays her courage and that almost fanatical thoroughness which many a business man will vouch for. She can bring devotion to her work. That she will fail man in the great issues, I, for one, cannot believe. If, in her newness, she has lost a little of that gentleness, as she has lost the crown and clouding of her hair, it seems to me that it is just a phase of her newness, of her exuberant, new youth. Man will have to rise a little higher to reach and touch that gentleness.

Sometimes it would seem that in the stress of modern life, woman is more generous than man. Man is an envious beast. Socialism was the conception of a man. I can never see woman as an out and out socialist, especially a mother. I have never met a woman who was a convinced socialist. I know they exist, but I think woman could produce something more human and vital than socialism. Let her try.—Warwick Deeping, in *The Forum* {New York}

A NEW and highly dangerous—because seductive—narcotic, called "banisterin," has been discovered by Professor Louis Lewin, of the University of Berlin, and in a series of clinical experiments carried out by Professor Wilmans of Heidelberg University it has proved to be the only effective medium yet found to combat so-called sleeping sickness, or encephalitis lethargica.

According to Professor Lewin, many tribes in South America live in semi-permanent trance under the influence of the drug. The natives use it instead of tobacco, coffee or alcohol. . . .

Its effect is described as an odd combination of those produced by opium and hasheesh. South American Indians prepare the drug by macerating the banisteria plant and cooking it eight hours. Man's average consumption is a quart apiece daily, with triple doses on feast days.

Applied therapeutically in the Heidelberg psychiatric clinic, banisterin cured everal cases of partial paralysis and, when given to patients in the last stages of encephalitis lethargica, it recalled them to life, relieved muscle hardening, enabled them to talk and produced a subjective feeling of betterment.

Professor Lewin points out that no other medium hitherto known had the slightest effect on encephalitis lethargica, which is either fatal or produces post-convalescent imbecility among children and moral insanity.—Copyright Berlin dispatch to the New York *Evening Post*

The New Agnosticism

THIS argument in behalf of "religion without revelation" is interesting as the considered statement of the views of the grandson of Thomas H. Huxley, the man who coined the word "agnosticism." Julian Huxley is Professor of Zoology at King's College, London. He is well known on both sides of the Atlantic, and was for four years Associate Professor at Rice Institute, Houston, Texas.

WHAT then do I believe? I believe, in the first instance, that it is necessary to believe something. Complete scepticism does not work. On the other hand, I believe equally strongly that it is always undesirable and often harmful to believe without proper evidence. . . .

We must believe something, for otherwise we should never act. On the other hand, we must not believe everything, or believe too readily, or we shall act wrongly. . . .

Now that all this has been said, the ground is clear for more definite statements. In the first place, I believe, not that there *is* nothing, for that I do not know, but that we quite assuredly at present *know* nothing beyond this world and natural experience. A personal God, be he Jehovah, or Allah, or Apollo, or Amen-Ra, or without name but simply God, I *know* nothing of. What is more, I am not merely agnostic on the subject. It seems to me quite clear that the idea of personality in God or in any supernatural being or beings, has been put there by man, put into and round a perfectly real conception which we might continue to call God if the word had not acquired by long association the implication of a personal being; and therefore I disbelieve in a personal God in any sense in which that phrase is ordinarily used.

For similar reasons, I disbelieve in the existence of Heaven or Hell in any conventional Christian sense. As for any pretended knowledge about the Last Judgment, or the conditions of existence in Purgatory, it could be disregarded as what it is, mythology from racial childhood, and left to die a natural death, if it did not require to be attacked as the too frequent cause of unfortunate practical effects, such as causing believers to pay money to priests for the supposed benefit of souls in the other world.

As to the existence of another world or another life at all, there I am simply agnostic: I do not know. I find extreme difficulties, in the light of physiological and psychological knowledge, in understanding how a soul could exist apart from a body; but difficulties are never disproof. It also seems clear enough that many ideas about a future life owe their origin to the most primitive kinds of speculation and superstition among barbaric or savage races, and have survived largely owing to man's enormous conservatism in regard to tampering with what has come to be regarded as sacred. Further, that many other such ideas are

THERE are many well-intentioned people today who will tell you that the conflict between science and religion is over. It is not so. What has been rather loosely called the conflict between science and religion is just reaching its acute phase. Up to the present the fighting has been an affair of outposts; the incidents of Galileo and Darwin were but skirmishes. The real conflict is to come: it concerns the very conception of Deity. . . .

At the present moment, organized religion happens to be arrayed, on the whole, against organized science. But the real conflicts are between bad, limited or distorted religion and pure and high religion; and between limited and grudging science and science full and unafraid.

—Julian S. Huxley

merely the expression of man's deep desire and longing for a continuation of life after death for himself and for those he loves. . . .

I can hear many of my readers asking themselves what then is left for me to believe in of anything which can possibly be called religious. That such a question can be asked is due to a misapprehension—common enough, I admit, but none the less a misapprehension—as to the real nature and essence of religion. It is frequently taken for granted that religion is essentially a belief in a god or gods. Let me quote but two or three examples. The great pioneer anthropologist Tylor proposed "a belief in spiritual beings" as what he called a minimum definition of religion; and Sir James Frazer understands by religion the propitiation of powers, of conscious and personal nature, believed to control the course of nature and of human life. EvenThouless, in his admirable approach to the psychology of the religious life, defines religion as "a felt practical relationship with what is believed in as a superhuman being or beings."

And yet such writers, however distinguished in their special spheres, should have remembered that one of the great religions of the world, namely Buddhism, in its original and purest form does not profess belief in any supernatural being; as Renan said, "Buddhism is Catholicism without God" {and, by the way, added, "this atheist religion has been eminently moral and active in good works"}. They should have remembered that, as numerous workers on primitive religion testify, feelings essentially and obvlously religious may be evoked in reference to an undefined sense of spiritual power or sanctity inhering in objects such as fetishes or events such as death without linking them up with belief in any spiritual being.

What, then, is religion? It is a way of life. It is a way of life which follows necessarily from a man holding certain things in reverence, from his feeling and believing them to be sacred. And those things which are held sacred by religion primarily concern human destiny and the forces with which it comes into contact.

On the other hand, all sorts of things and ideas not in themselves calculated to arouse the religious emotion do, as a matter of fact, come to be held sacred by this or that religion, as cows by the Hindu. The beliefs of that religion in contact with which we have grown up are apt to usurp to themselves the idea of sacredness; but I wish to emphasize at the outset that I am speaking in the most general terms, and that this specifically religious emotion of sacredness can be felt in relation to any object or thought, within or without the bounds of what we may be accustomed to think of as religion, within or without the bounds of any organized religious system.

The idea of supernatural beings is one of the commonest among the objects, events, or ideas which are thus believed in as objects of reverence; but belief in supernatural beings is not an essential or integral part of the religious way of life, nor, conversely, are the objects of religious feeling necessarily supernatural beings. . . .

ONE WHO WATCHES

We are all near to death. But in my friends
I am forewarned too closely of that nearness.
Death haunts their days that are; in him descends
The darkness that shall change their living dearness
To something different, made within my mind
By memories and recordings and convenings
Of voices heard through veils and faces blind
To the kind light of my autumnal gleamings.

Not so much for myself I feel that fear
As for all those in whom my loves must die;
Thus, like some hooded death, I stand apart:
And in their happiest moments I can hear
Silence unending, when those lives must lie
Hoarded like happy summers in my heart.

—Siegfried Sassoon, in *The London Mercury*

If this superposed belief and its corollaries be removed, what remains of the reality? The answer is "a great deal." That reality includes permanent facts of human existence—birth, marriage, reproduction and death; suffering, mutual aid, comradeship, physical and moral growth. It includes also other facts which we may call the facts of the spiritual life, such as the conviction of sin, the desire for righteousness, the sense of absolution, the peace of communion; and those other facts, the existence and potency of human ideals, which, like truth and virtue and beauty, always transcend the concrete and always reveal further goals to the actual. It also includes facts and forces of nature outside and apart from man—the existence of matter and of myriads of other living beings, the position of man on a little planet of one of a million Suns, the facts and laws of motion, matter and energy and all their manifestations, the history of life. I say that it includes these; it would be more correct to say that it includes certain aspects of all these and many other facts. It includes them in their aspect of relatedness to human destiny; and it includes them as held together, against the cosmic background, by a spirit of awe or reverence. If you wish more precision, it includes them in their sacred aspect, or at least in association with an outlook which is reverent or finds holiness in reality.

Finally, it includes them, but not merely disjointedly, as so many separate items: it includes them in a more or less unified whole, as an organized scheme of thought; and as a matter of fact this scheme tends in its higher manifestations to be organized somewhat after the pattern in which a human personality is organized. It is this, among the other causes that have been mentioned, which helps to give this organized scheme of thought the illusion of possessing personality. . . .

For my own part, the sense of spiritual relief which comes from rejecting the idea of God as a supernatural being is enormous. I see no other way of bridging the gap between the religious and the scientific approach to reality. But if this rejection is once accomplished, the abyss has disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, and yet all the vital realities of both sides are preserved. The mental life of humanity is no longer a civil war but a corporate civilization. Within it there will be conflicts, frictions, adjustments; but these are inevitable and probably necessary for full vitality, and if they take place within a whole which is organized for unity and production instead of duality and strife, there will be advance.

If religion be a way of life founded upon the apprehension of sacredness in existence; if, as is the case, the human consciousness be not satisfied with the mere experiencing of sacredness and mystery, but attempts to link this up with its faculty of reason and its desire for right action, trying on the one hand to comprehend the mystery and to explain the reality which it still feels sacred, and on the other to sanctify morality and make right action itself a sacrament; if

STRANGENESS OF HEART

When I have lost the power to feel the pang
Which first I felt in childhood when I woke
And heard the unheeding garden bird who sang
Strangeness of heart for me while morning broke;
Or when in latening twilight sure with spring,
Pausing on homeward paths along the wood,
No sadness thrills my thought while thrushes sing,
And I'm no more the listening child who stood
So many sunsets past and could not say
What wandering voices called from far away:
When I have lost those simple spells that stirred
My being with an untranslated song,
Let me go home for ever; I shall have heard
Death; I shall know that I have lived too long.

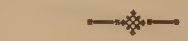
—Siegfried Sassoon, in *The London Mercury*

this linking up of rational faculty and morality with the specifically religious experience of holiness has resulted in organizing the external ground of religion as what is usually called God; and if, finally, there be no reason for ascribing personality or pure spirituality to this God, but every reason against it: then religion becomes a natural and vital part of human existence, not a thing apart; a false dualism is overthrown; and the pursuit of the religious life is seen to resemble the pursuit of scientific truth or artistic expression, as one of the highest of human activities, success in which comes partly from native gifts, partly from early training and surroundings, partly from sheer chance, and partly from personal efforts.

The insufferable arrogance of those who claim to be in sole possession of religious truth would happily disappear, together with the consequences which arise when such people are in a position to enforce their views. . . .No longer could the legitimate affairs of this world be neglected on the pretext of attending to those of the next, nor unscrupulous medicine-men, priests, or religious organizations feather their nests out of the pretended supernatural power which they wield. No longer would the hideous terror of everlasting hell torment innocent children or distort the lives of men and women, nor the true comfort of religious worship and contemplation be turned out of its course, as the result of belief in a fear of a personal, omnipotent and exacting God, and forced into the channel of propitiatory sacrifice, the meaningless mumbo-jumbo of certain types of ritual, and what I can only describe as the "begging-letter" type of prayer.

Men will cease to be able to regard religion as a patent medicine of the spirit, but will be forced to see it for what it is, an art to be learnt. It is the art of spiritual health. They will be able to acknowledge the obvious fact that sanctity properly pertains to certain ideas and to certain basic human relations, and that it may come to lodge, through the accident of association, in particular places and events and things, without being thereby called upon to admit that a God exists in or behind the thing or idea, or has given supernatural sanction to the human relation.

To take an example: human love and marriage can possess this sanctity, can be a sacrament, just as well to two complete atheists as to two devout Christians, just as fully if regarded as a human development from animal mating relationships as if supposed to be divinely ordained. Unfortunately, the upholders of the sanctity of marriage too often apply the term sanctity somewhat in the way of the primitive savage. They prefer to think of the institution as surrounded with a divine sanctity which forbids man to touch or even to discuss it, a negative taboo, instead of leaving the sanctity where it belongs, namely, in the possible beauty of the relationship itself, and therefore welcoming all attempts to adapt the institution to human needs and aspirations. It is really very remarkable to reflect, when one is confronted with certain aspects of Christian morality, that the founder of Christianity himself, nineteen hundred years ago, proclaimed that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. . . .—From Julian S. Huxley's *Religion Without Revelation*, by permission of Harper & Brothers, through the author.



WHAT do we see in China today? Nothing but mal-administration, treachery, bribery and wars. China is suffering more than anything else from too many rotten generals. They are everywhere, fighting and marching, backward and forward—not for China, but for their own personal gain.

It is no sinecure to be emperor today. A good emperor must be a representative of and father of his people, and I am not good enough morally or mentally to be father to the people of China. I am sure the time will come when there will again be an emperor in united China, but it must be somebody greater than I.—Henry P'u-Yi, deposed heir to the vanquished Manchu empire of China

WOMEN OF LEISURE: AN INDICTMENT

THE author of this article is one of the few women in big business anywhere in the world. She is proprietor of some of the most extensive collieries in England, a director in some forty corporations, and publisher and editor of Time and Tide, *a British review. Also she is a feminist, and as such she might be expected to preach the further emancipation of women. However, she questions "whether women do not constitute a far greater danger to the community in these days of a pseudo-equality of the sexes" than they did sixty years ago.*

IT is close on sixty years since John Stuart Mill first pointed to the fact that the un-emancipated woman was a danger to the community. . . . Yet it is open to question whether women do not constitute a far greater danger to the community in these days of a pseudo-equality of the sexes than they did when *The Subjection of Women* was written.

It may be worth while considering some of the changes which have taken place since that date. It is probably true to say that in 1870 not one girl in ten thousand was as well educated as her brother. In those sections of the community that could afford to send their children to anything further than the elementary schools, there was scarcely a parent who even so much as thought of attempting to educate his girls as well as he did his boys. If he had thought of doing such a thing he would immediately have come up against the difficulty that scarcely a girls' school existed which attempted to give more than a slight educational polish. But the lack was not felt because, generally speaking, no parent attempted to educate his girls. As for the universities, there was not one that was completely open to girls in 1870, and there were scarcely any that allowed them even the most inadequate, grudging and precariously held facilities.

Women in those days were in general regarded as inferior beings; they were not far removed from a privileged slave class. The vast majority of women were almost totally uneducated, rarely trained to think personally, never impersonally, and always and only of their own and their families' immediate interests; and, in any section of society that could by hook or crook afford it, they were trained also to find contentment in a life of perfectly useless leisure. . . . A man might be, doubtless often was, influenced by his wife or his other female dependents; but, if he was, he regarded it as a weakness and one of which he was considerably ashamed. . . .

> WE have got to recognize that idleness is the unforgivable sin which, wherever it is found, breeds rot and decay. If the small family has come to stay, then with it must come the realization that motherhood is no longer a full-time job—is not in itself sufficient to justify existence.
>
> —Lady Rhondda

In 1870 the women's direct effect on national policy, on public opinion, on the public life of the nation, on affairs of public interest, was about as much as that of the dogs or horses of the country. The indirect effect was, of course, even then, a very different matter, since they brought up the children—and, even though these {both boys and girls} were implicitly taught, at an early age, to despise their mother's opinions, still their attitude toward life was largely framed in the nursery.

What has happened during the past fifty years? Two things have happened. In the first place, the size of the families of the professional and well-to-do classes has dwindled until, whereas in 1870 the average number of children in a family was probably about six or seven, it is today more like two or three. In the second place, women in these same

classes instinctively recognizing that they must revolt against a condition which had become dangerous alike to themselves and to the race, have risen and demanded more and more education, more and more opportunities for professional and commercial work, and more and more say in the social and political life of the country.

As a result of the agitation of an active minority, women are now partly enfranchised, they are eligible for certain posts in public life; therefore, says public opinion, women count and must be listened to with respect.

In 1870 there were not more than three or four schools providing a good secondary curriculum in the whole of Great Britain. In 1925 there were something like 1500 secondary girls' schools recognized by our Board of Education, containing an aggregate of over 200,000 pupils.

In 1870 the number of girls being educated up to matriculation standard was probably about thirty. In 1925 the numbers were, at a conservative estimate, about 20,000.

In 1870 there was only one woman's college—in the sense in which we understand the word today—in existence—Girton College. At Girton there were in 1870 five students. Doubtless there were in addition to the Girton students a few individuals taking university courses, but if we put the total number throughout the country at thirty we are probably above the mark. In 1925 there were 14,000 women taking university degree and diploma courses.

In 1870 there was scarcely a woman in an office. In 1925 there were over 500,000. In 1870 there was only one medical woman in the country—and she had taken her degree abroad. In 1925 there were something like 1300. In 1870 there was scarcely a woman teacher in anything but a private school. According to the 1921 census there were 187,352 women teachers in the country.

> PROFESSIONAL women have for the most part no sense of loyalty to the women pioneers. They treat their privileges of education and training as if they had dropped like manna from heaven. They pride themselves frequently on not thinking very much of women or women's achievements, on not being feminists. They have their fair share of sex snobbery—that is, a desire to stand in with and to stand well with the "stronger sex."
>
> —Lady Rhondda

Before 1870 no woman had either the municipal or the parliamentary vote, nor was any woman eligible for Parliament or for any municipal or local body. In 1925 women had the municipal vote on the same terms as men and more than three-fifths of the adult women of the country had the parliamentary vote; also women were eligible for one of the Houses of Parliament.

In 1870, with the exception of Harriet Martineau, we can find no record of any woman on the permanent staff of a paper. In 1925 there was scarcely a paper but had one woman, and probably more, on its permanent staff.

In 1870 no married woman owned any property. In 1925 a married woman was not very differently treated by the law in regard to property from any other person.

In 1870 the divorce laws for men differed from those for women. In 1925 they were equal.

So far so good. Women—some women—recognized that they were becoming a danger to the community, they made a heroic effort and set in progress an important and far-reaching change.

The change of opinion which has followed on these changes of habit and customs, or rather perhaps the change of

opinion which has followed on the agitation that was necessary to bring these changes about, is an enormous one, an almost revolutionary one. In public life we see it clearly enough. The parliamentary candidate appeals to both men and women and spends anxious hours trying to decide what is likely to attract the woman voter. . . .

But the average "leisured" woman has not altered very greatly. She is perceptibly better educated as far as actual book-learning is concerned than she was sixty years ago. Even at the worst of the private schools that is true. She plays games, and sometimes plays them well But apart from these two points—important, certainly, as far as they go—she has changed but little. . . .Sixty years ago when a woman married she normally embarked on a period of fifteen to twenty years during which she gave birth to a child at least every two or three years, and a young family of seven or eight children does not, except in the richest class of all, leave a mother much leisure. Idleness, the idleness that breeds decay, was, sixty years ago, confined to the unmarried or to the middle-aged. To-day, when a woman marries, she has, perhaps, two children. That is not, even among moderately well-to-do people, a whole-time job unless she chooses to make it so. After the first few years, in these days of school education, it is not even a half-time job. Sixty years ago women of this kind had very little freedom; to-day they have a great deal. If people are to be brought up to live the life of self-indulgent slaves it is safer for the community that they should actually be slaves.

The number of idle, useless women has increased enormously during the past sixty years; and not only that, but their influence has increased enormously. To-day they are listened to, they help to set the tone of the society in which they move. They, largely, make the attitude toward life of large sections—and important sections—of the community. And what do they make it? They make it what they have been brought up to make it, and what their experience of life has taught them to make it. They put idleness, the one thing they know, as the highest good; they teach the men and the young women of their set to value idleness, to dislike work, to prize material comfort, personal adornment and social advancement, to judge people on how they dress, and who —socially—they know; and since sex is their profession, they put an enormous emphasis on sex, on discussion of sex, on consideration of sex problems, on the importance of sexual attraction. They are much franker about this side of life than they were sixty years ago, because they are freer; and since they owe what position they have entirely to sex, they naturally set vast store by it. When they discuss sex questions they are discussing professional questions. . . .They grow up and they marry; they have children, and their natural instinct, that instinct which every one about them has taught them to regard as sacred, immediately tells them to sacrifice everything and every one to their children. . . .

The idea that she, the mother, has any serious duty in life apart from her children never even occurs to her. She is convinced that she is doing her full duty to the community by bringing up her children. The idea that she is actually bringing up the children badly because she is doing that and nothing else, that she is not justified in giving full reign to that sacred maternal instinct of hers along the path of least resistance, never enters her head. Along with the deepest sense of responsibility toward her children, she carries a sense of comparative irresponsibility toward anything beyond her children, and to-day she is beginning to imbue the entire family with her own attitude toward life. . . .

Women have been given freedom but they have been given neither training, opportunity nor the sense of responsibility that would teach them to use that freedom wisely.

To keep a slave class is dangerous to any community; to keep that slave class ignorant, idle, and bound by all the most intimate personal ties of custom and affection to those responsible for the

brain work, the initiative and the forming of public opinion, is more dangerous still. Those few men and women who in the middle of the last century realized this danger and set to work to educate and to free women were attempting a vital service to the community, a service without which civilization must sooner or later have perished.

But there is a condition of society even more dangerous—far more dangerous—than the keeping of such a slave class as I have described. That condition is reached when the class is taught to keep its slave ideals, is allowed to remain idle and irresponsible, but is set free. That is the condition we have reached to-day. The harem system is dangerous enough, but it is safety itself compared to the system which sets the ideals of the harem free to permeate the market-place. . . .

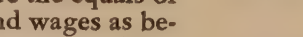
We have pointed to the danger—what is the cure? Above all a change of heart is needed—but a change of heart does not come of itself.

First, we have got to recognize that no human being—man or woman—has the right to remain idle, or semi-idle; has the right to expect the community, whether through the medium of father or husband, or in any other fashion, to keep her, if she is not giving her full day's work in return. . . .

Second, we have got to recognize that you can only safely give people liberty after you educate them to believe that they can be, and must be, worthy of it, as worthy as any one else in the land. . . . It will never be possible to persuade public opinion that women are the equals of men so long as salaries and wages as between men and women are unequal. It will never be possible to persuade public opinion that women are independent, fully responsible human beings and complete citizens, so long as the law protects them in ways in which it does not protect men. If there is one thing which more than anything else tends to perpetuate the sense of inferiority, of not needing to stand upon their own feet, among women, it is the existence of such laws as those which forbid night work or Sunday work to women engaged in factories, but not to men, and such provisions as that contained in the Government's Factory Bill restricting hours of work for women—but not for men—to forty-eight a week. And be it noted, these laws, though they apply to wage-earning women only, affect public opinion in respect to all women. It will never be possible to persuade public opinion that women can be as capable, and should be as free, as men, so long as Trade Unions are allowed, without protest, to bar women from the best-paid jobs and processes. . . .

Third, it will never be possible to make public opinion believe that women are as capable of full citizenship as men so long as in fact they are not full citizens. British women have not to-day got political equality with men, and the political inequality from which they still suffer inevitably reacts, as must any form of political inequality, on the entire body of public opinion. It helps to form the opinion men hold of women, and it helps to form the opinion women hold of themselves. It helps to make both men and women expect less of women than of men, less courage, less balance, less judgment, less public spirit. And to expect less is to receive less.

The generation of 1870 set out to do a great service, but its task is not yet done; and if we of to-day leave that task unfinished we shall find that, so far from having saved society, the action of the early feminists has merely hastened its decay.—Margaret, Viscountess Rhondda, Baroness of Llanwern, in *The Century Magazine*



As Mr. Caveman was gnawing at a bear-bone in his cave one morning, Mrs. Caveman rushed in and shouted: "Quick! Get your club! Oh, *Quick!*"

"What's the matter?" growled Mr. Caveman.

"Sabre-toothed tiger chasing mother!" gasped his wife.

Mr. Caveman returned to his bone. "And why should I care," he grunted, "what happens to a sabre-toothed tiger?" —*Pearson's Weekly*

What I Demand of Life

HAVING lately reached the age of forty, I believe that I may fairly consider myself settled in character. This is not the place to bewail the fact, although few of us are satisfied of our own perfection. We may seem so, and may even inspire hatred in others because of our ability to seem so; but in fact we are none of us satisfied. If we *were* satisfied, we should be spiritually dead. This would be a pity.

But—still dissatisfied—I have been taking stock of the last forty years, and imagining the next—how many years? It is what Mr. Arnold Bennett would call "a solemnizing thought" that I have lived possibly two-thirds of my life, that I know what I want for the future, and that there is a chance of my getting a fair proportion of what I want. . . .

This explanation made, I should like to tabulate some few of the things I do *not* want. There are many others, but these will do.

I do not want money.

I do not want fame.

I do not want a life of gaiety.

I do not want possessions, in the sense of jewels, motor-cars, villas on the Riviera and town houses, slaves, or gold and silver plate.

I do not want innumerable acquaintances.

I do not want contentment.

I do not want "For he's a jolly good fellow" to be sung when I rise to my feet.

These, I say, are a few of the things I do not want. Other people want such things. To many, these are the prizes of life. Very well, if that is so, we shall know how to distribute such prizes; for if they want them steadfastly enough, these people will get them all. But as far as I am concerned, others may have every one of the blessings I do not need.

Some like to find themselves in a theater, on a first night, surrounded by folk they know. When I go to the theater it is to see a play; and when the play is over I like to go home to bed. Not for me is the theater-supper, the after-supper dance, the carouse. Some need these things as stimulants. They wish to have gaiety, excitement. They are incessantly in search of diversion. . . .

There are human beings who wish the visible trappings of success, the automobiles, the applause, the servility of hotel employees, the consciousness of opulence and distinction in the world's eyes. How short-sighted are these people! They may have all these blessings, may carry them everywhere, but they may never know the love and respect of their fellow-creatures. As soon as their backs are turned they may be forgotten. As soon as their purses are empty they may lack even hospitality. They may have toadies, but they may never have friends. What a world to live in!

The reason I do not want wealth is that money is only useful in so far as it buys ease and comfort and the regard of those whose regard is not worth having. As for ease and comfort—once one has attained a reasonable degree of comfort, the rest is a superfluity. Luxury is good for nobody except the manufacturer of luxuries. And habitual luxury is a bore,

> THE truth is that most of us are fairly happy *now*. We have much to make us happy. And one thing that makes us happy is exactly this daily, hourly, minutely uncertainty of happiness. We can never tell, from the instant at which we are born, what disaster may not be lurking in our neighborhood, ready to pounce. . . .Great numbers of human beings attain maturity, even old age, with their limbs, their organs, and even their hearts unbroken. It is a miracle; but it is also a commonplace, so that we often do not realize it with sufficient clearness and thankfulness.
>
> —Frank Swinnerton

for it kills enjoyment of the occasional rare treat. . . .

And I do not want fame. Of what use is it? It may tickle the vanity for a time, but it becomes an intolerable nuisance. The film star is probably the most famous kind of person now living; and the film star—like a royal personage—has no private life to speak of. There is no privacy for the famous. Every action of theirs is seen and judged; together with some actions which have been only rumored, invented by some gossip as a topic of sterile conversation. As one famous man once said to me, "Much worse than the worst is known of me." . . .

There is the question of "influence." I am told that when one is rich and famous one has great power to do good to the world. Is that the reason men seek fame and fortune? I think not. I think the real motive power is ambition, the ambition to be rich and famous and powerful for the sake of being rich and famous and powerful. I have never had such ambition. . . .

When I was very young indeed I lived in such poverty that sometimes a whole day would pass without a meal. I had poor clothes. I was ill, often so sick with hunger and fatigue that I could hardly raise my head. My mother, father, and brother shared those wretched days. We starved for weeks and years, living from day to day on chance earnings, and, when we had nothing to eat, laughing at our own distresses. This laughter was not what is called "plucky." It was not deliberate cheerfulness. It arose from natural buoyancy of spirit. We laughed because it was our nature to laugh. We did not grow bitter, or rage against the capitalist, or steal, or do any desperate thing. We laughed. Very poor people have to have good spirits, or they could not live.

Some time during this period I realized that I wanted to be a journalist. I have always wanted to be a journalist, and, although I have contributed articles, reviews, theatrical criticism, stories and even odd nondescript paragraphs to periodicals since I was fifteen years old, I have never been a journalist. In that respect I have been thwarted by circumstance. I did not realize my desire.

IF life as it is has to be escaped from, then sentimentality will always be welcome in tedious or unhappy homes. When once we decide to tackle life, and not run away from it, sentimentality will disappear, for our days will then be full of genuine interests and emotions, and we shall no longer have any need for shoddy substitutes.

—Frank Swinnerton

At the age of eighteen, I formed the ambition that has remained constant ever since. I wanted to write a novel about human beings. From that moment human beings became my absorbing study. I wrote a novel about human beings. It was not published, but it was written to the bitter end. I wanted at that time to write goodish novels, and to read everything. I wanted to live in a little old-fashioned cottage in the country, to write goodish novels, and to marry for love. It was never my ambition to write great novels—I recognized perfectly that, although I had talent, I was not a genius. But I wanted to do the best I could, to live by the work of my pen, and to be happy.

This last item was a superfluous ambition, because it is very difficult for me to be unhappy. "Cheerfulness," as the would-be philosopher once said, "will keep breaking in." In the matter of writing I have always done the best I could do at the given moment, and I do not feel that what I have written has ever been more than "goodish." As for the rest, I have married for love, and I live in a little Elizabethan or Jacobean cottage in a charming countryside. And anything human is dearer to me than all the wealth of all the world.

As to friends, I have always found it easy to make them. My manners are affable and inoffensive. I have a sharp, but not a venomous, tongue; and my

friends do not greatly fear it. Moreover, I have a considerable capacity for interest and affection. This capacity is not claimed as a virtue; but it is admitted by those who should know best. My friends are all friends worth having. Most of them are not especially wealthy or famous, but they are loyal, humorous, trustworthy and beautifully simple. Nobody has ever had better friends than I. And no person is my friend who is not also my superior. . . .

What do I demand of life? First, health. Second, privacy. Third, a moderate degree of security. Fourth, the continued affection of those who are dear to me. Fifth, a modicum of leisure, during which I may indulge my vice of laziness and read the books I want to read, play the games I want to play, see the places I want to see. These things are all possible of attainment, providing the first—health—is vouchsafed to me. Privacy is a benefit which determination can secure. In the outdoor studio of my cottage, which has no telephone and no wireless apparatus, I can "sport my oak" as firmly as any working undergraduate. . . .

And as long as I work in this way I shall have the leisure I require. It need not be stolen, because only that man is denied leisure who is so bent upon prosperity that he must not leave his work for a day lest it perish or cease to produce those monetary profits which are his only touchstone of well-being.

Finally, there is the question of affection. I think that any man can endure if he has good friends. And I have proved my friends. In ordinary life they may regard me with great irony. They may find me facetious and voluble, and even tiresome. But when I have ever been in trouble I have found my friends constant and inexhaustible in patience. I should desire them always to remain so. If they were to fall away, I should indeed be desolate. They will not so fall away as long as they and I remain unchanged.

As to comfort, I have enough of it. A roof to my head, chairs, books and a bed; a warm fire in the evening. It is ample. . . .It is ideal. I do not want to live in great hotels or to have many servants at my beck and call. And I do not want anything that will cause me to vegetate, because in return for the benefits I claim from life, it is my desire to write one novel that is more than "goodish."

That is the whole point. No man can be satisfied with his attainment, although he may be satisfied with his circumstances. If I have given any suggestion that I am satisfied with what I have *done*, the suggestion is due to clumsy expression. I have been returning thanks to good fortune. I have been betraying, perhaps, a readiness to be pleased with small results. But I have not been patting myself upon the back. Something more is needed. A philosopher once said to me, "The man who is satisfied has no future but the dust-bin."

Moreover, I am quite aware that it is not the highest type of man who has moderate ambitions. The really great man is immoderate in his claims upon life; but that is because he is conscious of his power to give to life in return incomparable services. His mind works upon a different plane from mine. His conceptions of life are lofty and incalculable. He may be serene, as Shakespeare must have been serene; but he dwells apart, wrapt in the inscrutable majesty of power. My own lot in life is less exalted. I have wanted only to understand human nature. I have not wanted to improve it, or to change the face of the world. There are such idealists, men as far above their fellows as spirit is above animalism. They are bringers of glad tidings to the suffering, the creators of a new era. They are men of destiny. I admire, I reverence them. But my impulses lie more upon the surface. I cannot too strongly emphasise the fact that I am agnostic even as regards the destiny of mankind. The stars fascinate and bewilder me; the beauty of the earth is a mystery to my heart. I love the earth, and a great many of those who dwell upon it; but I have never experienced revelation, and I remain merely a marvelling student of the wonder of the universe and of life itself.—From Frank Swinnerton's *Tokefield Papers*, by permission of George H. Doran Company

Comfort: A Modern Phenomenon

THE invention of the means of being comfortable and the pursuit of comfort as a desirable end—one of the most desirable that human beings can propose to themselves—are modern phenomena, unparalleled in history since the time of the Romans. Like all phenomena with which we are extremely familiar, we take them for granted, as a fish takes the water in which it lives, not realizing the oddity and novelty of them, not bothering to consider their significance. The padded chair, the well-sprung bed, the sofa, central heating, and the regular hot bath—these and a host of other comforts enter into the daily lives of even the most moderately prosperous of the Anglo-Saxon bourgeoisie. Three hundred years ago they were unknown to the greatest kings. This is a curious fact which deserves to be examined and thoughtfully analyzed.

> WHEN women began to do war work, they found that the traditional modesty in dress was not compatible with efficiency. They preferred to be efficient. Having discovered the advantages of immodesty, they have remained immodest ever since, to the great improvement of their health and increase of their personal comfort. Modern fashions are the most comfortable that women have ever worn. Even the ancient Greeks were probably less comfortable.
>
> —Aldous Huxley

The first thing that strikes one about the discomfort in which our ancestors lived is that it was mainly voluntary. Some of the apparatus of modern comfort is of purely modern invention; people could not put rubber tyres on their carriages before the discovery of South America and the rubber plant. But for the most part there is nothing new about the material basis of our comfort. Men could have made sofas and smoking-room chairs, could have installed bathrooms and central heating and sanitary plumbing any time during the last three or four thousand years. And as a matter of fact, at certain periods they did indulge themselves in these comforts. Two thousand years before Christ, the inhabitants of Cnossos were familiar with sanitary plumbing. The Romans had invented an elaborate system of hot-air heating, and the bathing facilities in a smart Roman villa were luxurious and complete beyond the dreams of the modern man. There were sweating-rooms, massage-rooms, cold plunges, tepid drying-rooms with {if we may believe Sidonius Apollinaris} improper frescoes on the walls and comfortable couches where you could lie and get dry and talk to your friends. As for the public baths they were almost inconceivably luxurious. "To such a height of luxury we have reached," said Seneca, "that we are dissatisfied if, in our baths, we do not tread on gems. . . ."

What have comfort and cleanliness to do with politics, morals, and religion? At a first glance one would say that there was and could be no casual connection between armchairs and democracies, sofas and the relaxation of the family system, hot baths and the decay of Christian orthodoxy. But look more closely and you will discover that there exists the closest connection between the recent growth of comfort and the recent history of ideas. . . .

Let us begin with the consideration of armchairs and central heating. These, I propose to show, only became possible with the breakdown of monarchical and feudal power and the decay of the old family and social hierarchies. Smoking-room chairs and sofas exist to be lolled in. In a well-made modern armchair you cannot do anything but loll. Now, lolling is neither dignified nor respectful.

When we wish to appear impressive, when we have to administer a rebuke to an inferior, we do not lie in a deep chair with our feet on the mantlepiece; we sit up and try to look majestical. Similarly, when we wish to be polite to a lady or show respect to the old or eminent, we cease to loll; we stand, or at least straighten ourselves up. Now, in the past human society was a hierarchy in which every man was always engaged in being impressive towards his inferiors or respectful to those above him. Lolling in such societies was utterly impossible. It was as much out of the question for Louis XIV. to loll in the presence of his courtiers as it was for them to loll in the presence of their king. It was only when he attended a session of the Parlement that the King of France ever lolled in public. On these occasions he reclined in the Bed of Justice, while princes sat, the great officers of the crown stood, and the smaller fry knelt. Comfort was proclaimed as the appanage of royalty. Only the king might stretch his legs. We may feel sure, however, that he stretched them in a very majestic manner. The lolling was purely ceremonial and accompanied by no loss of dignity. At ordinary times the king was seated, it is true, but seated in a dignified and upright position; the appearance of majesty had to be kept up. {For, after all, majesty is mainly a question of majestical appearance.} The courtiers, meanwhile, kept up the appearances of deference, either standing, or else, if their rank was very high and their blood peculiarly blue, sitting, even in the royal presence, on stools. What was true of the king's court was true of the nobleman's household; and the squire was to his dependants, the merchant was to his apprentices and servants, what the monarch was to his courtiers. In all cases the superior had to express his superiority by being dignified, the inferior his inferiority by being deferential; there could be no lolling. Even in the intimacies of family life it was the same: the parents ruled like popes and princes, by divine right; the children were their subjects. Our fathers took the fifth commandment very seriously—how seriously may be judged from the fact that during the great Calvin's theocratic rule of Geneva a child was publicly decapitated for having ventured to strike its parents. Lolling on the part of children, though not perhaps a capital offence, would have been regarded as an act of the grossest disrespect, punishable by much flagellation, starving, and confinement. For a slighter insult—neglect to touch his cap—Vespasiano Gonzaga kicked his only son to death; one shudders to think what he might have been provoked to do if the boy had lolled. If the children might not loll in the presence of their parents, neither might the parents loll in the presence of their children, for fear of demeaningthemselves in the eyes of those whose duty it was to honor them. Thus we see that in the European society of two or three hundred years ago it was impossible for any one—from the Holy Roman Emperor and the King of France down to the poorest beggar, from the bearded patriarch to the baby—to loll in the presence of any one else. Old furniture reflects the physical habits of the hierarchical society for which it was made. It was in the power of mediaeval and renaissance craftsman to create armchairs and sofas that might have rivalled in comfort those of to-day. But society being what, in fact, it was, they did nothing of the kind. It was not, indeed, until the sixteenth century that chairs became at all common. Before that time a chair was a symbol of authority. Committeemen now loll. Members of Parliament are comfortably seated, but authority still belongs to a Chairman, still issues from a symbolical Chair. In the Middle Ages only the great had chairs. When a great man travelled, he took his chair with him, so that he might never be seen detached from the outward and visible sign of his authority. To this day the Throne no less than the Crown is the symbol of royalty. . . .

Another essential component of modern comfort—the adequate heating of houses—was made impossible, at least for the great ones of the earth, by the political structure of ancient societies.

Plebeians were more fortunate in this respect than nobles. Living in small houses, they were able to keep warm. But the nobleman, the prince, the king, and the cardinal inhabited palaces of a grandeur corresponding with their social position. In order to prove that they were greater than other men, they had to live in surroundings considerably more than life-size. They received their guests in vast halls like roller-skating rinks; they marched in solemn processions along galleries as long and as draughty as Alpine tunnels, up and down triumphal staircases that looked like the cataracts of the Nile frozen into marble. Being what he was, a great man in those days had to spend a great deal of his time in performing solemn symbolical charades and pompous ballets—performances which required a lot of room to accommodate the numerous actors and spectators. This explains the enormous dimensions of royal and princely palaces, even of the houses of ordinary landed gentlemen. They owed it to their position to live, as though they were giants, in rooms a hundred feet long and thirty high. How splendid, how magnificent! But oh, how bleak!

It is to the decay of monarchy, aristocracy, and ancient social hierarchy that we owe the two components of modern comfort hitherto discussed; the third great component—the bath—must, I think, be attributed, at any rate in part, to the decay of Christian morals. There are still on the continent of Europe, and for all I know, elsewhere, convent schools in which young ladies are brought up to believe that human bodies are objects of so impure and obscene a character that it is sinful for them to see, not merely other people's nakedness, but even their own. Baths, when they are permitted to take them {every alternate Saturday} must be taken in a chemise descending well below the knees. And they are even taught a special technique of dressing which guarantees them from catching so much as a glimpse of their own skin. These schools are now, happily, exceptional, but there was a time, not so long ago, when they were the rule. Theirs is the great Christian ascetic tradition which has flowed on in majestic continuity from the time of St. Anthony and the unwashed, underfed, sex-starved monks of the Thebaid, through the centuries, almost to the present day. It is to the weakening of that tradition that women at any rate owe the luxury of frequent bathing. . . .

The ascetic tradition was always strongest where women were concerned. The Goncourts record in their diary the opinion, which seems to have been current in respectable circles during the Second Empire, that female immodesty and immorality had increased with the growth of the bath habit. "Girls should wash less" was the obvious corollary. Young ladies who enjoy their bath owe a debt of gratitude to Voltaire for his mockeries, to the nineteenth-century scientists for their materialism. If these men had never lived to undermine the convent school tradition, our girls might still be as modest and as dirty as their ancestresses.

It is, however, to the doctors that bath-lovers owe their greatest debt. The discovery of microbic infection has put a premium on cleanliness. We wash now with religious fervor, like the Hindus. Our baths have become something like magic rites to protect us from the powers of evil, embodied in the dirt-loving germ. We may venture to prophesy that this medical religion will go still further in undermining the Christian ascetic tradition. Since the discovery of the beneficial effects of sunlight, too much clothing has become, medically speaking, a sin. Immodesty is now a virtue. It is quite likely that the doctors, whose prestige among us is almost equal to that of the medicine men among the savages, will have us stark naked before very long. That will be the last stage in the process of making clothes more comfortable. It is a process which has been going on for some time—first among men, later among women—and among its determining causes are the decay of hierarchic formalism and of Christian morality. In his lively little pamphlet describing Gladstone's visit to Oxford shortly before his death, Mr. Fletcher has

recorded the Grand Old Man's comments on the dress of the undergraduates. Mr. Gladstone, it appears, was distressed by the informality and the cheapness of the students' clothes. In his day, he said, young men went about with a hundred pounds worth of clothes and jewellry on their persons, and every self-respecting youth had at least one pair of trousers in which he never sat down for fear of spoiling its shape. Mr. Gladstone visited Oxford at a time when undergraduates still wore very high starched collars and bowler hats. One wonders what he would have said of the open shirts, the gaudily colored sweaters, the loose flannel trousers of the present generation. Dignified appearances have never been less assiduously kept up than they are at present; informality has reached an unprecedented pitch. On all but the most solemn occasions a man, whatever his rank or position, may wear what he finds comfortable.

The obstacles in the way of women's comforts were moral as well as political. Women were compelled not merely to keep up social appearances, but also to conform to a tradition of Christian ascetic morality. Long after men had abandoned their uncomfortable formal clothes, women were still submitting to extraordinary inconveniences in the name of modesty. It was the war which liberated them from their bondage. . . .

To those who have known comfort, discomfort is a real torture. And the fashion which now decrees the worship of comfort is quite as imperious as any other fashion. Moreover, enormous material interests are bound up with the supply of the means of comfort. The manufacturers of furniture, of heating apparatus, of plumbing fixtures, cannot afford to let the love of comfort die. In modern advertisement they have means for compelling it to live and grow.

Having now briefly traced the spiritual origins of modern comfort, I must say a few words about its effects. One can never have something for nothing, and the achievement of comfort has been accompanied by a compensating loss of other equally, or perhaps more, valuable things. A man of means who builds a house to-day is in general concerned primarily with the comfort of his future residence. He will spend a great deal of money {for comfort is very expensive: in America they talk of giving away the house with the plumbing} on bathrooms, heating apparatus, padded furnishings, and the like; and having spent it, he will regard his house as perfect. His counterpart in an earlier age would have been primarily concerned with the impressiveness and magnificence of his dwelling—with beauty, in a word, rather than comfort. The money our contemporary would spend on baths and central heating would have been spent in the past on marble staircases, a grand facade, frescoes, huge suites of gilded rooms, pictures, statues. Sixteenth-century popes lived in a discomfort that a modern bank manager would consider unbearable; but they had Raphael's frescoes, they had the Sistine chapel, they had their galleries of ancient sculpture. Must we pity them for the absence from the Vatican of bathrooms, central heating, and smoking-room chairs? I am inclined to think that our present passion for comfort is a little exaggerated. . . .I like labor-saving devices, because they economize time and energy which may be devoted to mental labor. {But then I enjoy mental labor; there are plenty of people who detest it, and who feel as much enthusiasm for thought-saving devices as for automatic dishwashers and sewing-machines}. I like rapid and easy transport, because by enlarging the world in which men can live it enlarges their minds. Comfort for me has a similar justification: it facilitates the mental life. Discomfort handicaps thought; it is difficult when the body is cold and aching to use the mind. Comfort is a means to an end. The modern world seems to regard it as an end in itself, an absolute good. One day, perhaps, the earth will have been turned into one vast feather-bed, with man's body dozing on top of it and his mind underneath, like Desdemona, smothered.—From Aldous Huxley's *Proper Studies*, by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company

LETTERS OF JOSEPH CONRAD

HERE are passages from a few revelatory letters included in the collection edited by G. Jean-Aubry. In his dedication the editor states that long before the great Anglo-Polish novelist died {in 1924} "I began to collect material for this biography, little thinking that I should be so suddenly entrusted with the melancholy task of tracing the path through life of one of the rarest spirits of our times. . . .I have done my best to choose among not less than two thousand of his letters, English, French and Polish."

The last of the letters here quoted was written exactly two months before Joseph Conrad {Korzeniowski} "died suddenly of a heart attack at half past eight in the morning of August 3, 1924."

His body lies in Canterbury {England} cemetery. His abiding monument is in his literary masterpieces, distinguished by "magnificent intensity and breadth of vision marked by rare craftsmanship."

TO MME. ANGELE ZAGORSKA *{1898}*

. . . . GRANT ALLEN'S *Woman Who Did* had a kind of success, of curiosity mostly and that only amongst the philistines—the sort of people who read Marie Corelli and Hall Caine. All three are very popular with the public—and they are also puffed in the press. There are no lasting qualities in their work. The thought is commonplace and the style {?} without any distinction. They are popular because they express the popular thought, and the common man is delighted to find himself in accord with people he supposes distinguished. This is the secret of many popularities. {You can develop this idea as an explanation of the enthusiasm of the public for books which are of no value.} As to Allen, he is considered a man of letters among scholars and a scholar among men of letters. He writes popular scientific manuals equally well. Marie Corelli is *not* noticed critically by the serious reviews. She is simply ignored. Her books sell largely. Hall Caine is a kind of male Marie Corelli.

Among the people in literature who deserve attention the first is Rudyard Kipling {his last book *The Day's Work*}, J. M. Barrie—a Scotsman. His last book *Sentimental Tommy*. George Meredith did not bring out anything this year. The last volumes of the charming translation of Turgeniev came out a fortnight ago. The translation is by Mrs. Constance Garnett. George Moore has published the novel *Evelyn Innes—un succes d'estime.* He is supposed to belong to the naturalistic school and Zola is his prophet. *Tout ca, c'est tres vieux jeu.* A certain Mr. T. Watts-Dunton published the novel *Aylwin*, a curiosity success, as this Watts-Dunton {who is a barrister} is supposed to be the friend of different celebrities in the world of Fine Arts {especially in the pre-Raphaelite School}. He has crammed them all into his book. H. G. Wells published this year *The War of the Worlds* and *The Invisible Man.* He is a very original writer with a very individualistic judgment in all things and an astonishing imagination.

, , ,

TO JOHN GALSWORTHY *{1908}*

. . . .*The Secret Agent* may be pronounced by now an honorable failure. It brought me neither love nor promise of literary success. I own that I am cast down. I suppose I am a fool to have expected anything else. I suppose there is something in me that is unsympathetic to the general public—because the novels of Hardy, for instance, are generally tragic enough and gloomily written too—and yet they have sold in their time and are selling to the present day.

, , ,

TO MRS. GALSWORTHY *{1909}*

. . . .C. B. Q. vanquished the gout in due course, but I am chary of giving it {the drug} too much free play. I suspect it makes me imbecile for a time, and that's too high a price to pay for life itself, let alone mere freedom from pain. And moreover it would be a fool's bargain, anyway, for write I must, to stave off re-

morse, despair, etc., etc.,—other things less fanciful too, with, amongst them, a suspicion that will come on now and then that "all this is no good," do what I may.

Excuse this discordant strain; but the fact is that I have just received the accounts of all my publishers, from which I perceive that all my immortal works {13 in all} have brought me last year something under five pounds in royalties. That sort of thing quenches that *joie de vivre* which should burn like a flame in an author's breast and in the manner of an explosive engine drive his pen onward to 30 pages an hour.

* * *

TO WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN
{1909}

....The last year and a half has been like hell, from which I have just emerged thanks to a good volunteer doctor who took me in hand, I believe, only just in time. But twenty months have gone already over a novel and now I *must* finish it—or I am totally undone. I daren't budge from the desk. Moreover, the first of my books in French translation is about to appear. It's the *Nigger:* and I have proofs sent me for correction, which means a lot of writing in the margins. How could I resist the chance of putting something of my real self into the translator's prose? And with that I am still shaky a bit and subject to sudden accesses of mental exhaustion....

The fourteenth year of my writing life draws to an end, and when I look at the result I am appalled. I speak from a worldly point of view, but then we live in the world and its weights and measures impose themselves upon our judgment—yes, even upon our feelings. One needn't be particularly vile and base to suffer a little from that truth. And there are just 14 published volumes. Not a great tale. But you know as well as anybody that of these years a full third must be taken off for illness alone—not speaking of other pieces of bad luck. So I don't think I've been indolent or even unduly slow, taking into consideration the nature of my work. I mention this so that some day you should, at need, defend my memory: for I am pretty certain of coming in for some hard sayings — unless indeed no one ever says anything — which is quite possible, too.... Here I've been 2 years writing a novel which is not finished. {Two years! Of which surely one-half has been illness, complicated by a terrible moral stress. Imagine yourself painting with the Devil jogging your elbow *all the time.* But you, who are one of the most intelligent men I know, or know of, and a stylist also {because you are,—I have been looking at your *Goya* only the other day}, will know what a torture that sort of thing is when the effort and hindrance are mental. It's to make you realize how really unfit I am for what I call the casual intercourse of mankind. And the truth also is, my dear Will, that we live here now in such conditions—crowded into four tiny rooms in half a cottage—that I really don't like to receive strangers, even the most admiring and the best disposed. You must charge me with littleness of mind: we must take the world as it is: and indeed there is some concern for the dignity of letters in my reluctance.

I speak to you here as to a second self and thus I cannot conceive you taking it ill.

> I HAVE no critical faculty. No man should trust me in that, because I don't trust myself.... When, after finishing *Almayer's Folly,* I hesitated at the parting of the ways, not at all from literary ambition but because of the strong hold my old life had still on me, I admit that it was Edward Garnett who tipped the balance. His words were: "You have the style, you have the temperament. Why not write another?" He said nothing about the pursuit of literature. He simply said:—"Why not write another?"
>
> —Joseph Conrad, in a letter to Gerald Cumberland

Perhaps I am unreasonable. But today, in the second week of my fifty-second year, a failure from the worldly point of view and knowing well that there can be no change—that this must go on *usque ad finem*—I may perhaps be allowed a little unreason.

* * *

TO JOHN GALSWORTHY *{1910}*

. . . The other day A. {Austin} Harrison came along in a Spyker 30-40 car with Frank Harris {once owner of the *Saturday*}. They patronized me immensely. It was funny but not very amusing. Harrison objected to the title of my novel; but he was so solemn about it that the rare visitor pity entered my heart and I let him be. I said: Have you considered the gravity of such a step as changing the title? Don't you know that I intend the book to be printed from the text as established in the *Review?* He surrendered gravely, then, with a sort of deference at which I felt remorseful, because,—you know,—because I didn't care whether he printed the novel forwards or backwards, with a title or without. He meditated a long time, then gently, not to give me too much of a shock, he said: "I am afraid that novel won't be very popular." And we nodded at each other with immense seriousness. . . . The public is {or are?} individuals. *Le public introuvable* is only *introuvable* simply because it is all humanity. And no artist can give it what it wants because humanity doesn't know what it wants. But it will swallow everything. It will swallow Hall Caine and John Galsworthy, Victor Hugo and Martin Tupper. It is an ostrich, a clown, a giant, a bottomless sack. It is sublime. It has apparently no eyes and no entrails, like a slug, and yet it can weep and suffer. It has swallowed Christianity, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and the Gospel of Mrs. Eddy. And it is perfectly capable, from the height of its secular stability, of looking down upon the artist as a mere windlestraw!

> IT is my dark and secret ambition to [write a play]. And yet I can't conceive how a sane man can sit down deliberately to write a play and not go mad before he has done. The actors appear to me like a lot of wrong-headed lunatics pretending to be sane. Their malice is stitched with white threads. . . . There is a taint of subtle corruption in their blank voices, in their blinking eyes, in the grimacing faces, in the false light, in the false passion, in the words that have been learned by heart.
>
> —Joseph Conrad, in a letter to R. B. Cunninghame Graham

* * *

TO JOSEPH DE SMET *{1911}*

. . . I was nineteen before I learned English. I went to sea rather late at the age of seventeen, but I was for two years in the Mediterranean. I joined my first English ship in March, 1878, I think. Anyway as we went up the Bosphorus we saw the tents of the Russian army at San Stephano. That was the year. In May of the same year I landed in Lowestoft {on the East Coast}, knowing no one in England. My first English reading was the *Standard* newspaper, and my first acquaintance by the ear with it was in the speech of fishermen shipwrights and sailors of the East Coast. But in 1880 I had mastered the language sufficiently to pass the first examination for officer in the Merchant Service, including a viva-voce of more than two hours. But "mastered" is not the right word; I should have said "acquired." I've never opened an English grammar in my life: My pronunciation is rather defective to this day. Having unluckily no ear my accentuation is uncertain, especially when in the course of a conversation I become self conscious. In writing I wrestle painfully with the language which I feel I do not possess but which possesses me—alas!

TO ARTHUR SYMONS (1911)

. . . It's late. I am tired after a day of uphill toil. Now it is always uphill with me. And the worst is that one doesn't seem any nearer the top when the day is done.

TO ARNOLD BENNETT (1914)

. . . One writes for a chosen little group —in my case a bare half-dozen men, of whom for the last fifteen years you have been one. The public comes in or stays away—and really it does not matter.

TO J. B. PINKER (1914)

. . . We are here {Zakofane, Galicia, Austria} destitute of means, without warm clothing, and indeed in a very deplorable plight. If we had the money we could yet get away. What it will be in a week's time I can't say. I am going to try to get away to Italy, but I have little hopes of raising the money here. If we manage to get through I shall wire you from the first Italian town for further means to proceed to England, as I shall not be able to get enough for the whole journey here—*if indeed I can get anything at all.* . . . I have not found myself in this position through any fault of mine. No one believed in the war till the last moment when the mobilization order caught us in Cracow. I had no choice but to rush my people up to this place. If you want to know where it is, look due south from Cracow where there is a knot of mountains marked on the map. I have now exhausted my credit in this place and have no notion what will become of us all unless we get some money from you soon. I can't give you any news, but I will say that you ought to think yourselves lucky to have the Channel between you and what is going on in Europe now.

TO CHRISTOPHER SANDEMAN (1918)

. . . I am not surprised to hear of our improved standing in the view of the Spanish people. Nothing succeeds like success. Mankind is made that way. Neither am I surprised to hear that our sympathizers, as distinguished from partisans, have not increased. But I must say that the general attitude towards Spain here is by no means resentful. The economic difficulties are well understood and the pro-Teutonic character of the Spanish press is simply ascribed to German money. Not very complimentary for the press: but the nation as a whole is not associated with it.

Somehow an air of mystery hangs upon the clearest utterances, like a cloud over an open landscape. The force behind these plain words {President Woodrow Wilson's "14 Points"} is immense. Immense in every sense. The fact is that the mind uttering these momentous declarations is a non-European mind; and we, old Europeans, with a long and bitter experience behind us of realities and illusions, can't help wondering as to the exact value of words expressing these great intentions.

I will say no more of this. Time will show. And it is very possible that if this letter were to turn up in fifty years' time, it would appear very foolish to its discoverer. It is very possible also that he would not understand it at all. But I am sure you understand what I mean—and so enough of this.

TO SIR SIDNEY COLVIN (NOV. 11, 1918)

Just a word on this historic date to ask you how you are and to tell you all is fairly well with us. The patrol airship has just gone home from his beat—not needed any more! His usual hour was seven in the evening. The bells in the village are ringing; and we two sit here soberly thankful for the end, giving our thoughts to those homes where no losses can be made up, and our gratitude to those who will never return. It is indeed a solemn day. The great sacrifice is accomplished, bringing with it a thrill of wonder and awe at the inscrutable ways of mankind on this earth.

TO HUGH WALPOLE (NOV. 11, 1918)

A word on this great day to take part in the sober joy you must feel. The great sacrifice is consummated—and what will

come of it to the nations of earth the future will show.

I cannot confess to an easy mind. Great and very blind forces are set free catastrophically all over the world. This only I know, that if we are called upon to restore order in Europe {as it may well be} then we shall be safe, at home too. To me the call is already manifest,—but it may be declined on idealistic or political grounds. It is a question of courage in the leaders, who are never as good as the people.

* * *

TO SIR HUGH CLIFFORD {1919}

. . . True, the war is over, but in the success of our arms I had never a doubt. The future, however, is obscure enough and I cannot defend myself from discontent and anxiety. It may be more instinctive than rational, but yet it cannot be denied that there is something ill-omened in the atmosphere in which the peace and reconstruction problems are being tackled. The intervention of the United States was a great piece of luck for the Western Powers, but luck too has got to be paid for. The assistance came late but the full price will have to be paid for it nevertheless.

Of course my concern is for England which engages all my affections and all my thoughts. I look at all the problems and incertitudes of the day from that point of view and no other. As to Poland, I have never had any illusions and I must render the Poles the justice to say that they too had very few. The Polish question has been buried so long that its very political importance is not seen yet. In this war it had not been of episodic importance. If the Alliances had been differently combined the Western Powers would have delivered Poland to the German learned pig with as little compunction as they were ready to give it up to the Russian mangy dog. It is a great relief to my feelings to think that no single life has been lost on any of the fronts for the sake of Poland. The load of obligation would have been too great; and certainly, it is better to die than to live under a charge of moral bankruptcy, which would have been unfailingly made before many years. The only justification for the reestablishment of Poland is political necessity, but that has never been very clearly seen except by a superior mind here and there, both in France and England. Nothing serious or effective will be done. Poland will have to pay the price of some pretty ugly compromise, as you will see.

The mangy Russian dog having gone mad is now being invited to sit at the Conference table, on British initiative! The thing is inconceivable, but there it is. One asks oneself whether this is idealism, stupidity or hypocrisy? I do not know who are the individuals immediately responsible, but I hope they will get bitten. The whole paltry transaction of conciliating mere crime for fear of obscure political consequences makes one sick.

In a class contest there is no room for conciliation. The attacked class cannot save itself by throwing honesty, dignity and convictions overboard. The issue is simply life and death, and if anything can save the situation it is only ruthless courage. And even then I am not certain. One may just as well defy an earthquake.

* * *

TO J. B. PINKER {1922}

. . . My literary life began privately in 1890 and publicly in 1895 with *Almayer's Folly,* which is regarded generally as my very first piece of writing. However, the history of the *Black Mate,* its origin, etc., etc., need not be proclaimed on housetops, and *Almayer's Folly* may keep its place as my first serious work. Therefore I agree to your proposal, with the proviso that should *The Rover* turn out a longer piece of work than we anticipate, we will try to do without the *Black Mate.* This on the assumption that the new volume of stories must be 60,000 words *at the very least.*

* * *

TO GEORGE T. KEATING {1922}

. . . Radically I belong to a group which has historically a political past, with a Western Roman culture derived at first

from Italy and then from France; and a rather Southern temperament; an outpost of Westernism with a Roman tradition, situated between Slavo-Tartar Byzantine barbarism on one side and the German tribes on the other; resisting both influences desperately and still remaining true to itself to this very day.

I went out into the world before I was seventeen, to France and England, and in neither country did I feel myself a stranger for a moment: neither as regards ideas, sentiments, nor institutions. If . . . means that I have been influenced by so-called Slavonic literature then he is utterly wrong. I suppose he means Russian; but as a matter of fact I never knew Russian. The few novels I have read I have read in translation. Their mentality and their emotionalism have been always repugnant to me, hereditarily and individually. Apart from Polish my youth has been fed on French and English literature. While I was a boy in a great public school we were steeped in classicism to the lips, and, though our historical studies were naturally tinted with Germanism, I know that all we boys, the six hundred of us, resisted that influence with all our might, while accepting the results of German research and thoroughness. And that was only natural.

I am a child, not of a savage but of a chivalrous tradition, and if my mind took a tinge from anything it was from French romanticism perhaps. It was fed on ideas, not of revolt but of liberalism of a perfectly disinterested kind, and on severe moral lessons of national misfortune. Of course I broke away early. Excess of individualism perhaps? But that, and other things, I have settled a long time ago with my conscience. I admit I was never an average, able boy. As a matter of fact, I was not able at all. In whatever I have achieved afterwards I have simply followed my instinct: the voice from inside.

* * *

TO MRS. JOSEPH CONRAD *{1923}*

. . . I am writing you on this card because there is nothing else in this flat {in New York City} where we slept last night: and if I waited till we get back to Oyster Bay I would miss tomorrow's packet. And besides, dearest girl, I feel at this moment {10:30 a.m.} perfectly flat, effect of reaction after last evening,—which ended only after midnight,—at Mrs. Curtiss James's. I may tell you at once that it was a most brilliant affair, and I would have given anything for you to have been there and seen all that crowd and all that splendor, the very top of the basket of the fashionable and literary circles. All last week there was desperate fighting and plotting in the N. York society to get invitations.

I had the lucky inspiration to refuse to accept any payment; and, my dear, I had a perfect success. I gave a talk and pieces of reading out of *Victory.* After the applause from the audience, which stood up when I appeared, had ceased I had a moment of positive anguish. Then I took out the watch you had given me and laid it on the table, made one mighty effort and began to speak. The watch was the greatest comfort to me. Something of you. I timed myself by it all along. I began at 9:45 and ended exactly at 11. There was a most attentive silence, some laughs and at the end, when I read the chapter of Lena's death, audible snuffling. Then handshaking with 200 people. It was a great experience.

* * *

TO F. N. DOUBLEDAY *{1924}*

. . . I think that an author who tries to "explain" is exposing himself to a very great risk—the risk of confessing himself a failure. For a work of art should speak for itself. Yet much could be said on the other side; for it is also clear that a work of art is not a logical demonstration carrying its intention on the face of it.—From the *Life and Letters of Joseph Conrad,* compiled and edited by G. Jean-Aubry, by permission of Doubleday. Doran & Company

Culture is that which remains with a man when he has forgotten all he learned. —Edouard Herriot

ASQUITH—THE LAST OF HIS LINE

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who followed Herbert Asquith {later to become the Earl of Oxford and Asquith} as Prime Minister of England, thus estimates the character and achievements of the great British statesman "whose death {February 15, 1928} marked the passing of a generation."

Supplanted by David Lloyd George in the Prime Ministry during the World War, Asquith at first contemptuously refused the Earldom recommended by his successor, but later he accepted it. His character was "unstained by a mean action or an ungenerous word, an example to his generation and the real reason for the universal respect in which he was held."

EVERY one in England feels to-day that the death of the Earl of Oxford and Asquith has severed the link binding us to the past. It is not only a man who has gone; but a generation. For Lord Asquith has left no successor. We are new men.

He stood for the type of public servant and party leader which the swirling tides and hectic business of our time have discarded. He never yielded to the mad pace which our public life has assumed, to its sleepless agitations and never ending concerns which have invaded the repose of the mind and the leisure of work. He belonged to the days when our statesmen drank port and read the classics in their proper tongues and spent their week ends in leisurely fashion and spoke in rounded, sonorous periods.

I had been in the House of Commons with him since 1906, and with the exception of one Home Rule issue and its consequent Parliamentary moves—like the Parliament act—I rarely agreed with him. Only once did I sit by his side. That was when the opposition was divided between the Liberals and ourselves in the short Parliament of 1923.

But there was a bigness about the man which made strong political differences appear insignificant and which always commanded homage and respect. His mighty intellect seemed cold and formal. One's heart was never warmed at its fires. But his steadied head and invigorated solid faculties divided the truth from error and clothed his thoughts and arguments in diction of Roman demeanor.

> HERBERT ASQUITH was perhaps one of the greatest Parliamentarians of the last century. For that task his equipment was indeed remarkable and complete: an intellect fine and rare, trained in those schools best calculated to bring out the noblest qualities of that type of intellect. A scholar steeped in the classical tradition, with a profound knowledge of the literature of his own country and a speaker of his own tongue, I think I may say, without a rival in his generation.
>
> —Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin

Asking myself now what it was that marked him out among our public men, and reviewing the years I have been with him for an answer, there can be no doubt about the reply. It was the dignity of his mind.

They say—and, indeed, facts prove it—that those who were admitted into the privacy of his life were bound to him by loyalties that defied both time and fortune. His wealth of conversation, his good humor, his genial humanity that dwelt beneath the mask he wore, his easy-going tolerance, his catholicity, made him one of those rare beings—a genial and enduring friend.

He was a shy man, however, a man whose doors were not wide open to any one who cared to enter them—a man who was not one of those "hail fellow, well met" creatures, whose smile means nothing and whose hand is no bond. He was ever a man who met strangers

with a chilling greeting that frequently seemed like a rough growl or a snap. And as a result few came to sit on his easy chairs where, amid the whirling smoke, they could find and enjoy the real man.

One night I sat beside him at the table of a rich young man whom he had taken to his bosom. It had been a troublesome day for him in the House of Commons. Mr. Andrew Bonar Law had been rudely insulting. It was at the time of the Parliament bill. I saw that he was disturbed, but not one word of what had happened crossed his lips. One would have thought he was a pleasant man of the world, without a care ruffling his mind. Often have I wondered why it was that the man who revealed himself to me that night was so little known among those who shared his Parliamentary life, who fought with him in his daily battles.

> HE had in a peculiar degree the power of disentangling principles from a mass of confusing details, of setting them forth clearly and unambiguously, and inspiring in others his own large-minded devotion to them. The intellectual mastery and clarity of thought, the stability and largeness of character which so enabled him to make great principles take hold on men's minds, enabled him to do great service to his country in these perplexing times.
>
> —A. D. Lindsay,
> Master of Balliol, Oxford University

For, indeed, like all men who cared for the joys of the cultured life, who live in tradition and who value the spacious, sonorous harmonies, he was what is called a man of the world, whose eye sparkled with a merry, knowing twinkle, and whose laugh revealed the deep wells of enjoyment within.

But in public he was apart. He often went through the division lobbies without turning to the right or to the left. With a short, rapid step, he went down the corridors without a glance of recognition. In the House of Commons itself, he gave the impression of a mountain standing alone, high over the surrounding hills, and holding communion not with them, but with the stars—or perhaps with none other than himself.

There are two kinds of magical oratory. There is the sparkling gush of thought and feeling upon which the lights of imagination and emotion flash and play. That type overwhelms with its force, blinds by its brilliance. But that was not his kind of oratory. His was the slow-moving, majestic mass that flows in a steady, impervious flood without a ripple upon its surface. Sometimes it was formal, sometimes it was dead, sometimes we speculated, as it rolled along, what would be the second or third adjective or adverb he would string to his substantive verbs. But the next morning it read like a piece of pure, finished literature. If he didn't always speak well, he always read well. The speeches—certainly parts of them—which he made in the early days of the war are worthy of being placed alongside the best ever spoken by an Athenian tongue.

His argument was always a structure, never a formless heap of reasons. He built up his case line upon line, precept upon precept—and when it was finished it was fair to look upon. In that controversy of the Titans which raged around protection between 1904 and 1906, his part was easily the most destructive. The light nature of Mr. Winston Churchill and the dashing audacity of Mr. Lloyd George gave life and popular interest to the conflict, but Mr. Asquith gave forth the heavy, smashing metal that shattered the foundations, the politics and the economics of the Tariff Reform League.

He was a leader who did not court cheering popularity, but who was re-

warded with well established confidence, who cared little for the publicity or the rewards of demagogy, but who cared for solid work firmly done, who lived in, not upon the surface of things. He did not enjoy the lust of battle. He fought because he had to fight. But when he went into battle he went through it sturdily. He was not nimble; he was slow. But you knew where he was. And therefore he was not always a successful leader. Lighter qualities in public life not infrequently got the better of him, and at last he had to lay down his staff of authority and retire to the House of Lords and to the lawns along the banks of the Thames at Sutton Courtney. There he taught us the dignity and beauty of a calm mind sheltered by its own self-respect from the blurting, noisy winds that blew strong.

> HE had a tranquil courage that did not fail him in the supreme test of his life and in the life of this nation. He has passed into history and will fill his place there with impressive distinction. —David Lloyd George

When he entered politics he belonged to the radical school of social reformers. The first tinge of socialism was appearing like a flush of pink on the Liberal mind. At the universities there was a movement to "make the world better"—as Lord Esher, in his latest book of reminiscences, tells us they expressed it themselves—and young men from the elect and select circles came under its influence. They read John Ruskin and Thomas Carlyle. Asquith was one of those in the movement.

But to them the phrases and slogans of political radicalism were well nigh dead. Interest was shifting from politics to social democracy. Events were also about to happen which were to revive interest in British imperialism and were to challenge all parties in British politics to define their attitude to their nation as an acquisitive world power. Liberals of the old generation stuck to their old slogans and held imperialism to be a sin. The young generations saw something more than flashy tinsel in the dominion empire. Gladstone and Harcourt were in one camp; Rosebery and Asquith in the other.

The Boer War broke out and Asquith disappointed the Radicals. Those were days of Liberal dissent and disruption among colleagues, days of open hostility between leaders sitting side by side in the Liberal benches. Yet though Asquith was definitely and professedly on the side of the imperialists, he was never possessed by the narrow enmities of many of his colleagues. He recognized the qualities of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as a leader of the united Liberal party, and when that party was called for by the events that followed he took his stand loyally by Sir Henry as the only possible leader and in the end pronounced upon him a funeral eulogy that rang with a sincerity unusual on such occasions.

The next war found the nation united as it perhaps has never been before or since—and he lifted the emotions of the people onto planes of stern, moral determination. What took place behind the scenes in those years is still a plaything of whispered rumor and of private gossip. Some of it has been committed to print, but much of it is still flowing on idle winds. At any rate he fell. He has undoubtedly left behind him records of what he knew or believed or experienced. But during his lifetime he gave forth to the world no growing revelations like Bismarck. He was silent and gave neither enlightenment nor guidance.

The Liberal party, split in 1918, suffered greater humiliation in 1922. The next year, divided both in leadership and in council, another election smote it still more heavily. Then when Labor was returned as the second party and was about to assume office, Mr. Asquith made the biggest blunder of his life. Speaking at the National Liberal Club shortly after the election, he used words that made an approach from the Labor party

GATEWAY TO QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD
From the Etching by A. E. Howarth

Henry Ford is reported on page 166 (What Ails Oxford and Cambridge) *as having spent exactly ten minutes contemplating the crumbling relics of mediaevalism at Oxford, and then having demanded to be shown "the nearest way to the twentieth century!" Perhaps he would have felt differently about Oxford if he could have gazed on it with the eyes of this artist.*

impossible. He evidently thought that we would go in and make a mess of it by being unequal to the terrible task of governing an empire like ours. Doubtless he felt that we would hold office for a brief inglorious month or so and that upon our failure Liberalism would return to favor and to power. What moved him to this I do not know. It was fatal. When I read his speech at a fireside far remote from the center of things, I could not believe that his sagacious judgment had failed. But it was so. History tells the rest.

In the end the Liberals had to support that hollow and unjust plea that undue political interference had been at work in the Campbell case, when a Communist was prosecuted for sedition and the prosecution had been withdrawn. And in the election that followed, Mr. Asquith, to the personal regret of every one, was defeated in Paisley and ceased to be a member of the House he had led and ruled by his intellectual power and enthralled by his masterful oratory.

But his troubles were not over. Again and again was he stricken; yet he stood amid his fortunes as great in his adversity as he had been in his power. His memory will stand the wearing of long years. The mists of time may make him dim, but what will be beheld will be a form of serene dignity and unmoved rectitude.—J. Ramsay Macdonald, in the New York *Herald Tribune Magazine*

THE VIRGIN AT NOON

HIGH noon. The church is open. I enter in and say,
Blessed Mother of Jesus, I have not come to pray.

Nothing have I to offer; I plead no gift, no grace,
I only come, great Mother, to gaze upon your face;

To gaze and weep with perfect joy, knowing that we are one,
That I may call you "Mother," and hear you answer "son."

To dwell with you in silence upon this midday hill
Chime, noon!
Where for a winged moment the world of time stands still.

To feast upon your image with never a spoken word
Uttering all my soul in love that language has not blurred.

To walk with you in quietness, till my heart slips its thong
And wings away like a blackbird in sudden, spacious song.

Immaculate, God-chosen one, first Lady of our race,
I come because your beauty like a vision floods this place.

Ineffable in loveliness, Christ-Mother, glory blest.
You hold our Truth within your arms, our Hope upon your breast.

Because you are all womankind from Eden-ancient years,
Your calm eyes pierce my heart's full vein and free the welling tears.

Because you guard me with your strength, because you cherish France,
Because you guide her through a world of error and mischance;

Because when every hope was dead, the foeman at our door
Your lilies saved the cause of France, and will forevermore;

And last because in this sweet hour of noontide mystery
We have been here in simple peace, as we shall always be—
Mother of Christ accept these thanks I lift in joy to thee!

—Translated by Henry Morton Robinson from the French of Paul Claudel (French Ambassador to the United States), in *The Commonweal*

MARGOT ASQUITH DISCUSSES FAME

THE Countess of Oxford and Asquith, whose marriage to the late Herbert Asquith, Prime Minister of England at the outbreak of the World War, was formally witnessed by three other British statesmen who have held that office—Gladstone, Rosebery and Balfour—here scrutinizes fame as the shadow of greatness. Her analysis is interesting as coming from a woman to whom Tennyson read his poems, who inspired Gladstone to write verses about her, and who was greeted by Henry James as "the very Balzac of diarists."

IN the good books given to us to read in our youth pleasure was suspected, success abjured, riches reproved, adornment discouraged, and falls predicted for those who fancied themselves, or were in any way gratified by their own position in life.

It was not only pride that caused the fall, but any one who courted Fame, power or success seemed certain of a harsh reward. The pattern of the lives of the religious persons whom I knew when I was young was as colorless and uniform as the mosaics on the floor of a public building; and this pattern was imprinted on their minds by a creed of singular austerity. Men of fixed creeds have less elasticity than those of strong faith, and in reading their Bibles are apt to dwell upon those texts and commendations that fit most tightly into their own way of thinking. Finding—as they do—that the humble and meek are extolled at the expense of the rich and famous, reinforces their convictions.

The prejudice against Fame, success, and pleasure was largely due to the violent conception of the Almighty, which had lasted for so many generations that it was difficult if not impossible to eradicate. God was an image with an axe who felled to the earth any one who did not conform to the recognized view of Him, and rewarded all those who feared and wooed Him. The sensuous and self-indulgent thought that through music, mutterings, fasts and self-abasement, God was a Being who could be cajoled. The cold and self-denying believed that His face was resolutely set against anything in the nature of beauty, ostentation, or display....

> MYTHS grow up round famous people which it takes bold men to dispel. Loose opinions pronounced by irresponsible people are crystallized, and Samson himself would be helpless to pull down an edifice conceived in Vanity, based on Misconstruction, built on Rumor and cemented by Gossip .... Men must be judged by their characters and not their conduct, as no man's habitual self covers his whole nature.
>
> —Margot Asquith

Although it was not certain that success was a sin, it was considered highly undesirable to encourage it, and Fame, ambition and love of life were condemned in favor of fear, abasement and terror of death. As a counteraction to the unforeseen exhilaration felt by the crowd in witnessing public executions, death was associated with nothing but Hell-fire, and it was considered not only bracing, but a duty, to frighten the young. Criminals hanging from the gallows took the place of Christ hanging upon the Cross, and . . . we are told that the head of the family made a long expedition to see a corpse swinging in the wind in order to point a moral to his young children. Had it only been a warning against notoriety and a morbid interest in crime, we might—while regretting his action—have understood it; but it was the pursuit of everything that could bring prominence, gaiety, or success that was deprecated. The youthful aspirants of that period were persist-

ently told that any courting of Fame could only end in personal humiliation.

It seems unfair that Fame should be associated with such punishing and undeserved results; and one can only wonder to whom we should assign blame.

From childhood upwards we are warned against becoming Jacks-of-all-trades and urged to make the most of our particular talents. How then if we are in any way proficient or remarkable can we escape Fame? A man would have to be either immensely rich or curiously inhuman if he did not take advantage of proficiency whether in the region of medicine, mathematics, art, science, or literature. . . .

Sir Oliver Lodge believes that insight is given to some people to foresee things before they occur; and that such "anticipation" or "premonition" may be achieved "by strange methods." He says: "A kind of self-hypnotism may be induced by staring at a bright surface or a reflecting crystal," etc. I do not know in what department of this large factory of swindle I could buy the correct kind of "bright surface" or "reflecting crystal," but I am going to confine myself in this short paper to what I have observed in my own experience of the ups and downs of men of Fame, and not attempt to foretell what the world may have to say about them in the future.

When you see the quick-turn changes of opinion upon one and the same man in the course of a few months, you wonder whether this is due to the Press, the Public, or the Person.

There is a difference between being Big and being Great, and they must not be confused. . . .

> IMMORTALITY in this world depends upon how much you have impressed your fellow-men: and this can only be done by something within yourself that is more than material. The majority of mankind is material and unimaginative. Tribulation sits uneasily upon them, and they feel little concern in other people's sorrows. . . . Not having felt the full power of Love, they have never been able to receive it, and have in consequence been denied the greatest of human experiences.
>
> —Margot Asquith

Newspapers, like individuals, have their favorites. They can advertise the appearance, movements, habits and sayings of their hero, and by strenuous propaganda and persistent photography make him known to the public; but prominence is ephemeral, and it takes more than advertisement to make a man Great.

The Big fill the eye, delight the public, and excite the Press. The more they are advertised the larger they appear to be; but advertisement of this kind does not promote healthy growth, and when a rash relish for the limelight has lured the Big into prominence, or bribed them into putting themselves upon paper, their dimensions are apt to shrivel.

John Morley once said a shrewd thing to me on hearing of a young politician who devoted his leisure to reading the Lives of Napoleon:

"Pray tell him from me to study the drab heroes of life."

Some people value publicity more than others. I have known men who have played decisive parts in the history of their country who have not valued it at all. Nor is it always from vanity or design that some of the men and women we know attract attention. A baffling individuality, personal magnetism, something courageous, vital and independent mark out certain people; and even if they begin by being little known they end by commanding public attention.

In spite of Lord Kitchener's magnificent figure, and desert eye, I doubt if he wa known by sight to the man in the street before the Great War. Every one was aware that he had played a decisive

part in Egypt and South Africa, and shown exceptional talent for diplomacy in the Fashoda incident, but these had been more or less forgotten. My husband—who was Prime Minister—realized directly the War broke out in 1914 that Lord Kitchener was a figure that would command attention. He asked him to take the War Office long before there was any Press clamor for this appointment. In spite of his popularity many of the blunders he made in his own department in the early days of the War laid Lord Kitchener open to severe criticism. One can only conclude that there was that indefinable something about him which made him from being a stranger to the public become the transcendent figure he was. Lord Kitchener was the ideal Big man, and it is for the future to decide whether or not he was Great.

Every bus-man touched his hat to Mr. Gladstone, but Lord Salisbury—whose name was known all over Europe—could have passed through most public assemblies without recognition. He had not the gift attributed to Royal personages, and seldom recognized any one who was not well known to him. I remember an old lady telling me that, after her son had been one of Lord Salisbury's minor secretaries for some time, on meeting him she inquired if he was pleased with such modest work as her boy had been able to do for him. He asked her—with the greatest courtesy—what the name of her son was; and when she told him, he remarked in a thoughtful manner:

"I thought the young man's name was Hicks."

Some men flash across the sky like meteors, leaving but little trail behind them. If such a one is remembered, it is because the brief brilliance of his career appeals to the imagination of posterity, and a good biographer can keep his name alive; but even Biographies are no insurance against the fickleness of Fame. In the conspicuous case of Lord Randolph Churchill, a biographer of genius sprang up to make his father's name famous. . . .

It may be presumptuous, but having had a long experience of different people—both drab and distinguished—I propose to engender "a kind of self-hypnotism," not by "staring at the bright surface of a reflecting crystal," but by enumerating the names and qualities of some of the men I myself think should have a claim upon posterity.

The first great man I knew was Mr. Gladstone, and though it is the fashion for the moment to belittle him in favor of the more dazzling, diverting and impudent Disraeli, nothing that any one can say or write can steal from the Future "the legacy of all his courage," to quote a phrase used by Sir Edmund Gosse in writing of Frederick Harrison. His last Cabinet was composed of men who will be remembered for very different reasons.

No one can read the letters of Sir William Harcourt without feeling certain that his name will be remembered. He was the last of a type unknown to us to-day. Coarse, brittle, witty, generous and warm-hearted, in spite of all the appearance of a Great man, he was impenitent, inconstant and fitful. He never seemed to add an inch on to himself, and remained to the end as exasperating as a child in its tantrums, with his embarrassing quarrels, precipitate decisions, lack of reason, balance and conviction....

John Morley will be best remembered for his enchanting conversation. Jowett for his brevity, the penetration of his criticisms, and the inspiring influence he had over the undergraduates at Balliol. Arthur Balfour for his imperishable charm and dexterity in debate. Lord Midleton for his fine temper and unswerving loyalty: Lord Hugh Cecil for a kind of white passion, and his unrivalled political eloquence. Lord Cowdray for his public spirit and private generosity. Thomas Burt for his high mind and good manners: Gilbert Murray for his fast friendships and poetical scholarships. Edward Grey for his mental calmness, moderation and character. And the present Prime Minister for his modesty and good sense. I could go through many more names of men that I have personally known who will have a claim upon

Fame; but in what proportion posterity will mete it out to them is difficult if not impossible to say.

There are even better tests by which we can measure stature than there are signposts by which we can foretell Fame. The ways in which popular figures bear adversity, endure obscurity, and challenge calumny are a test of Greatness.

I knew a man who occupied a position of authority over a long period of years in this country. He was held in high estimation by his friends, and profound respect by his opponents. At a time when the youth of the country was asked to face death, and the world was plunged into war, his speeches rallied Englishmen, Colonials and men from every quarter of the globe to the cause for which we were fighting. For a short time the newspapers trumpeted his praises; and his sayings were blazoned across the lions in Trafalgar Square. But he was not spectacular, and cared little for himself. Impatience with the unforeseen duration of the War bred fear, and fear provoked rumor. With the assistance of the donkeys, the climbers, the credulous and the Press, a campaign of calumny was started against him unequalled in the history of this country. Nothing was too vile or too silly to be believed against him. But no one ever heard him allude to the treachery of his friends, or complain of the conduct of his enemies.—From Margot Asquith's *Lay Sermons*, by permission of George H. Doran Company

PRAISE OF ENGLAND

IS there in Arabia a scent comparable to that of wild thyme or sweet briar? Should we count the Colossus of Rhodes as one of the Seven Wonders of the world if it had been erected in Wigan? We call no man civilized until he has admired the frescoes in the villa of the Vettii at Pompeii, but who in England worries about Borcovicus, or that much more ancient circle at Arbowlow? *Ignotum pro magnifico.* The converse is equally true.

While we exaggerate the wonders of the unknown we do scant justice to the glories of the more familiar. I should like to see the Acropolis and the Parthenon, but I doubt whether they really would have the power to affect me more deeply than Haddon Hall or Salisbury Cathedral. England is full of treasures which only the American and the Australian will ever appreciate at their true value.

There is a law of appreciation no less certain, if less measurable, than the laws of heat and light. Our sense of values varies not inversely but directly with the square of the distance from the object. If we obey the behest of Hazlitt's sundial and count only those hours that are sunny, we are yet inclined to believe that the sun shines less in England than anywhere else, forgetful of the fact that it is quite a normal thing in Spring and Summer to enjoy eleven hours of sunshine daily at Brighton for weeks together. . . .

Until one goes abroad, one takes it for granted that all the rain in the world concentrates on Great Britain. To discover that an umbrella might be useful on the Riviera comes with something of the shock with which one discovers imperfections in the character of the best beloved. To discover on the way from Newhaven to Victoria the railway banks yellow with primroses and blue with forget-me-nots and violets must come with quite another sort of surprise to foreigners who have been led to expect a grey land of fog and wet resembling a freshly-opened oyster.

"When," says the returned exile accentuating the "when" with a fine contempt, "when the sun shines in England there is nowhere else in the world any sun to beat it." He feels cheated if the rain does not fall incessantly. . . .

Foreign lands must be extraordinarily attractive if they can beat South England. It may be that I am easily pleased. The fact remains that I am like Clive, the more astonished at the moderation of my transports about my own country the more I see of it. Put your money back in your purse and see England first. —S. P. B. Mais, in *See England First* {Richards Press}

JOHN DRINKWATER APPRAISES OLIVER CROMWELL

WE know little of Cromwell's life until at the age of seventeen he entered Cambridge University. A small crop of legend survives, doubtless upon some undiscovered foundation of truth. It is still told at Hinchingbrooke how an ape belonging to old Sir Henry carried the infant grandson up on to the roof to the horror of the family, and almost with drastic consequences to English history. It is also told that when James I visited Sir Oliver, he was accompanied by his son Charles, who fell out with the host's nephew at play and got something of a dusting. Carlyle regarded these and all such tales with disfavor, but I do not know why we should be impatient of them. The kidnapping of an infant by a large monkey in an English country house is an incident not readily invented, and we know that royal visits to Hinchingbrooke were frequent, both Elizabeth and James taxing even the liberality that earned for Sir Henry the sobriquet of The Golden Knight, until a final visit of the latter sovereign left Sir Oliver's fortune in ruin. Robert Cromwell's family were likely to be guests of his brother on such an occasion, and there is no reason why his children, Oliver among them, should not have met the young prince and even have squabbled with him and among themselves on a hot afternoon. . . .

On April 23rd of that year {1616} Oliver Cromwell was entered as a Fellow Commoner of Sidney-Sussex College. On the same day Shakespeare died at Stratford-on-Avon. What Oliver did or learnt at Cambridge nobody thought it worth while to record, as, indeed, why should they of a youth in no way distinguishable from a hundred others? For however much or little we know of his early years, and as may already be divined it is mostly little, there is no hint anywhere that he was marked out for future greatness. . . .

> TO us, who can share the passions and dangers of those days only in imagination, to whom the liberties then at stake seem a natural and easy inheritance, the execution of a King appears as an event of tragic horror. But at the time the events necessitating the tragedy were even more shocking. It is difficult for us to hear Cromwell saying, "We will cut off his head with the crown upon it," without wincing as at a cold brutality; but unless we overcome the difficulty, we must miss the meaning of Cromwell and Puritanism altogether. We have to realize that the words were said from the white heat of a soul that had struggled out of the toils of a triple betrayal. And it was not merely Oliver Cromwell's soul, but England's.
>
> -John Drinkwater

Nothing, indeed, is more impressive in the story that we have to tell than the lateness with which this most notable flowering of the English genius in action was accomplished. Little by little as his years advanced from youth, Cromwell matured in interests beyond those of his own few acres, but for long there was no sign that this amounted to anything more than the growing sense of responsibility that comes to any man with a homestead and a family to tend. Between the years 1621 and 1638 his wife bore him nine children, five sons and four daughters, of whom all but two boys lived to maturity. Until 1628 we get but dim and fugitive suggestions of contact with him; hardly indeed so much. A local doctor left it on record that he had often to attend Mr. Cromwell, who, as it seems, would get uncommonly low in his mind and think that his end was approaching, also being given to hallucinations or visions of some Wrath or another that frequented the town cross of a night. . . . There is no doubt that as Cromwell came fully into

manhood his life was more and more governed by the religious habit that he inherited from his family and that was daily gathering momentum throughout England. . . .

That in the time to come the Puritans became heady like other people in success and fell into extravagant follies in denial of their own gospel, does not alter the fact that these were at worst the lamentable defects of a temper that in its proper character was represented by the Petition of Right. Every great constructive movement in history has to bear the odium of excesses committed by its own "lunatic fringe," and before the Puritan revolution had been accomplished it had some rather ugly scores to its debit account. But many cheerful censors of obvious crudities in the later Puritan reign forget that they would have had very much less reason in our modern world to be cheerful at all if Cromwell and his fellows had not once fought a despotic throne with an equal determination to serve God and keep their powder dry. . . .

Moderation in Charles and his council during the years 1630 to 1635 might have altered the whole course of English history and have left us today with institutions such as our minds can hardly conceive. But moderation was unknown to them, and by follies that could be cured only by reforms as violent as they were profound, they made the Puritan Revolution inevitable.

Large numbers of Puritans, hopeless of repairing their condition in England, were emigrating to the New World. It is said that Hampden and Cromwell were themselves preparing to follow this example, had, indeed, actually embarked, when an order of the King in Council forbade any man to leave the country without express warrant, and their ship was prevented from sailing. And so, with incomparable irony of circumstance, Oliver Cromwell was forcibly detained to do his work in England by King Charles's intervention. . . .

Oliver Cromwell was, in a very special sense, the product of his age, a Representative Man. His was no remote and lonely genius, patiently bringing to maturity the fruits of its own speculation, satisfied in the pursuit of truth that others might or might not see. Nor was his career inspired by the personal desire for eminence, the zest for directing vast energies with reference to no particular purpose, the joy of subjecting empires to his power and caprice. He was neither poet nor adventurer. In his public life, by which he is remembered, while he gave official employment to Milton, whom he revered, he was as incapable of emulating Milton's sublime detachments, as he was of sharing such restless ambitions as those that made and broke Napoleon, whom he would have despised. Cromwell was the commanding symbol in action of specific necessities at a specific time. He did not make the Puritan revolution, but was its most significant expression. He used no ingenuity to contrive the conditions under which he came into the world's notice, but was himself an effect of those conditions as he was in the end their chief instrument. If Charles and Wentworth and Laud had been able

THE EVENING STAR

See how her body pants and glows,
See how she shakes her silver wings!
Ten thousand stars, and more, are mute,
And she, and she alone, that sings.

Ten thousand stars, and more, are mute,
All listening in the quiet sky,
While that bright star sings wildly there,
And happy they hear more than I.

Bring me my strange invention now,
That I may sit at home in ease
And have fresh music brought by air
From towns beyond our curly seas.

In vain, in vain; the power to hear
The music of those heavenly spheres
Is but a wild, fantastic dream—
But who can read the unborn years?

—W. H. Davies in *A Poet's Calendar*, by permission of Jonathan Cape (London)

and willing to compromise with the spirit that they so continually incited to revolt, it is almost certain that Cromwell would have remained an obscure farmer taking an inconspicuous place in public affairs. It was only when the principles for which he stood as the private member of a party were in the last extremity of danger, that he began to assert his unequalled powers of leadership. For unequalled, in the sense that they knew no reverses, they were. At the assembling of the Long Parliament he was a man of forty, with no more experience of statesmanship than had been afforded by three brief sessions at Westminster in the political ranks, with his gift for organization tried only by the management of a few farm hands, a small estate, and his colleagues on local committees, and with no practical knowledge whatever of arms. Within less than ten years he had translated the conscience of a people into terms of terrible but disciplined authority, was directing the national diplomacy, and had led an army of his own making through a succession of desperate campaigns without once suffering defeat. All this he accomplished directly as the representative Puritan. It is, therefore, impossible to dissociate him at any moment of his story from the beliefs and passions and circumstances upon which Puritanism was founded. It was in the personal example of Cromwell that the movement achieved its most coherent mastery, but without the movement Cromwell could have had no meaning....

Another consideration to be remembered always in approaching Cromwell, is that first and last he was a man of action. Capable as he was of deep intellectual reserve, hungry for lonely communings of the spirit, and often weary of the conflict that gave him no respite, his life, once he had forsaken the quiet of his farms, was one of turbulent and incessant doing. Violent and incalculable political crises, necessitating ever fresh improvization and renewed tenacity, in themselves kept the string sufficiently taut. But Cromwell was not only a chief participator in these; he conceived a new army model, turned recruiting officer, raised one of the most efficient fighting forces known to military history, made himself a master of strategy and tactics, and himself fought in command from one victorious field to another. Utterly insensible to the appeal of conquest for its own sake, and profoundly inspired by an ideal, he was yet called upon to vindicate it in years of unremitting action. It is by action, at Westminster, under arms, in council, and finally as the executive head of the state, that the whole definition of his character is governed. . . .

The Scotch War, arising out of circumstances that necessitated Cromwell's return from Ireland, throws no new light on his character, but touches his military character with its last strong note of genius. . . .

On September 3rd {1650}, a year and a day after his fateful appearance before Drogheda, he engaged the army of the Covenant at Dunbar. He had eleven thousand men, very precariously situated; the Scots had twenty-two thousand, deployed on chosen ground, and with ample lines of communication, Cromwell's being cut off. At six o'clock in the morning, hoping to snatch an advantage by not waiting to be attacked, Oliver moved his whole force into action, his word for the day being "The Lord of Hosts." Within an hour the Puritan arms had achieved one of the most astounding victories known to the chronicles of war. The Scotch army became a total rout, scattered in a pursuit of eight miles. Three thousand were killed, and ten thousand prisoners were taken, together with the entire baggage and artillery. And then, in Cromwell's despatch to the Speaker, comes the amazing passage, "I do not believe we have lost twenty men."...

Through the winter of 1650–51 Cromwell spent his time and his eloquence attempting to convince the Scots who had fought by his side at Marston Moor that their allegiance with the house of Stuart was a monstrous folly. But, speaking in the name of England, he would have none of their Covenant, and short of that they would listen to no proposals. . . .

In July 1651 the Scotch army, reorgan-

ized and nominally commanded by Charles, was again broken by Cromwell, this time at Inverkeithing, and the young prince with such salvage as he could collect resolved on the last desperate expedient of marching into England in the hope that his presence would rally the Royalists there to some effective strength. Cromwell, leaving Monk to do what remained to be done in Scotland, followed at high speed, and on the first anniversary of Dunbar the Ironsides fought their last battle, in the streets of Worcester. The result was decisive, and now the Kirk and Royalism knew that it was decisive. Charles escaped to France. And to "the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England" Cromwell wrote, "It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy." We may recall his words to Hampden after Edgehill, now nearly ten years ago. Never, perhaps, has such a boast as they implied been so magnificently justified. He had been through five campaigns with an army of his own making, had fought innumerable skirmishes and at last six capital actions, had never once been put to terms, and now his soldiering was done. . . .

It was perfectly plain to any candid observer that the government of the country was in fact no longer conducted from Westminster at all, but from the headquarters of Cromwell's army. Oliver himself could very truly protest that he did not desire this—"I have not sought these things." He was far too clear-headed and clear-souled a patriot to trifle in his mind for a moment with the situation. So long as there were battles still to be won, Parliament could do little but watch and wait, but now that the last battle was over Cromwell knew well enough that there could be no hope of a settlement in the country until the real authority had passed back again from the army to the Commons. . . .

Business of first importance was Church government. In this he was flatly for toleration, but anarchy was another matter. In the worship of God, men and their ministers might enjoy almost any latitude, but sedition, atheism, political jobbery and Royalist propaganda promoted under the cover of such worship had to be discountenanced. He appointed a Commission of laymen and divines, representative of many sects in its constitution, whom anyone holding a living or collecting tithes had to satisfy as to his *bona fides.* Even Oliver's adversaries were compelled to admit that his Church Ordinance was a rational one, that his commissioners were well chosen, and that they really did purge the ministry of much rottenness. Many other profitable ordinances also he issued, most of them directed towards an efficient civil service. . . .

During this time Oliver left his lodgings in the Cockpit, Westminster, and moved into official quarters at Whitehall. At week-ends, business permitting, he went down to Hampden Court with his family, leaving his mother, now well over ninety years of age, to the tenderest care he could find until his return. . . .

On the 20th {August, 1658}, George Fox, the Quaker, saw him riding in Hampton Park, and "before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his Lifeguard, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him." Four days later Oliver was with difficulty taken back to Whitehall, in a high fever. A strange hush fell over the country as for ten days he fought for his life. But the reserves were spent. He talked fitfully of the succession, rallied a little now and then, uttered incoherent scraps of prayer. "Lord, teach those who look too much on Thy instruments, to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy People too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer, even for Jesus Christ's sake." And then, as though in a word remembered from his mother's deathbed, "And give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen." On Friday, September 3rd, 1658, the anniversary of Dunbar and Worcester, his "Fortunate Day," as he liked to call it, between three and four in the afternoon, he died.—From John Drinkwater's *Oliver Cromwell,* by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company

How Shakespeare Died—Told in a Diary

THAT William Shakespeare "died of a feavour" because he drank too much, was revealed in a manuscript, diary and "commonplace book" kept by the Rev. John Ward, vicar of Stratford-on-Avon from 1662 to 1681, which was sold by the London Medical Society for $50,000 the other day to an American bibliophile, Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach. The diary consists of sixteen thick little books. In the one which was "begun Feb. 14, 1661, and finished April 25, 1663, at Mr. Brook's House in Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire," the following entry occurs:

"Shakespear, Drayton and Ben Johnson had a merry meeting, and itt seems, drank too hard, for Shakespear died of a feavour there contracted."

Shakespeare was buried in the chancel of Stratford Church, April 25, 1616. Rev. John Ward, the diarist, rests near the north wall of the chancel. How his diary came into possession of the Medical Society a century or more ago is not known.

BESIDES the historic entry concerning the death of William Shakespeare as the result of a "merry meeting" with his fellow dramatists Michael Drayton and Ben Jonson, at which Shakespeare "drank too hard," there are five other references to the great dramatist in the diary of the Rev. John Ward, making it one of the most important of the very few sources of information on Shakespeare's later life at Stratford. Three of the five references occur in the 1661-1663 book, including the one containing the allusion to his death. In modernized spelling these three are as follows:

"Shakespeare had but two daughters, one whereof Mr. Hall, the phsyician, married, and by her had one daughter, to wit, the Lady Barnard of Abingdon."

"I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for that had an allowance so large that he spent at the rate of £1,000 a year, as I have heard."

"Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays and be versed in them, that I may not be ignorant in that matter."

Two references which are known to exist in the other books, are intended as mere reminders for the writer's own use:

"Whether Dr. Heylin does well, in reckoning up the dramatic poets which have been famous in England, to omit Shakespeare."

"A letter to my brother, to see Mrs. Queeny, to send for Tom Smith for the acknowledgment."

"Mrs. Queeny" is thought by Shakespearean authorities to be Judith Quiney, Shakespeare's younger daughter who died at Stratford on Feb. 9, 1662, in her seventy-seventh year. This entry occurs in one of the earlier books of the diary which in its entirety ranges from 1648 to 1679 and covers the entire period during which the Rev. Mr. Ward was vicar at Stratford. His brother, the Rev. Thomas Ward, was rector of Stow-on-the-Wold in Gloucestershire during most of that

THERE is no true nobility except the nobility of intellect, and in the course of years the princes choose their great men from among these noblemen. The nobility of Denmark are Tordenskjold, Bartholin, Griffenfeldt, Tycho Brahe, Orsted, Thorwaldsen.

The nobility of the world are the potter's son Themistocles, the tailor apprentice Tordenskjold, the tenement-dweller's boy Thorwaldsen. Most of the born noblemen are but the shield-bearers for the nobility of genius. They are only stage viands, without juice or strength.

—From Hans Christian Andersen's recently published private notebook.

time, and the "Mrs. Queeny" entry is taken as an indication that he had written his brother asking him to go and see Mrs. Quiney "to send for Tom Smith for the acknowledgment," namely, for some legal paper.

Whether there are further references either to Shakespeare himself or any of his family in the diary, is not certain. The late Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith made an examination of the diary for the New Shakespeare Society's *Shakespeare Allusion Book,* and, as far as is known, no other examination of its very miscellaneous contents has been made by any Shakespearean scholar.

The diary has never been published in full, although its general notes, its medical prescriptions, its theological and historical jottings and its gossip on all sorts of topics would seem to lift it into the same class as *Pepys's Diary.*

As Shakespeare died at Stratford on April 23, 1616, and the first book of the Ward diary does not begin until 1648, Ward did not write as a personal acquaintance of Shakespeare. He might well, however, have known many people at Stratford who had come in contact with Shakespeare and his interest in the poet was certainly more than casual; for he is known to have possessed a copy of the folio edition of the plays {which issue is not clear} with the autograph "W. Shakespeare" written on a slip of paper and pasted in.

Like most country parsons of his time he was something of a doctor and at Oxford had studied medicine as well as theology. He seems to have held the view that a man who practiced the cure of souls should be able to practice a cure of bodies as well. "Remember," he writes in his diary, "that I study such diseases as are peculiar to women and children, and furnish myself so as to be ready at them when I come to the country."

The range of Ward's interests was still wider, for it is known to have embraced even "Arabic and Saxon, with a further perfection in the Hebrew tongue." He was also a man of considerable mental endowment and character.

Nothing was too small for Ward to note in his diary. Time being of no moment, he committed to its pages small gossip as well as the more momentous events in which he took part. And so what is said to be the only description the world possesses of the manner in which Shakespeare died is jotted down in the diary, along with inconsequential bits of talk with all sorts and conditions of people.—London *Times*

EACH of us who is alive now should live to be 140 years old. It is the span of life which nature intended us to enjoy. An animal such as the sheep, dog, horse, lives normally seven times the number of years required for it to attain maturity. A human being is matured at twenty. Nature intended us to live seven times that age. The fact that some men have been able to reach and even surpass the age of 120 years, and have then died of disease, proves that the human organism possesses possibilities of life enabling it to surpass this score.

I do not say that death can be abolished. I do say that it can be postponed, and for many years. Men and women of seventy or eighty years have been restored to the strength, even to the appearance, of youth. The life of a sheep, which lasts at the very most only fourteen years, has been extended to twenty-one, and at twenty-one the animal was in every way, including its appearance, like a sheep of five or six years. To add seven years to the life of a sheep is to add, comparatively, a very long period. A sheep at the age of twelve is like a man at the age of ninety. If all this can be done for an animal, it can be done for a human being.—Dr. Serge Voronoff, of Paris, famous gland specialist.

A commercial traveller held up in Orkney by a storm wired to his firm in Aberdeen, "Marooned by storm. Wire instructions."

They replied, "Start summer holidays as from yesterday."—London *Tit-Bits*

The Strange Case of Aubrey Beardsley

ABOUT the mid-July of 1894, a bust of Keats had been unveiled in Hampstead Church—the gift of the American admirers of the dead poet, who had been born to a livery-stable keeper at the Swan and Hoop on the Pavement at Finsbury a hundred years gone by—and there had foregathered within the church on the hill for the occasion the literary and artistic world of the 'nineties. As the congregation came pouring out of the church doors, a slender, gaunt young man broke away from the throng, and hurrying across the graveyard, stumbled and lurched awkwardly over the green mounds of the sleeping dead. This stooping, dandified being was evidently intent on taking a short-cut out of God's acre. There was something strangely fantastic in the ungainly efforts at a dignified wayfaring over the mound-encumbered ground by the loose-limbed lank figure so immaculately dressed in black cut-away coat and silk hat, who carried his lemon-yellow kid gloves in his long white hands, his lean wrists showing naked beyond his cuffs, his pallid cadaverous face grimly set on avoiding falling over the embarrassing mounds that tripped his feet. He took off his hat to some lady who called to him, showing his "tortoise-shell" colored hair, smoothed down and plastered over his forehead in a "quiff" almost to his eyes—then he stumbled on again. He stooped and stumbled so much and so awkwardly . . . that I judged him short-sighted; but was mistaken—he was fighting for breath. It was Aubrey Beardsley. . . .

As young Beardsley that day stumbled amongst the mounds of the dead, so was his life's journey thenceforth to be—one long struggle to crawl out of the graveyard and away from the open grave that yawned for him by day and by night. He was to feel himself being dragged back to it again and again by unseen hands—was to spend his strength in the frantic struggle to escape—he was to get almost out of sight of the green mounds of the dead for a sunny day or two only to find himself drawn back by the clammy hand of the Reaper to the edge of the open grave again. . . .

> BEARDSLEY knew he was a doomed man even on the threshold of manhood, and he strove with feverish intensity to get a lifetime into each twelvemonth. He knew that for him there would be few tomorrows—he knew that he had but a little while to which to look forward, and had best live his life today. And he lived it like one possessed.
>
> —Haldane Macfall

And we, who are spellbound by the superb creations of his imagination that were about to be poured forth throughout two or three years of this agony, ought to realize that Beardsley wrought these blithe and lyrical things between the terrors of a constant fight for life, for the very breath of his body, with the gaunt lord of death. We ought to realize that even as Beardsley by light of his candles, created his art, the skeleton leered like an evil ghoul out of the shadows of his room. For, realizing that, one turns with added amazement to the gaiety and charm of *The Rape of the Lock*. . . .

It is well to keep in mind that the winter of 1891 closed down on Aubrey Beardsley in a middle-class home in Pimlico, knowing no one of note or consequence except Burne-Jones. His hand's skill was halting and his craftsmanship hesitant and but taking root in a feeling for line and design; but the advance is so marked that he was clearly working hard at self-development. It was as the year ran out, some six months after the summer that had brought hope and life to Beardsley out of the grave that, at the Christmastide of 1891, Aymer Vallance,

one of the best-known members of the Morris group, went to call on the lonely youngster after disregarding for a year and a half the urgings of the Reverend C. G. Thornton, a parson who had known the boy when at Brighton school. Vallance found Beardsley one afternoon at Charlwood Street, his first Pimlico home, and came away wildly enthusiastic over the drawings that Beardsley showed him at his demand. It is to Vallance's credit and judgment that he then turned the lad's ambition towards becoming an artist by profession—an idea that up to this time Beardsley had not thought possible or practicable...

And Vallance, cheered by Burne-Jones's reception of the youth, now sought to clinch matters by bringing Beardsley at his most impressionable age into the charmed circle of William Morris. The generous soul of Vallance little understood Morris—or Beardsley; but his impulse was on all fours with his life-long devotion to the gifted boy's cause.

Before we eavesdrop at the William Morris meeting, let us rid ourselves of a few illusions that have gathered about Beardsley. First of all, Beardsley is on the edge of his twentieth birthday and has not made a drawing or shown a sign of anything but mediocre achievement. Next—and perhaps this is the most surprising as it is an interesting fact—Beardsley had scarcely, if indeed at all, seen a specimen of the Kelmscott books, their style, their decoration, or their content! . . .

Beardsley was not a thinker, not an intellectual man. He was a born artist to his long slender finger-tips; he sucked all the honey from art, whether fiction or drawing or decoration of any kind, with a feverish eagerness that made the world think that because he was wholly bookish, he was therefore intellectual. He was a pure artist in that he was concerned wholly with the emotions, with his feelings, with the impression that life or books made upon his senses. But he knew absolutely nothing of world questions. Beardsley knew and cared nothing for world affairs, knew and cared as much about deep social injustices or rights or struggles as a housemaid. They did not concern him, and he had but a yawn for such things. . . .

> IT is almost incredible that the hand that achieved Beardsley's master-work in pen line could have been the same that shows so dullard in his letters. . . .In them he reveals no slightest interest in the humanities, in the great questions that vex the age—he is concerned solely with his health or some business of his trade, or railway fares or what not. His very religious conversion shows him commonplace and childish. Of any great spiritual upheaval, of any vast vision into the immensities, of any pity for his struggling fellows, not a sign!
>
> —Haldane Macfall

However, Morris had frequently of late expressed to Vallance his troubled state in getting "suitable illustrations" for his Kelmscott books—he was particularly plagued about the reprint he was then anxious to produce —*Sidonia the Sorceress.* Vallance leaped at the chance of getting the opening for young Beardsley; and at once persuaded Beardsley to make a drawing, add it to his portfolio, and all being ready, on a fine Sunday afternoon in the early summer of 1892, his portfolio under his arm, Beardsley with Vallance made their way to Hammersmith and entered the gates of the great man. Morris received the young man courteously. But he was about to be asked to swallow a ridiculous pill. . . .

Vallance had evidently never thought of the utter unfitness of Beardsley's scratchy pen-drawn Japanesque grotesques for the Kelmscott Press; whilst Beardsley probably did not know what the Kelmscott Press meant. He was soon to know—and to achieve. Can one imagine a more fantastic act than taking

this drawing to show to Morris? Imagine how a trivial, cheap, very tentative weak line, in grotesque swirls and wriggles, of Sidonia the Sorceress with the black cat appealed to Morris, who was as serious about the "fat blacks" of his Kelmscott decorations as about his first-born! Remember that up to this time Beardsley had not attempted his strong black line with flat black masses. Morris would have been a fool to commission this young fellow for the work, judging him by his then achievement. Let us go much further, Beardsley himself would not have been sure of fulfilling it—far less any of his sponsors. And yet!—

> TO my mind there is nothing so depressing as a Gothic Cathedral. I hate to have the sun shut out by saints.
>
> —Aubrey Beardsley, statement made at the time he entered the Church of Rome

Could Morris but have drawn aside the curtain of the future a few narrow folds! Within a few days of that somewhat disheartening meeting of these two men, the young Beardsley was to be launching on a rival publication to the Kelmscott Press—he was to smash it to pieces and make a masterpiece of what the Kelmscott enthusiasm had never been able to lift above monotonous mechanism! The lad only had to brood awhile over a Kelmscott to beat it at every point—and Frederick Evans was about to give him the chance, and he was to beat it to a dull futility. Anything further removed from Beardsley's vision and essence than mediaevalism it would be hard to find; but when the problem was set him, he faced it; and it is a miracle that he made of it what he did. However, not a soul who had thus far seen his work, not one who was at Morris's house that Sunday afternoon, could foresee it. Morris least of all. Morris was too self-centred to foresee what this lank young lad from an insurance office meant to himself and all for which he stood in book illustration. Vallance, for all his personal affection and loyalty to Morris, was disappointed in that Morris failed to be aroused to any interest whatsoever over the drawings in Beardsley's portfolio. Morris went solemnly through the portfolio, thought little of the work, considered the features of the figures neither beautiful nor attractive, but probably trying to find *something* to praise, at last said "I see you have a feeling for draperies, and," he added fatuously, "I should advise you to cultivate it"—and so saying he dismissed the whole subject. The eager youth was bitterly disappointed; but it is only fair to Beardsley to say that he was wounded by being repulsed and "not liked," rather than that he was wounded about his drawings. It was a delightful trait in the man, his life long, that he was far more anxious for people to be friendly with him than to care for his drawings—he had no personal feeling whatsoever against anyone for disliking his work. The youth left the premises of William Morris with a fixed determination never to go there again—and he could never be induced to go. . .

William Morris was to die in the October of 1896, four years thereafter, but he was to live long enough to see the lad he envied outrival him in his "mediaeval fake"—find himself—and give to the world in *The Savoy* a series of decorations that have made his name immortal and placed his art amongst the supreme achievement of the ages, where William Morris's vaunted decorated printed page is become an elaborate boredom. . . .

IT was the publication of *The Yellow Book* in the mid-April of 1894 that at once thrust Beardsley into the public eye and beyond the narrow circle so far interested in him.

London Society was intensely literary and artistic in its interests, or at any rate its pose, in the early 'nineties. Every lady's drawing-room was sprinkled with the latest books—the well-to-do bought

pictures and wrangled over art. The leaders of Society prided themselves on their literary and artistic salons. As a snowfall turns London white in a night, so *The Yellow Book* littered the London drawing-rooms with gorgeous mustard as at the stroke of a magician's wand. It "caught on." And catching on, it carried Aubrey Beardsley on the crest of its wave of notoriety into a widespread and sudden vogue. After all, everything that was outstanding and remarkable about the book was Beardsley. *The Yellow Book* was soon the talk of the town, and Beardsley "awoke to find himself famous." *Punch* promptly caricatured his work; and soon he was himself caricatured by "Max" in the *Pall Mall Budget;* whilst the Oxford undergraduates were playing with Wierdsley Daubrey and the like. . . .

Now, a fantastically tragic fact of Beardsley's strange career—a fact that Max Beerbohm alone of all those who have written upon Beardsley has noticed—was the very brief period of the public interest in him. Beardsley arose to a universal fame at a bound—with *The Yellow Book;* he fell from the vogue with as giddy a suddenness. With the last number of *The Savoy* he had vanished from the public eye almost as though he had never been. The Press no longer recorded his doings; and his failure to keep the public interest with *The Savoy*, and all its superb achievement, left but a small literary and artistic coterie in London sufficiently interested in his doings to care or enquire whether he were alive or dead or sick or sorry, or even as to what new books he was producing. The *Book of Fifty Drawings* seemed to have written Finis to his career. . . .

So the Yuletide of 1897 came and went; and the New Year broke, with Beardsley dreaming restless dreams of further conquests.

In the early days of the New Year, the dying man's hopes were raised by the sight of "a famous Egyptologist who looks like a corpse, has looked like one for fourteen years, who is much worse than I am, & yet lives on and does things. My spirits have gone up immensely since I have known him." . . . But the middle of the month saw the cold north-east wind come down on Mentone, and it blew the flickering candle of Beardsley's life to its guttering. After the 25th of January he never again left his room. February sealed his fate. He took to his bed, from which he arose but fitfully, yet at least he was granted the inestimable boon of being able to read. The Egyptologist also took to his bed—a bad omen for Beardsley. By the end of February the poor plagued fellow had lost heart—he felt the grave deepening and could not summon the will any further to clamber out of it.

The sands in the hour-glass of Pierrot were running low. It was soon a fearful effort to use his beloved pen. Anxious to complete his designs and decorations for the *Volpone*, and remembering the pushing forward of the *Prospectus* that he had urged on the publisher, he had fallen back on the pencil—as the elaborately drawn *Initial* letters show—for each of the scenes in *Volpone*, employing pencil with the consummate tact and beauty of craftsmanship that had marked his pen line and his aquatintesques in line and wash. . . .But as his skilled fingers designed the new utterance to his eager spirit, the fragile body failed him—at last the unresponsive pencil fell from his bloodless fingers—his work was done.

As the young fellow lay a-dying on the 7th of March, nine days before he died he scribbled that last appeal from Mentone to his friend the publisher Leonard Smithers that he himself had put beyond that strange man's power to fulfil—even had he had the will—for "the written word remains," and, printed, is scattered to the four winds of heaven:

"Jesus is our Lord & Judge

"Dear Friend, I implore you to destroy all copies of Lysistrata & bad drawings. Show this to Pollitt and conjure him to do the same. By all that is holy—all obscene drawings.

Aubrey Beardsley.

In my death agony."

—From Haldane Macfall's *Aubrey Beardsley*, by permission of the author and of Simon & Schuster

JOHN SINGER SARGENT, R. A.

IN 1890 Sargent had a studio in New York in Twenty-third Street, and here he painted the picture of *Carmencita.* Carmencita was a Spanish dancer recently arrived from Europe and holding the public of New York enthralled by her beauty and sensational dancing. She consented to pose for Sargent. He soon found that he had undertaken a perilous sitter. She was a primitive and untutored creature, straight from the cabarets of Spain. Civilization had put few fetters about her. In mood she was wayward, now sullen and subdued, then breaking into tempests of anger and impatience, ready to smash anything that was to hand, or, again, sinking into an entirely childish readiness to be diverted or amused. She made no pretence of liking to have her portrait painted. She found posing intolerable. Movement was the essence of her existence, why forego it and be bored and insufferably constrained to please an artist and be recorded on canvas? Sargent had to exercise his ingenuity; "he used to paint his nose red to rivet her childish interest upon himself, and when the red nose failed he would fascinate her by eating his cigar. This performance was the dancer's delight."

Sargent was anxious that his friend Mrs. Jack Gardner should see this "bewilderingly superb creature," and asked if she would give a party to meet the Spanish dancer. "Could you," he wrote, "have her at your house? If so, might I go and see whether the floor or carpet would be good, and whether there is a chandelier against which she would have to break the head? It would have to be about twelve o'clock at night, after the performance." In the end the party was given by Mrs. Gardner at the studio of William Chase the painter, at Tenth Street, New York. The fee paid to Carmencita was 150 dollars. Mrs. de Glehn, then Miss Jane Emmett, was present with her sister, and has described the scene. Sargent, whom she had never seen before, was seated on the floor. The studio was dimly lighted; at the end of the room was just such a scene as he had represented in *El Jaleo.* Carmencita, a light thrown on her from below, now writhing like a serpent, now with an arrogant elegance, strutted the stage with a shadowy row of guitarists in the background strumming their heady Spanish music. She had arrived at the studio with her hair frizzled and her face loaded with powder and paint. Sargent, as her impresario for the occasion, smoothed her hair flat with a wet brush; he even applied a wash rag to her cosmetics. This was carrying the office of stage manager too far; she resented it and boiled over. Tact was then required to cool her down and induce her to dance, but her "scenes" were short-lived. Before she had danced many steps Mrs. de Glehn saw her throw a rose at her painter as he sat in the half-light on the floor. He picked it up, and from his buttonhole it ratified the peace.

The Rt. Honble.
Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman
31 Tite Street, Chelsea.

Dear Sir Henry,

I deeply appreciate your willingness to propose my name for the high honor to which you refer {a Knighthood}, but I hold it as one to which I have no right to aspire as I am not one of His Majesty's Subjects but an American Citizen.

Believe me,
With very great respect,
John S. Sargent.

Some years later Carmencita came to London, and Sargent gave a party at 31 Tite Street, at which she danced in his studio. She was now married to the leader of her guitar orchestra, living in lodgings in Bloomsbury and dancing for a large salary at one of the music halls. Mr. Jacomb Hood, who visited her, found her occupying, with her husband, a single bed-sitting-room and

cooking together their meal on the fireplace; her portmanteau and one chair were the only seating accommodation. But she was no longer the Carmencita of New York. Time had abated her wildness, though not her beauty, and civilization had subdued the fire of her spirit, though not her grace—she was tamed—she danced at charity concerts, and in her steps she deferred to the standards of British conventionalities.

The picture painted by Sargent was exhibited at the Society of American Artists at New York in 1890, at the Royal Academy in 1891, and at the Exhibition of American Art in 1919, and it now hangs in the Luxembourg. Carmencita stands with her right foot advanced, her right arm akimbo, in a dress of orange, black and silver, a silk scarf falls across her breast and is tied at the left hip, on which her left hand rests. The attitude suggests a challenge to the guitarists to play, to the audience to applaud. She is balanced on her feet with all the lightness of an accomplished dancer, in a moment the orange skirt will swirl, and the lissom figure spring into vehement action. In no other picture by Sargent is the suggestion of suspended movement so direct and convincing. In the treatment of the dress there is a very definite reminder of Velasquez. The shimmer of silver, the notation of pattern, the suggestion of texture, the crispness of touch, are reminiscent of the portrait of Philip in the National Gallery. The dress rustles, the light plays in its folds, the whole figure is alert with vitality. If the pose verges on the theatrical, and the expression is wanting in the primitive emotions of *El Jaleo*, and if the tones of the flesh are less subtle than in some of his pictures, none the less it lives as a masterly expression of the artist's skill. Sargent himself expressed regret that he should be represented at the Luxembourg by this picture. When asked why, he said "After all, it is little more than a sketch."

When the picture was exhibited in New York an admirer offered £600. Sargent said to de Glehn: "I was unable to accept it as it had cost me more than that to paint." "Cost you more! how do you mean?" "Why, in bracelets and things." To such an extent had this capricious beauty to be coaxed before she would fulfil her promise to pose. . . .

> SARGENT had no business instinct whatever; he left the management of his affairs to others and was ignorant of the way they were conducted . . . . He read no newspapers; he had the sketchiest knowledge of current movements outside of art; his receptive credulity made him accept fabulous items of information without question. He would have been puzzled to answer if he were asked how nine-tenths of the population lived, he would have been dumfounded if asked how they were governed.
>
> —Evan Charteris, K. C.

Few artists have shown an equal ingenuity in the disposition of hands, in using them as elements in portraiture, and in varying their function in the composition. In his hundreds of portraits he rarely repeats himself. The hands he paints carry character to their finger-tips, they are vehicles of the spirit, pliant media of expression, conveying age and youth, nervous energy, resolution, delicate sensibility, or as plainly the dull opposites of these qualities. But in every case they are made to play a part as important as the eye or any feature of the face. It is only necessary to refer to the portraits of Theodore Roosevelt, John D. Rockefeller, Joseph Choate, Lord Wemyss, Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, Lady Sassoon, Mrs. Henry White, Miss Helen Dunham. In each of these portraits the hands *tell;* in some cases they are barely more than indicated, in some perhaps the drawing may be criticized, but in one and all they are alive with meaning. They are never formal, never conventional; they are in-

separable from the character of the sitter.

His criticisms were often trenchant. "That's not a head," he would say, "that's a collection of features." "That's not a shadow, that's a hole, there is light in the darkest shadow." But though often severe, he never discouraged. No one sought his advice, whether in painting or writing or music, without gaining some new stimulus to effort. He could disapprove without wounding, and condemn without disheartening. The self-indulgence which takes the form of telling home truths was unknown to him; he respected too much the sensibilities of others. He had the good manners which have their origin in the heart, the courtesy which springs from sympathy; and if he trod delicately it was because he had a fine instinct for what others felt. This made him an invaluable and helpful critic. He accepted people as they were, he had none of that shallow passion which desires to see them different. Where he saw an opportunity to encourage he took it. . . .

In personal appearance he was a striking figure. Standing over six feet in height, he maintained a remarkable uprightness of carriage, and, though in later years decidedly a heavy man, he was to the end of his life quick and emphatic in his movements. Advancing years had made his prominent grey-blue eyes more noticeable, but had done nothing to lessen the keenness with which they seemed to rake the field of vision. Great painters have usually been men of strong physique. Sargent appeared to escape the fatigues of more normal humanity; at the end of a long day's work his mind would be serene and cool, his temperament buoyant; he would show no sign of fag either in brain or limb.

His health was remarkable. Occasional attacks of influenza and a certain liability to sore throat alone disputed his seeming invulnerability. And as to his sore throats, he declared these were induced by his duties on the hanging Committee of the Royal Academy, which necessitated sitting many hours in a room while pictures were dragged across the floor, filling the air with particles of carpet. When asked to dinner by Sir George Henschel after one of these attacks, he wrote from Scheveningen:

I left London last Thursday and came to Holland because I cannot talk Dutch and so would hold my tongue and give my throat a chance. Here there is enough sea air to make it necessary to hold on to railings and lamp-posts, and I am regaining my voice slowly, but I know that if I talked for half an hour I should be dumb again for a week. If I came to your dinner my voice would be taken away with the fish.

His burly full-blooded aspect was deceptive: it gave no warrant of the diffidence and gentleness that lay beneath. A stranger would never have suspected that behind such alacrity and power was an almost morbid shrinking from notoriety and an invincible repulsion from public appearances. In this he presented a continual paradox. It was an engaging trait, and perhaps helped to preserve the freshness and delicacy of his perception, enabling him the better to estimate the sensibilities of others. . . .

There was a certain splendor about his personality, his dynamic energy, his largeness of outlook, his complete immunity from what was small or unworthy, as well as in the high simplicity and honor of his life. He hated pretensions and affectation, "that seal of mediocrity," whether in art or individuals. . . .

While his absorption in art was a passion, none the less he approached each problem with detachment, viewing its solution unemotionally and regarding his sitters with the level judgment of a man of science. Positive truth, selected and arranged to convey the essential, was his aim; if that was attained other things would follow. He held that if mystery, charm and poetry were treated as an end in themselves, they were sure to lead to mannerism and disaster. In conversation he allowed himself plenty of latitude; he could caricature and embroider amusingly; he was a good hand at "picking mirth from off rotten walls," and was all for a leaven of nonsense. His work [and he thought nothing of seven hard days

in the week} never unfitted him for enjoyment. He would arrive to the minute where he was due to dine, and no company but seemed richer for his presence; he was easy and mellow, and no one had fewer moods to air or antipathies to control. At all times he was natural, courteous and interested, droll with an edge, and ready to pursue whatever game was afoot, and keenly alive to everything that concerned his friends. . . .

Sargent read widely. In English prose, which he knew less well than French, he admired particularly Sir Thomas Browne, Smollet, Sterne, Swift, Defoe, Gibbon, Pater, Doughty's *Arabia Deserta,* Samuel Butler. He seldom read English novels, and he could never appreciate Dickens. He preferred French poetry to English. He had read and remembered a great deal of Shakespeare and Shelley, but he cared little for Keats, still less for Pope: on the latter point he was very positive. I never heard of his reading modern English verse, with the exception of Flecker, whose *Hassan* certainly gave him pleasure.

War poetry he refused to read, with the exception of Julian Grenfell's *Into Battle,* of which he wrote: "The verses are very fine and moving—there is something unusual in the sensation conveyed of *all* his perceptions, and all his sympathies being keyed up to a high pitch by something enormous that is behind the scenes." As a rule, what he liked in books was travel, adventure and strange personal experience. . . .

He loved writing that put before him definite images and portraits, such as Beckford's, Gobineau's and St. Simon's, and the wit and finish of Max Beerbohm's essays delighted him.

In April, 1925, he was once more due to start for America. He had shown no outward sign of ill-health. His friends had thought him tired, but he had been pursuing his ordinary life of unrestricted activity. For several days he had been engaged in his preparations, packing, lifting cases, and, in disregard of the protests of his friends, putting on himself a physical strain of much severity. On the evening of the 14th a few of his friends met at 10 Carlyle Mansions for a farewell dinner given by Miss Sargent. . . .

Sargent was in high spirits, he had dispatched to America the final instalment of his decorations for the Museum of Fine Arts and he was spending his last evening with his friends. He acted, as he always did at his sister's parties, as host. The party, as was the custom, broke up at 10.30. The guests said goodbye, with wishes for Sargent's speedy return; and then, after lingering a little with his sister, he drove away. It was his habit to read before going to sleep. When the maid knocked at his door on the morning of April 15, there was no answer: John Sargent was dead. Beside him lay an open volume of the *Dictionaire Philosophique* of Voltaire. His glasses had been pushed up over his brow; he had the aspect of one quietly sleeping. Death had come with soundless tread, "unexpected and unrecognized," as in January, 1905, he had written of his mother.—From the Hon. Evan Charteris's *John Sargent,* by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

CAN we be both scientific and religious? To ask this question is much like asking, "Can we be both mathematical and musical?" In both cases the answer is: "Yes, but not at the same moment, nor in the same sentence."

Can we have a precise description of our friend along with an affection for him? Can we know the geology of a countryside and likewise enjoy the scenery? Can we be accurate historians and yet have a philosophy of history, which one philosopher with a fine paradox called *scientia scientiarum?*

It used to be said: "The undevout astronomer is mad," and now the question posed is: "Can a good astronomer be devout?" The mere statement of these questions begins to make us suspect that the so-called opposition or conflict between science and religion is a false antithesis. Can we be both healthy and wealthy, or either, and yet wise?—Professor J. Arthur Thomson, in the *The Forum* {New York}

THE REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE

THIS graphic description of Alexander Selkirk, whose life and adventures furnished Daniel Defoe with material for his famous story of Robinson Crusoe, *is taken from Captain Woodes Rogers's* A Cruising Voyage Round the World, *recently reprinted, after being many years lost to the world.*

Captain Rogers sailed from Bristol, England, in the summer of 1708, in command of two privateers, The Duke *and* The Duchess. *He returned three years later, having circumnavigated the globe, captured prizes worth £170,000 and rescued Selkirk from the island of Juan Fernandez in the South Pacific. He thus picturesquely describes the life of Selkirk as the marooned sailor described it to him. Selkirk had been four years and four months on the island.*

HE had with him his Clothes and Bedding, with a Firelock; some Powder, Bullets, and Tobacco, a Hatchet, a Knife, a Kettle, a Bible, some practical Pieces, and his Mathematical Instruments and Books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could; but for the first eight months had much ado to bear up against Melancholy and the Terror of being left alone in such a desolate place.

He built two Hutts with Piemento Trees, covered them with long Grass, and lin'd them with the Skins of Goats, which he kill'd with his Gun as he wanted, so long as his Powder lasted, which was but a pound; and that being near spent he got fire by rubbing two sticks of Piemento Wood together upon his knee. In the lesser Hutt, at some distance from the other, he dress'd his Victuals, and in the larger he slept, and employ'd himself in reading; singing Psalms, and praying; so that he said he was a better Christian while he was in this Solitude than ever he was before, or than, he was afraid, he should ever be again. At first he never eat any thing till Hunger constrain'd him, partly for grief and partly for want of Bread and Salt; nor did he go to bed till he could watch no longer; the Piemento Wood, which burnt very clear, serv'd him both for Firing and Candle, and refresh'd him with its fragrant Smell.

He might have had Fish enough, but could not eat 'em for want of Salt, because they occassioned a Looseness; except Crawfish, which are there as large as our Lobsters, and very good: These he sometimes boiled, and at other times broil'd, as he did his Goats Flesh, of which he made a very good Broth, for they are not so rank as ours: he kept an Account of 500 that he kill'd while there, and caught as many more which he mark'd on the Ear and let go. When his Powder fail'd he took them by speed of foot. . . .

He came at last to relish his Meat well enough without Salt or Bread, and in the Season had plenty of good Turnips, which had been sow'd there by Captain Dampier's Men, and have now overspread some Acres of Ground. . . .

He soon wore out all his Shoes and Clothes by running thro the Woods; and at last being forc'd to shift without them, his feet became so hard, that he run every where without Annoyance: and it was some time before he could wear Shoes after we found him; for not being used to any so long, his Feet swell'd when he first came to wear 'em again.

After he had conquer'd his Melancholy, he diverted himself by cutting his Name on the Trees, and the Time of his being left and Continuance there. . .

At his first coming on board us, he had so much forgotten his Language for want of Use, that we could scarce understand him, for he seem'd to speak his words by halves.—Captain Woodes Rogers.

Arriving at school an hour late, Teddie was asked to explain.

"Well, we're going to have a little boy at our house," he announced triumphantly.

"A little boy? How do you know you are going to have a new brother?"

" 'Cause a year ago when mother was ill we had a little girl; and now father's ill!"—London *Tit-Bits*

J. M. Barrie Counsels the Rhodes Scholars

Sir James Matthew Barrie, the beloved Scottish author of Peter Pan *and other widely read works, thus whimsically addressed the graduating class of Rhodes scholars at Oxford University, in June, advising them how to chart their course through life. Incidentally, the will of the late Cecil John Rhodes, South African "empire builder," provided perpetually for 176 three-year scholarships, at Oxford. These include two from each State in the American Union. They command $1,500 a year each, and are intended to further the unity of the English-speaking peoples.*

A KINDLY soul once divided books into two kinds—those one likes to read and those that are very able. You young Rhodes scholars are surrounded tonight by people who are very able. But it is you we want to read—you unwritten ones. Now that the stage direction is, alas! "Exit William K. Brown"—that fascinating fellow, yourself {your interest in whom passes the love of woman}—what is to happen to you next?

"Chapter One. I depart from Oxford determined to make public duty my highest aim."

"Bravo! But how?"

"Chapter the Last. The result in my case."

Namely? Ah, Mr. Brown, how we wish we could guide you through the paper hoop; but we know as little as yourself what is being spun for you. Yet, the beginning of all you are to be already lies inside you—a little speck that is to grow while you sleep and while you are awake and that in the fulness of time, according to your control of it, is to be the making of you or to destroy you.

You will know a great deal more about the speck when you come back here years hence, not perhaps so bright as you are today, but I am sure all very able. "Education" is a noble word in Mr. Rhodes's conception of his fellowship. I can just remember the days in a little Scottish town, the only place I know that beats Oxford—I don't mean in games—where the weavers of all ages trudged on their shanks to distant St. Andrew's or Aberdeen in quest of the college bursaries. If they returned victorious they reappeared by day, but if they failed, hung about the outskirts until nightfall, then stole to their homes. Early next morning you heard them at their looms again, their teeth set and waiting for the next year. Dour times—dogged students—no Cecil Rhodes. But that speck was under control.

On the other hand, there was an old village superannuated school mistress who, before she slammed the door on her school for the last time, chalked on the blackboard this, her message to posterity: "Drat all education!" When one sees two jaded Oxford dons in earnest converse among the immemorial elms I wonder if they are ever saying that "Nobody has ever had to put on mourning because of me?" A proud summing up for the best of you if, after reflection, you can claim it.

But you will find you cannot. You will do things—have probably already done them—shady and ignoble things, dear Mr. Brown, that will mean mourning for the least of those who love you—or would if you were found out. I am not saying this to damp you, but rather as a comfort in case you have been reading the sort of biographies in which the hero is without a flaw. It may have given you a sinking feeling that you can never be like him. But you may be like him and in many cases it will be a mighty good thing for you to be as like him as you can. He is more neighborly now that you know he has the speck.

Of course, I am not speaking of up-to-date memoirs, in which there is a completely successful attempt to dig up the dead and twist a finger in their sockets. "Lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime." And they may bring us nearer to it. "And, departing, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time." I don't know that you should rollick in anticipation of that. Those footprints—even if

you achieve them—what will happen to them next? They will be carefully sliced off and sold at Christie's. On my soul, Brown, I believe you would be wiser—if it doesn't incommode you—to stop short of greatness.

"Chapter 18. I reach the summit." No, they sometimes fall off. To be very able and better. One place where immortals are never, never seen is the top of the table.

One hopes that you are leaving Oxford feeling, as the old saying has it, that red blood boils in your veins, that you hear a thousand nightingales, that you could eat all the elephants in Hindustan and pick your teeth with the spire of Strasburg Cathedral. That's the spirit. If to despise us helps in your enthusiasm, then, gentlemen, continue. Far worse than your scorning us beyond reason would be your not having a cheery belief that you can do better. If in firing at some of our performances you feel that the straightest line is through our bodies—still—fire. I only ask you to let Mr. Brown give the order. I am getting quite fond of that man. And so, goodbye and good fortune.

I suppose most of you are now going home along, as Mr. Hardy's rustics would say. I believe you will find—may be surprised to find—that your sojourn here has not perhaps made you know England and Europe better so much as it has made you know your own homelands better. Do not forget Oxford in clashing with us and the foreign nationalities on which Mr. Rhodes set so much store; Oxford, where you once sat out a dance with the evening star. If you are to be writers don't be roarers. Literary roarers—on their tubs—in the market place—thumping on their expanses. Go out to meet the mistress of the spindle not fearfully but with gay curiosity. Whether you are to be a mason and work in the edifice of Cecil Rhodes's imagination or thrown out as bad depends chiefly on character—and character depends chiefly on the speck.

We all seem to be touched by it and are perhaps sent into the world to decide for ourselves whether we are worth saving. Above all things, do not defer finding out what your particular speck is—for they vary very much—before it spreads. Mr. Brown, my dear, forgive me for posing. "I am the tomb of one shipwrecked, but sail thou on."—Sir James M. Barrie, addressing the Rhodes scholars at Oxford

THERE is no progress in literature. Tennyson is not greater than Homer, nor Proust greater than Montaigne, nor Strachey than Boswell. They are different. The march of literature is rhythmic rather than progressive. Will there grow up a mixed genre, something midway between biography and the novel?. . .

I have more faith in the prospects of such biographies than in the future of the pharmacist-biographer or the chemical-analyst-biologist turned biographer. I am told there were more nightingales in the neighborhood of Cambridge before some one let loose some Spanish owls. The owls have prospered to the detriment of the nightingales. Let us take care that the apparatus of science shall not be set down upon ground not laid out to receive it. To introduce into a natural environment things foreign to it is dangerous.

Whatever forms biography assumes it will always remain a difficult art. A well-written life will be always rarer than a well-spent one.—Andre Maurois, discussing biography and the novel, at Trinity College, Cambridge

SOME people are furious because scientists tell us we have descended from monkeys. I rather glory in it. It shows at least that we have got a move on since those days.

The fact that God, instead of making a set of manikins, has created man by a long process, which is not finished yet, is, instead of a weakness to our cause, a strength to it.

I look forward to the coming of the Kingdom of God, and the driving out of man all the ape, the swine, and the tiger.—The Bishop of Chelmsford, England

THE "DICTATOR" OF PERU

THE author of this article has traveled in five continents and has lived in strange cities from Toledo to Damascus, from Tyre and Sidon to Jerusalem and Fez, from Dallas, Texas, to Santiago de Chile and Lima.

To him, "Peru is undoubtedly the most astonishing symbol in a continent of stupendous riches—where a single State is larger than all Europe, another as big as the Indian Empire." Strange to say, this most romantic of all the old Spanish colonies has become the most practical. Peace and prosperity prevail. Foreign capital is pouring into the Land of the Incas. And this new Peru is the creation of one man—Don Augusto B. Leguia.

DON AUGUSTO B. LEGUIA is now for the third time President of Peru, and is absurdly miscalled a "dictator," because he insists upon public order as the condition precedent to any confidence or progress. He it is who is irrigating the dry lands on a vast scale. Public health and education, roads and railways, national defense, the embellishment of cities, the status of the Indians, agriculture and stock breeding, the fostering of industries—nothing has escaped the quenchless energy of this man, whose chosen and characteristic motto is *Hechos-no Palabras!*—"Let us put deeds before words!"

> THE refusal of the Americans to tolerate the overlordship of Europe stamps them as the representatives of the only race in the world which combines genius for State organization with a fierce love for freedom—a feeling hidden sometimes, but indestructible and breaking out with a force the greater the longer it has been suppressed. This is the essence of Democracy—a white ideal.
>
> —"Augur," in the London *Fortnightly Review*

There you have the man, whose genius at all points runs counter to the accepted Hispanic psyche. A business man, forced into the "Mother Hubbard" Treasury of Lima five and twenty years ago, Leguia today—at the age of sixty-three—spends fifteen hours at his desk, and can make appointments with me only "*A las doce de la noche*"—which is to say, that he and I converse in the small hours of the morning in that cosy sanctum of Pizarro's Palace—at the foot of whose broad marble stairway the ruthless discoverer of Peru was struck down by vengeful assassins nearly four hundred years ago. And down those same stairs Don Augusto B. Leguia, President of Peru, was dragged by desperate gunmen under Isaias de Pierola, during his first term of office. What living ruler has looked death in the eyes as this man has, again and again! Lynched for three terrible hours in 1909,—mobbed in 1912,—besieged in his home in 1913,—then cast into jail, only to be hurried at night down to the Pacific, and pitched out in a crazy little tug that tossed and toiled up that weird and lifeless coast, putting in at desert isles when storms threatened to engulf the frail little craft. After all that, five years' exile in London. Then a recall by the Peruvian people. A reentry into the Casa Pizarro. And one last attempt by the old gang to roast him alive in his palace with incendiary bombs in 1921, just when the special embassies of thirty nations were due to land at Callao for the centennial celebrations.

Who was the enemy? What was the motive for episodes too extravagant for any Western film ever designed for an unsophisticated audience? Leguia's enemies were the hereditary "owners" of Peru. Fantastic as it may seem to us, a few rich Creole families had in the course of years acquired such power that this

vast empire "belonged" to them. Its Presidents and Ministers were no more than pawns and tools in the running of a colossal "estate."

Into this monstrous order of things crashed a little insurance agent in 1903—a man of tough old Basque stock, whose people have lived in Peru for over two hundred years. He was nearly forty then, and loathed South American politics. But he loved Peru, and as a small boy had fought for her in the War of Invasion which Chile waged against her weaker neighbors. . . .

Small and slight in appearance, Don Augusto dresses beautifully, and has grace and fine manners, as well as a winning smile and a keen sense of humor. He is terribly plain-spoken; a marvellous judge of character, and an apostle of efficiency, such as delights the heart of every American business man who comes in contact with him.

Leguia hates heroics and pose. "Our four universities are all wrong," he declares bluntly. "They turn out poets and babblers, whereas the Peru of today cries aloud for *trained men of action!*" It is a stern realist who speaks here, with the wise voice of old Montaigne: *Nous sommes les gens de Maintenant!*—"We are the people of *Now!*"

Take the matter of roads—a Herculean task indeed amid the stupendous uplift of the Andes to 22,000 feet or more. Peru was hopeless without roads. Leguia would put a road before even a school as a potent factor in breaking up the isolation and stagnation of the Sierra world, which has already begun to amaze us all with its ultra-Inca treasures. All previous rulers of Peru have shirked road-building in these wilds, where the beast of burden is the llama. There was no money, and what money there was—well, it went the traditional way, in old, evil days.

"If we must conscript people for war," this strong man of sense argues, "let us do it mildly for peace and progress." The result was *la conscripcion vial*—calling out citizens for six or twelve days a year according to age to drive new roads in their district, with subsequent tolls for the upkeep: one *centavo* for a llama two for a burro, and so on by mules and cows, up to fifty *centavos* for a motor and eighty for a laden camion.

Local pride in these "social gatherings" of the Indians are transforming Peru. "The hour of common sense has struck," President Leguia remarked to me one night in the Palace of Pizarro, "when the urgent needs of the country must prevail over any personal interests or the call of selfish cliques."

This man, who has redeemed Peru single-handed, is a sign or portent of a new continent in a new and brighter day.—Ignatius Phayre, in *The North American Review*

KHADDAR is a native-made cloth woven on primitive looms from handspun yarn by unskilled, amateurish workers. It is coarse, stiff, full of knots and faults, and always looks dirty—yet there is a positive vogue for it, even wealthy natives taking a pride in garments made from it. For Khaddar represents in concrete form the slogan of the rapidly growing Nationalist party: "India for the Indians." Not a penny of the money spent on it leaves the country. He who wears it helps to feed India's starving millions, proclaims his country's independence, and shows himself a patriot of the first water. . . .

Khaddar is one of the weapons used by—and indeed invented by—Mahatma Gandhi in his fight against foreign rule in India. Half saint, half fanatic, and wholly patriot, Mahatma Gandhi now speaks, in his person and through the native Press, to the very hearts of India's educated classes. Non-cooperation is not dead in India because it is no longer talked. It has now reached the stage of silent and dangerous activity. . . .

Let Mr. Gandhi's missionaries once rope in the masses, and India will no longer be a poor buyer, she will be no buyer at all. . . .The blow is aimed not only at cotton. It is a definite attempt to ruin the market for all British goods.—Harcourt Robertson, in the London *Daily Dispatch*

THE PART MAGIC PLAYS IN ART

THE production of a work of art is, I believe, strictly the work of a visionary. Indeed, this seems so evident that it scarcely needs pointing out. Shakespeare, writing his *King Lear*, was evidently in some sort of a trance; for the production of such a work of art an entranced condition seems as essential as it was for Blake when he conversed with the Man who Built the Pyramids. To create *King Lear*, or to believe that you have held communion with some historic personage—those are much the same thing. The traditional romantic epithet for the poet—and all creators are equally poets—namely, "dreamer" {which subsequently became a term of belittlement or contempt on the lips of the romanticist for positive knowledge or the science-snob}, accurately describes all creative artists; though, of course, it need not apply, indeed could hardly do so, to the great number of practitioners of art who do not possess the essential qualifications of the artist.

If you say that creative art is a spell, a talisman, an incantation—that it is *magic*, in short, there, too, I believe you would be correctly describing it. That the artist uses and manipulates a supernatural power seems very likely.

The poet or philosopher in the non-religious Greek States occupied, we are told, much the same position as the priest or witch-doctor or magician in a more religious or superstitious community. It was for that reason that a poet or philosopher was held responsible for his slightest or most casual utterance in the way that he was. He was recognized as the custodian of the spiritual consciousness of the race. The productions of art assumed somewhat the role of sacred books in their functioning.

It is the appreciation of this *magical* quality in artistic expression—a recognition that the artist is tapping the supernatural sources and potentialities of our existence—that composes a good deal the attitude towards him and his creation that so often comes to light, and at some periods in a manner so unfavorable for his function. The artist is definitely, for the fanatical religionist, fabricating graven images, or tampering, in a secular manner, with sacred powers. . . .

For me art is the civilized *substitute* for magic; as philosophy is what, on a higher or more complex plane, takes the place of religion. . . . And though the artist is certainly not devoid of religious emotion, it is exercised personally, as it were; and he is in temper the opposite of the religionist. The man-of-science is another sort of transformed magician. He, too, is opposite in temper to the religionist. The truly scientific mind . . . is as "detached," as we say, as is the artist-mind.

From this point of view the true man-of-science and the artist are much more in the same boat than is generally understood. The sort of time that would produce a great flowering of art would be apt to produce similar ferments in science. . . .—From Wyndham Lewis's *Time and Western Man*, by permission of Harcourt, Brace & Company

ON EATERS OF LARKS

Dear Shelley, animate my verse
To fix a pestilential curse
On epicures with evil eyes
For holy singers of the skies!

COMPENSATION

Deep down below where angry water swirls,
The oyster turns its wounds to precious pearls;
And poets, when an unjust critic stings,
Perceive that Song has healing in its wings.

—Charles Dalmon, in the London *Spectator*

Victor Hugo, who was a mighty worker, often delivered himself to his friends of this sensible remark: "A little work is a bore, a great deal is a distraction."—Quoted by Anatole France, in *Prefaces, Introductions and Other Uncollected Papers*

Black and White Magic

THE writer, who has made a lifetime study of psychic phenomena and the art of illusion, attributes the well-known tricks of Indian fakirs to hypnotism. "The true magianism of the East," or white magic, she regards as a science.

She here recites an experience she had in the Monastery of Koyosan in Japan, when, after a visit of some days, she bade her host good-bye, and saw for the first time the phenomenon of dual existence. Another remarkable experience follows.

IN his usual corner of the temple-room sat my friend, a bundle of woollen creases, with equally crinkled skin and bone slumped vacantly inside it. He paid no attention to the shuffling of my stockinged feet on the mats or to my apologetic murmurs, and presently the novice who attended the guest-house plucked at my sleeve.

"He is not there," he said.

"What do you mean," I protested. "I can see him."

"No, it is not the teacher; it is only his body." He used a word which meant shell.

Together we went out into the garden, and while the youth, who looked as old as Time, explained the complete separation of body and mind achieved by study, asceticism and contemplation, I looked at the many-finned goldfishes swimming in a pool.

A minute later my priestly friend approached from the opposite direction to the room in which I had left him seated and to which there was only one entrance immediately behind me. The figure was normal and opaque, casting a shadow. Its robes fluttered around it, moving the plants as it passed.

"Look, the spirit of the teacher returns," said the novice, and beckoned me to enter the temple-room. The priest was now praying in his corner, and after he had finished his beads he spoke to us in a voice thin as reeds, monotonous as machinery. . . .

As I went down the mountain I decided my imagination had been playing tricks, but in the last eight years I have seen variations of the same phenomenon so often in Africa and Arabia that I am convinced it is a genuine separation of mind and body.

* * *

I had been in Yemen, in Western Arabia, and it happened that Telehdi was in contact with an Idrissi college there—the founder of this sect was educated at the Kairouin University in Fez—so my friendly Alim, generically named Sherif Mohamed, agreed to summon one of his Western Arabian compeers.

We were in a bare, empty yard, in August sunshine. My companion drew a pentagram in the dust, marked some hieroglyphics in it, and appeared to withdraw himself in contemplation. He took no notice of me as I huddled so close that I could touch his robes.

All at once there was a man sitting within the diagram. To say he "appeared suddenly" would not express the effect, for it seemed as if he'd always been there, though I had only just noticed him. There was nothing startling or frightening. He was rather pale and rather hot. I could see the sweat on his forehead under the veil worn by Yemen sherifs. He took off his sandals with the enormous woven and dyed grass straps familiar to Arabia, but unknown in Morocco. His costume was of Yemen striped cloth, and his face was the hairless, hollow-cheeked type of the original Arab stock.

For some time the Sherif Mohamed and his visitor talked in normal voices, but, while I could understand the first, the newcomer's words were incomprehensible to me. In fact, I cannot really be certain that I heard him talk. I received a normal impression of conversation, of the visitor fidgetting in the sunshine, of his emitting the Yemenese version of a sigh, and then I saw him wriggling his big toes back into the sandals. I noticed they were splayed and marked by the broad bands. After that he was gone, but again I had no impression of disappearance.—Rosita Forbes, in the London *Fortnightly Review*

A Diana of the Desert

WHEN Gertrude Bell, English woman diplomat-adventurer, romantically known as a Mystery Woman of the East and as a Diana of the Desert, died at Bagdad a year or so ago obituary notices credited her with being mainly responsible for placing upon the brow of King Faisal the crown of Iraq. Her letters, such as the accompanying, written to relatives and friends in England, are filled with the thrill of adventure, of which she was always in quest, and when she found it she knew how to describe it picturesquely.

PERSIAN GARDENS

ARE we the same people I wonder when all our surroundings, associations, acquaintances are changed? Here that which is me, which womanlike is an empty jar that the passerby fills at pleasure, is filled with such wine as in England I had never heard of, now the wine is more important than the jar when one is thirsty, therefore I conclude, cousin mine, that it is not the person who danced with you at Mansfield St. that writes to you today from Persia—Yet there are dregs, English sediments at the bottom of my sherbet, and perhaps they flavor it more than I think. Anyhow I remember you as a dear person in a former existence, whom I should like to drag into this one and to guide whose spiritual coming I will draw paths in ink. And others there are whom I remember yet not with regret but as one might remember people one knew when one was an inhabitant of Mars 20 centuries ago. How big the world is, how big and how wonderful. It comes to me as ridiculously presumptuous that I should dare to carry my little personality half across it and boldly attempt to measure with it things for which it has no table of measurements that can possibly apply. So under protest I write to you of Persia: I am not me, that is my only excuse. I am merely pouring out for you some of what I have received during the last two months.

Well in this country the men wear flowing robes of green and white and brown, the women lift the veil of a Raphael Madonna to look at you as you pass; wherever there is water a luxuriant vegetation springs up and where there is not there is nothing but stone and desert. Oh the desert round Teheran! miles and miles of it with nothing, *nothing* growing; ringed in with bleak bare mountains snow crowned and furrowed with the deep courses of torrents. I never knew what desert was till I came here; it is a very wonderful thing to see; and suddenly in the middle of it all, out of nothing, out of a little cold water, springs up a garden. Such a garden! trees, fountains, tanks, roses and a house in it, the houses which we heard of in fairy tales when we were little: inlaid with tiny slabs of looking-glass in lovely patterns, blue tiled, carpeted, echoing with the sound of running water and fountains. Here sits the enchanted prince, solemn, dignified, clothed in long robes. He comes down to meet you as you enter, his house is yours, his garden is yours, better still his tea and fruit are yours, so are his kalyans {but *I* think kalyans are a horrid form of smoke, they taste to me of charcoal and paint and nothing else}. By the grace of God your slave hopes that the health of your nobility is well? It is very well out of his great kindness. Will your magnificence carry itself on to this cushion? Your magnificence sits down and spends ten minutes in bandying florid compliments through an interpreter while ices are served and coffee, after which you ride home refreshed, charmed, and with many blessings on your fortunate head. And all the time your host was probably a perfect stranger into whose privacy you had forced yourself in this unblushing way. Ah, we have no hospitality in the west and no manners. I felt ashamed almost before the beggars in the street—they wear their rags with a better grace than I my most becoming habit, and *the* veils of the commonest women {now the veil

is the touchstone on which to try a woman's toilette} are far better put on than mine. A veil should fall from the top of your head to the soles of your feet, of that I feel convinced, and it should not be transparent.

Say, is it not rather refreshing to the spirit to lie in a hammock strung between the plane trees of a Persian garden and read the poems of Hafiz—in the original mark you!—out of a book curiously bound in stamped leather which you have bought in the bazaars. That is how I spend my mornings here; a stream murmurs past me which Zoroastrian gardeners guide with long handled spades into tiny sluices leading into the flower beds all around. The dictionary which is also in my hammock is not perhaps so poetic as the other attributes—let us hide it under our muslin petticoats!

This also is pleasant: to come in at 7 o'clock in the morning after a two hours' ride, hot and dusty, and find one's cold bath waiting for one scented with delicious rose water, and after it an excellent and longed for breakfast spread in a tent in the garden.

What else can I give you but fleeting impressions caught and hardened out of all knowing? I can tell you of a Persian merchant in whose garden, stretching all up the mountain side, we spent a long day, from dawn to sunset, breakfasting, lunching, teaing on nothing but Persian foods. He is noted for his hospitality; every evening parties of friends arrive unexpectedly; "he goes out, entertains them," said the Persian who told me about it, "spreads a banquet before them and relates to them stories half through the night. Then cushions are brought and carpeted mattresses and they lie down in one of the guest houses in the garden and sleep till dawn when they rise and repair to the bath in the village." Isn't it charmingly like the Arabian Nights! but that is the charm of it all and it has none of it changed; every day I meet our aged kalendars and ladies who I am sure have suits of swans' feathers laid up in a chest at home, and some time when I open a new jar of rose water I know that instead of a sweet smell, the great smoke of one of Suleiman's afreets will come out of its neck.

In the garden there are big deep tanks where in the evenings between tennis and dinner I often swim in the coldest of cold water. Before we left Teheran when it was too hot to sleep, I used to go out at dawn and swim under the shadow of the willows. We were very glad to leave Teheran though we liked the house there. It began to be very stuffy and airless; here, though we are only 6 miles away, there is always air, except perhaps between two and four in the afternoon when one generally sleeps. We are much higher up and much nearer the hills and all round us are watered fields where the corn is almost ripe for cutting. The joy of this climate! I don't think an English summer will be very nice after it.

I learn Persian, not with great energy, one does nothing with energy here. My teacher is a delightful old person with bright eyes and a white turban who knows so little French {French is our medium} that he can neither translate the poets to me nor explain any grammatical difficulties. But we get on admirably nevertheless and spend much of our time in long philosophic discussions carried on by me in French and by him in Persian. His point of view is very much that of an oriental Gibbon, though with this truly oriental distinction, that he would never dream of acknowledging in words or acts his scepticism to one of his own countrymen. It would be tacitly understood between them and their intercourse would be continued on the basis of perfect agreement. Now this is a great simplification and promotes, I should imagine, the best of good manners. . . .

AN ENTRANCING SIGHT

WADY Musa—at length we have arrived and it is worth all the long, long way. We descended to the village of Wady Musa where we hoped to get provisions. We rode on and soon got into the entrance of the defile which leads to

Petra. The Bab es Sik is a passage about half a mile long and in places not more than 8 ft. wide; the rocks rise on either side straight up 100 ft. or so, they are sandstone of the most exquisite red and sometimes almost arch overhead. The stream runs between filling all the path, though it used to flow through conduits and the road was paved; oleanders grew along the stream and here and there a sheaf of ivy hung down over the red rock. We went on in ecstasies until suddenly between the narrow opening of the rocks, we saw the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. Imagine a temple cut out of the solid rock, the charming facade supported on great Corinthian columns standing clear, soaring upwards to the very top of the cliff in the most exquisite proportions and carved with groups of figures almost as fresh as when the chisel left them—all this in the rose red rock, with the sun just touching it and making it look almost transparent. As we went on the gorge widened, on either side the cliffs were cut out into rock tombs of every shape and adorned in every manner, some standing, columned, in the rock, some clear with a pointed roof, some elaborate, some simple, some capped with pointed pyramids, many adorned with a curious form of stair high up over the doorway. . . . The gorge opened and brought us out into a kind of square between the cliffs with a rude cut theater in it and tombs on every side. We went on and got into a great open place, the cliffs widening out far on every side and leaving this kind of amphitheater strewn over with mounds of ruins. And here we camped under a row of the most elaborate tombs, three stories of pillars and cornices and the whole topped by a great funeral urn. They are extemely rococo, just like the kind of thing you see in a Venetian church above a seventeenth century Doge leaning on his elbow, but time has worn them and weather has stained the rock with exquisite colors—and, in short, I never liked Bernini so well! . . . It is like a fairy tale city, all pink and wonderful. The great paved roads stretch up to a ruined arch and vanish; a solid wall springs up some 6 ft. "A rose red city half as old as Time."

A GIPSY DANCE NEAR DAMASCUS

WE followed a Roman road, which runs straight over the tops of hills, to our camping place down in the valley. It is called Towaneh and was once a big town, the ruins of it stretch up on either side of the valley, but there is nothing now but a cluster of black tents a few hundred yards below us. I paid a call on some Arab ladies and watched them making a sort of sour cream cheese in a cauldron over their fire. They gave me some when it was done, we all ate it with our fingers, and then they made me coffee, and we drank it out of the same cup, and it was quite good. It was very difficult to understand them for their vocabulary is perfectly different from mine; however, we got along by keeping to simple subjects! These people are gipsies, some of them have just been dancing for me, round my camp fire. It was quite dark, with a tiny new moon, the fire of dry thorns flickered up—faded and flickered again and showed the circle of men crouching on the ground, their black and white cloaks wrapped round them and the woman in the middle dancing. She looked as though she had stepped out of an Egyptian fresco. She wore a long red gown bound round her waist with a dark blue cloth, and falling open in front to show a redder petticoat below. Round her forehead was another dark blue cloth bound tightly and falling in long ends down her back, her chin was covered by a white cloth drawn up round her ears and falling in folds to her waist and her lower lips tattooed with indigo! Her feet, in red leather shoes, scarcely moved but all her body danced and she swept a red handkerchief she held in one hand, round her head, and clasped her hands together in front of her impassive face. The men played a drum and a discordant fife and sang a monotonous song and clapped their hands and gradually she came nearer

and nearer to me, twisting her slender body till she dropped down on the heap of brushwood at my feet, and kneeling, her body still danced and her arms swayed and twisted round the mask-like face. She got up, and retreated again slowly, with downcast eyes, invoking blessings upon me at intervals, till at last I called her and gave her a couple of besklihs. Near Damascus is their home, and they are returning from Mecca.

THE RUINS OF PALMYRA

THE cold and the bright moon woke me at midnight and I roused all my people {with some difficulty!} and at one we were off. Again, you see, we had to reach our water as soon as possible after the sun, so that the animals might not suffer too much from thirst. We went on and on; the dawn came and the sun rose—the evening and the morning of the second day, but I seemed to have been riding since the beginning of time. At sunrise, far away in the distance, on top of one of a group of low hills, I saw the castle of Palmyra. We were still five hours away. They were long hours. Except Petra, Palmyra is the loveliest thing I have seen in this country, but five hours away. They were long hours. The wide plain gradually narrowed and we approached the W. belt of hills, rocky, broken and waterless. It's a fine approach, the hills forming a kind of gigantic avenue with a low range at the end behind which Palmyra stands, and the flat desert, very sandy here, running up to them. My horse was very tired and I was half dazed with sleep. As we drew near Palmyra, the hills were covered with the strangest buildings, great stone towers, four stories high, some more ruined and some less, standing together in groups or bordering the road. They are the famous Palmyrene tower tombs. At length we stood on the end of the col and looked over Palmyra. I wonder if the wide world presents a more singular landscape. It is a mass of columns, ranged into long avenues, grouped into temples, lying broken on the sand or pointing one long solitary finger to Heaven. Beyond them is the immense Temple of Baal; the modern town is built inside it and its rows of columns rise out of a mass of mud roofs. And beyond all is the desert, sand and white stretches of salt and sand again, with the dust clouds whirling over it and the Euphrates five days away. It looks like the white skeleton of a town, standing knee deep in the blown sand. We rode down to one of the two springs to which it owes its existence, a plentiful supply of the clearest water, but so much impregnated with sulphur that the whole world round it smells of sulphur. The horses drank eagerly, however, and we went on down a line of columns to the second spring which is much purer, though it, too, tastes strongly of sulphur. If you let it stand for 12 hours the taste almost goes away, but it remains flat and disagreeable, and I add some lemon juice to it before I drink it. It's very clean, which is a blessing. We pitched our tents by a charming temple in the very middle of the ruins—it was 10.30 before the mules came up, we having got in at 10. I was too sleepy to be very hungry, but someone brought a big bowl of milk and I ate sour bread and dibbis, while the brother of the Sheikh talked to me and the howling wind scattered the sand over us. There seems to be always a wind here; it was such a hurricane in the afternoon and evening that I thought my tent would go, but it held firm. What with one thing and another, it was 11.30 before I could retire and wash and go to bed, but I then slept most blissfully for a couple of hours; after which I had tea and received all the worthies of the town—the Mudir is an old Turk, who talks much less Arabic than I do—and when I had sent them away happy I walked out and down the street of columns into the Temple of the Sun—the town, I should say, for it is nearly all included within its enormous outer walls. The stone used here is a beautiful white limestone that looks like marble and weathers a golden yellow, like the Acropolis.—From *Letters of Gertrude Bell of Arabia,* edited by Lady Bell, by permission of Boni & Liveright

The Birth of Romantic Love

FEUDALISM and chivalry reached their culminating point about the twelfth century when they became a force equal to if not greater than that of Christianity itself in the shaping of convention and morality. Indeed, it would be more correct to say that they became the medium through which alone Christianity enforced any of its practical precepts. Let us see how women fared amid barons and knights and the odor of sanctified war. . . .In the first place, she had in many cases some rudiments of an education. She had probably spent many hours as a child with a tutor or in an amateurish sort of school where she had been taught to read. She could recite stories and romances, which she bought from itinerant minstrels; and when this is said, we must remember that her brothers were incapable of any such thing as reading. Such as it was, the woman's learning exceeded the man's. The Lady could, of course, sing a little, and accompany herself or others on the harp or the viol. She was an astronomer, so far at least as to know the constellations and the brighter stars and to be able to point out the Milky Way to her parents. She could play chess, though it is impossible to judge her standard; if she was capable of thinking one move ahead she was more advanced in this subject than ninety-nine out of a hundred of her grand-daughters today. She knew a little falconry and enough medicine to set a broken arm, to pound herbs with a pestle and mortar and to dress a wounded knight; and, of course, she could sew, weave and embroider, and repeat a few words of Latin, with a greater or less consciousness of their meaning.

This list of accomplishments is meager, but it far surpassed the proudest boast of the average knight; and it contained enough to set an occasional mind afire with vague desires. Probably a lady was as much better educated than a knight as an American woman is compared with an American man; and the effect in both cases was about the same: to raise timid doubts whether war in one case and business in the other is really the end of all things created.

> THE less mystery there is about sex the better for society, and that does not mean that there need be less reverence for the relationship between man and woman; it is surely not essential that one should be ignorant or have hallucinations about a thing to be reverent about it. —John Langdon-Davies

So much for the lady's mind. Her body is sophisticated, with traces of a Christian antisexual ideal. She has indeed a boyish figure, slender, narrow-waisted, with small breasts and low hips; and, above all, she is deathly white in color, "so white that February snow is less white than she; whiter than snow on ice, than snow in sunshine." This ideal has appeared at recurring intervals in women's history but on this occasion it did not go with the character of an ingenue; from this unformed body, supplied with what most would call an unformed mind, came a plentiful supply of worldly wisdom expressed in forcible and even coarse vocabulary. She was not expected to know as little about sex and physiology as might have been expected from her unemphatic body; she could take care of herself whenever she felt disposed to do so.

The age of chivalry is notable for the great lack of interest shown by the average young man in the opposite sex, but we would perhaps be less disposed to show surprise at this if we divested ourselves of our associations with the word "chivalry" and remembered that it has less to do with ladies and more to do with horses than people allow themselves to think. In the age of chivalry women were hardly considered as important as horses: save . . . as living titles

to landed property. Here is a conversation from a Chanson de Geste called *Girbers de Metz:* the daughter of Auseis sat one day at her window; there pass beneath two young men, Garin and Girbert: "Look, cousin Girbert, look. By Saint Mary, what a pretty girl!" "Ah, what a beautiful beast is my horse," Girbert answers without turning his head. "I have never seen so charming a girl, what beautiful coloring and dark eyes." "I know no charger fit to be compared with my horse," and so the two pass on. A little incident, but significant; for lack of interest breeds contempt. "They are ill-advised, those princes, who go and ask counsel in the women's quarters," is the logical outcome of a man's thought, if he begins by rating a young girl on a level with his horse. Indeed, the age of chivalry affords us some excellent examples of such contempt: take, for example, the incident in the Chanson de Geste called *Mort de Garin.* Blancheflor goes to her husband, the Emperor Pepin, and asks him to help the Lorrainers. "The king hears her, he grows enraged, he strikes her nose with his fist, four drops of blood fall from her and the Lady says: 'Thanks be to thee; when thou wilt, give me another blow.' " This is not isolated. Often enough the very words are repeated as if they were a formula.

In this same age of chivalry a woman who dared to counsel her husband was greeted with a closed fist on her face; but the chivalrous among us will be glad to hear that there were rules which ought to be obeyed in the matter. A husband may strike his wife with his fist on the face or on the back for adultery, or for contradicting him: by the thirteenth century manners had so far been softened that Beaumanour lays down that the beating of a wife should not be severer than is reasonable. . . .

"A trait peculiar to this epoch," writes Gautier in his *Social State of France During the Crusades,* "is the close resemblance between the manners of men and women. The rule that such and such feelings or acts are permitted to one sex and forbidden to the other was not firmly fixed. Men had a right to dissolve into tears, and women had a right to talk without prudery. . . .If we look at their intellectual level, the women appear distinctly superior. They are more serious, more subtle. With them we do not seem dealing with the rude state of civilization that their husbands belong to. . . .As a rule the women seem to have the habit of weighing their acts; of not yielding to momentary impressions. While the sense of Christianity is more developed in them than in their husbands on the other hand they show more perfidy and art in crime."

This estimate of women is what we should expect from the facts at which we have already glanced: arm a girl with a little ability to read and put her in a camp of warriors with no culture and a contempt for everything but swords and horses, and she will either be queen or she will increase her pent-up energy until she bursts the dams of convention and carves out a new stream-bed for herself. The current doctrine of the end of the earth is not that we shall cool down to a pale and ghostly dead moon-like world, but that the radio-active substance imprisoned in the solid depths will gradually increase in heat until about forty

> AMERICAN men have reached the stage where another interest excels their interest in women, and in this they resemble the knights of chivalry, who preferred horses and war to women, for they prefer cars and commerce to them. Just as war bored women with men in feudal days, so business is boring them with men in modern America; and just as troubadors came into vogue as a relief from knights in armor, so writers, lecturers and poets have their vogue today as a relief from men in offices.
>
> —John Langdon-Davies

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MORNING

From the Painting by Mrs. Dod Procter

This "noble painting of a sleeping girl is the outstanding picture of the year so far as the Royal Academy is concerned," states Frank Rutter, the art critic of the London Sunday Times. *"Looked at in detail, or in its entirety, this is a superb achievement, the greatness of which will probably be still more patent a hundred years hence than it is today."*

million years hence they will melt the foundations of continents and ocean and swamp land and sea alike in molten rock. It was very much the same with the women of the early middle ages; their intellectual energy was imprisoned in the thick leaden folds of feudal society until it increased in force and overflowed into new channels.

It was outside the law that superior women found one of their two escapes. Shocking as it may sound illicit love became an attraction for all those who were intellectually above the very restricted sphere of a feudal daughter, wife and mother. If we turn to Stendhal's classification of love and consider Passion Love, we have a thing compounded of mind and body; body alone entered into the married love of a girl wedded at twelve to her father's choice; when she grew to have a mind, she sometimes found herself attracted to a new choice of her own. It should not have been so, but it was so: we cannot hope to understand the history of women if we refuse on a priori grounds to believe it.

Of course there has always been a sort of nomadic affection born of boredom and the instability of human purpose; there has always been a roving tendency in the hearts of all men and women, undisciplined by religious, conventional or ethical considerations; but it is not of the gross results of this that we speak here. The phenomenon of which some notice is now to be taken was a refined, imaginative escape from the petty ties which were all that men chose for binding their women to themselves. It was the natural revolt of ardent women from the sort of young man who would not turn his eyes away from his horse to look at a woman, when that young man had grown to be their husband, the lord of their bodies, and, more important, of their lands.

We have seen how the Lady of the Castle, when still a young girl, bought romances from itinerant poets; she also listened to their recitations and learned from them quite another sort of love from the Philoprogenitive Love of her feudal barons. She found in time that there were men, noble, courteous, amusing, brave, who did not regard war as the object of existence, but rather love. Naturally she was capable of seeing that such a man was likely to exalt and serve her more whole-heartedly than the man who saw in her merely a title to lands, and, in daily life, a sort of sedentary camp follower. The troubadors, the first of whom was born about 1071, and the last of whom died about 1294, were not by any means cunning low fellows, hangers-on of courts and snappers-up of unconsidered trifles: twenty-three of them, including Richard I of England, were ruling princes. Guilhem IX, the first of them, was a Count in Poitiers and a Duke of Aquitaine, and "he knew well how to sing and make verses, and for a long time he roamed all through the land to deceive the ladies." Under their influence there grew up for the first time in the world's history that fusion of mind and body which has ever since been called after their language, Romantic Love, and which includes Stendhal's Passion Love and Gallant Love as well.

A remarkable result of this movement was the Court of Love, which, according to some old writers, became a common feature, especially in Provence. The

> GIBBON and Addison, to say nothing of Tertullian or Dr. Johnson, made idiots of themselves almost every time they mentioned the social relations of the sexes, simply because they did not know a line of sound biology. It was hardly their fault, since nobody knew anything about the nature of sex until this century in which we are living, but if these great men could make such fools of themselves, surely we also are not altogether free from a like danger, with less of an excuse!
>
> —John Langdon-Davies

Lady of the Castle, cramped by her feudal quarters, found in this institution a means to increase the poetry of existence and to exercise her faculties of imagination and creative poetry. Under a ruling judge, ladies gathered together and pronounced decrees upon the general theory of love, or gave judgments about specific points brought to their notice by individual lovers. Here is one such decree.

"Whether there can be love between married people.

"We pronounce and decree by the tenor of these presents, that love cannot extend its powers over two married persons; for lovers must grant everything mutually and gratuitously, the one to the other without being constrained thereunto by any motive of necessity; while husband and wife are bound by duty to agree to one with the other and deny each other nothing. Let this judgment, which we have passed with extreme caution and with the advice of a great number of other ladies, be held by you as the truth, unquestionable and unalterable.

"In the year 1174, the third day from the Calends of May."

The court which gave this remarkable decision was presided over by the Countess of Champagne; and her court, like all the others, was guided by a written Code of Love in thirty-one articles, which are so important that we will transcribe them in full.

TWELFTH CENTURY CODE OF LOVE

1. Marriage is no good excuse against loving.
2. Whoever cannot conceal a thing, cannot love.
3. No one can bind himself to two loves at once.
4. Love must always grow greater or grow less.
5. There is no savor in what a lover takes by force.
6. The male does not love until he has attained to complete manhood.
7. A widowhood of two years is prescribed to one lover for the other's death.
8. No one, without abundant reason, ought to be deprived of his own love.
9. No one can love unless urged thereto by the hope of being loved.
10. Love is always exiled from its dwelling by avarice.
11. It is not decent to love one whom one would be ashamed to marry.
12. The true lover does not desire embraces from any but the co-lover.
13. Love that is known publicly rarely lasts.
14. An easy conquest renders love despised, a difficult makes it desired.
15. Every lover turns pale in the sight of the co-lover.
16. The lover's heart trembles, at the unexpected sight of the co-lover.
17. A new love makes one quit the old.
18. Probity alone makes a man worthy of love.
19. If love lessens, it dies speedily and rarely regains health.
20. The man prone to love is always prone to fear.
21. Real jealousy always increases the worth of love.
22. Suspicion and the jealousy it kindles increase love's worth.
23. Whom thought of love plagues, eats less and sleeps less.
24. Whatever a lover does ends with thinking of the co-lover.
25. The true lover thinks naught good but what he believes pleases the co-lover.
26. Love can deny love nothing.
27. The lover cannot be satiated by the delights of the co-lover.
28. The least presumption compels the lover to suspect evil of the co-lover.
29. He is not wont to love, whom too much abundance of pleasure annoys.
30. The true lover is haunted by the co-lover's image unceasingly.
31. Nothing prevents one woman from being loved by two men, or one man by two women.

These documents may at first sight seem to the reader so shocking, or so extraordinary, that their true significance may escape him. They reveal, however, the very important fact that when, in any historical epoch, women have been able

to gather more intellectual pabulum than the men; when this intellectual pabulum has expanded their imaginations and their ambitions; they burst the bonds of their conventional sphere and create something new and surprising on their own. It is true that the Courts of Love, the very existence of which has been denied by some authors, could have affected only a very few women, just as Shakespeare could have affected the life and pocket of only a very few contemporary tradesmen, but in both cases the ripples have gone out from the central splash to unexpected edges of the pool of life. Poetry, which by suggestion regulates men's everyday loves and emotions, was deeply tinged by Provencal wit and imagination; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the ladies who conspired with the troubadors, invented a new relationship between women and men. And to those who say that this relationship, disguised and tricked out as it may have been, was usually only illicit love, one can only reply that even illicit love is a higher ideal than war, however that too is disguised in its turn.

Moreover, it is interesting to notice that women placed themselves on an absolute level with men in their Code of Love: this does not deal with lover and beloved, but with lover and co-lover; what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander. Again, consciously or unconsciously, women set themselves up as a power against the crudities of the orthodox Church, which knew a great deal about the Trinity but nothing whatever, naturally enough, about love, or the needs of women. If the Church showed itself so lacking in human values let it look out for itself. In *Aucassin and Nicolette* we read of the sort of people who go to heaven, and the sort of people who go to hell: "For into Paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now: thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars, and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into Paradise, with them have I naught to make. But into Hell would I fain go: for into Hell are the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men at arms, and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three and their lords also thereto. . . . With these would I gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolette, my sweet lady."

This, doubtless, is a scandalous and immoral sentiment; but it must be placed against the background of its time: Aucassin has been driven to revolt against law and order, and with them against Christian morality itself, by the alternative offered him, and in this revolt Nicolette is his willing and equal partner. The whole spirit of these men and ladies in revolt was born of the speech of Aucassin's father: "Son, this may not be. Let Nicolette go, a slave girl she is, out of a strange land, and the captain of this town bought her of the Saracens, and carried her hither, and hath reared her and let christen the maid, and took her for his daughter in God, and one day will find a young man for her, to win her bread honorably; herein hast thou nought to make or mend, but if a wife thou wilt have, I will give thee the daugher of a King, or a Count. There is no man so rich in France, but if thou desire his daughter, thou shalt have her."

The whole of that spirit, moreover, is epitomized in Aucassin's reply: "Faith! my father, tell me where is the place so high in all the world, that Nicolette, my sweet lady and love, would not grace it well? If she were Empress of Constantinople or of Germany, or Queen of France or England, it were little enough for her; so gentle is she and courteous, and debonair, and compact of all good qualities." In short, a woman was more estimable as a woman than as a landowner; when this was fully appreciated feudalism was doomed.—From John Langdon-Davies' *A Short History of Women*, by permission of the Viking Press

THIS INTRUSION OF WOMEN

IN this provocative article the Earl of Birkenhead, former Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, issues a vigorous and courageous challenge to the so-called new woman in her state of emancipation and "progress." Aside from the high offices he has held in English public life, Lord Birkenhead is the author of several volumes on jurisprudence and international law.

I HAVE never had any sympathy with the widely urged claim that men and women are equal and that, as a consequence, equal rights, equal opportunities and equal treatment should in every case be accorded them. Enough crimes have already been committed in the name of equality without an additional fabric of false judgment being built upon it. For in what sense can men and women be considered "equal"? . . .

Is it suggested that their physical strength is equal? Such a suggestion would be absurd.... It is a matter of universal knowledge that women are, in the main, neither so robust nor so powerful as the other sex. Indeed, it has been suggested that excessive muscular strength in a woman is likely to be a source rather of eventual illness than of health to her. . . .

The contention also that men and woman are intellectually equal carries no conviction. The words have no meaning. I have yet to meet two men who could be considered intellectually "equal." I have yet to meet two women who could be considered intellectually "equal." What does "equality" mean, used in this sense? . . . Those who make the claim mean, I presume, that given equal intellectual power—in itself an absurdity—any man and any woman will apply the same powers of reasoning to any given subject. But by general experience, this is plainly false. I do not, of course, intend to depreciate woman's mental equipment. As physically, so mentally, men and women are differently equipped. To man, on the whole, have been given the power of hard reasoning, the calculated imagination, the determination to get things done; to woman receptiveness to impressions, intuition, delicacy of intellectual resource. *Nature has not created man and woman equal. Rather has she made them mentally and physically, complementary.*

> THE sum total of human happiness, knowledge and achievement would have been almost unaffected if Sappho had never sung, if Joan of Arc had never fought, if Siddons had never played and if George Eliot had never written. At the same time, without the true functions of womanhood, faithfully discharged throughout the ages, the very existence of the race and the tenderest and most sacred influences which animate mankind would have disappeared.
>
> —Lord Birkenhead

I shall be told that it is useless to draw deductions from this view in the face of modern circumstances. I shall be told that, equal or opposite, woman has taken her place in the work of the world in competition with man, and that she is maintaining the entry she has made. I do not for one instant accept this. From what I have seen of the problem in practice, the successes gained by women have been by no means commensurate with the efforts expended by them. And in many directions I detect actual defeat. . . .

The feminists may urge that, however decisive the defeat of woman in the higher branches of industry, in some of the lower grades she has held her own. They may point, in one direction, to women employed in clerical duties, and again to those, usually of a different class, working on purely mechanical

tasks in factories. If this is a victory for the feminist, it is a Pyrrhic one. *Even a feminist must be aware that the reason, and the sole reason, why women have retained any hold on such posts is economic. They are permitted to do a man's work because they do it more cheaply.*

The reason why they are able to sell their labor at a lower price than men is not because they are naturally more thrifty and provident—though perhaps they are—but because women in general receive a measure of protection and assistance from modern society which is not accorded in like measure to the other sex. I naturally rule out exceptional cases of utter destitution, but, in general, laws and customs everywhere in Europe and America incline to the traditional view that it is the duty of the male sex to support the female.

To take only a few examples, a man in the majority of civilized states is legally bound to support his wife and children, even if {except for some gross fault in her} they are no longer living together. I have yet to learn of a case where a wife, no matter how wealthy, is compelled to support her husband, except in certain cases where he would otherwise become chargeable upon the State. Legal customs differ in other countries, but I am confident that there is no nation of established civilization and tradition where the scales are not tipped with more or less emphasis in favor of the female sex.

The employment of women in industry is a sign of a decline, not a rise, in their social status. While their work may in individual cases rejoice them with a sense of power and independence it is actually the severest possible blow to the power and standing of the sex as a whole. Every woman in industry who, by underselling her labor, deprives a man of his post, is making more difficult the setting up of a home by that man. This prevents some other woman from becoming mistress of his home and from exercizing the rights and privileges inseparable from that position. Any skilled dramatist could simplify the problem, after the custom of his craft, by presenting to us a study of a man and woman about to marry and applying, each without the other's knowledge, for the same post. If he secures it, the play ends happily. If she secures it, the social loss is clear. But this is what is actually happening on a large scale—in which, of course, such coincidences, can rarely, if ever, occur—all over the world....

> LORD BIRKENHEAD grants the existence of the exceptional woman. I grant him with equal suavity, the existence of the exceptional man. Both stand out. But neither prevents the existence of the great mass of good brains of both sexes, now doing important productive and intellectual work side by side without thought of sex differences. Innumerable women have won the silent rewards of industry in less conspicuous positions. . . .Taxation without representation, we were taught in our cradles, is tyranny. If we {women} pay for the running of this great State, whether our contributions be direct or indirect, we should have representation.
>
> —Frances Sherry

One need not anticipate that women will ever fill any but a small proportion of the higher posts in industry, commerce and finance. In this sphere the failure of woman is complete. I am aware that there is in every country a handful of women whose names might be mentioned against this judgment; they are always cited as very remarkable women, as no doubt they are. But they are certainly no more representative of their sex in industry than Joan of Arc was in battle. Curiously, the failure is most complete when these women occupying

high posts have been brought in contact with other women.

I am assured by those who have had personal experience that in the main no woman chief, however competent in herself, can command for any length of time the respect and obedience of subordinates of her own sex. They realize, instinctively perhaps, that there is an incongruity, a social absurdity, in her position, and they distrust her accordingly. Women managers of large concerns, women buyers in stores, women chiefs in the Civil Service—hardly any of them can count on performing their duties without unusual friction. *Ninety-nine women out of a hundred would rather work for a man than for a woman.*

In the professions, as might be expected, women are competing more successfully with men. In medicine, for example, women doctors have achieved great distinction to which they will certainly continue to add. The very nature of feminine ailments and feminine modesty makes the existence of women doctors not only desirable, but even essential for the development of medical service everywhere. I do not for one moment believe that women doctors will be called in to prescribe for male patients, but I am confident that they will be more and more in request by women. And yet here again the greatest obstacle with which women practitioners have had to contend is the doubt of their own sex as to their judgment and ability. . . .

There is one further consideration, not confined to her, to be taken into account in the case of a woman doctor. It must be difficult for a doctor who marries and has a family, to discharge the dual duties of housewife and doctor. Up to the present the entry of women into medicine has been too recent to raise the problem acutely, but it is undoubtedly very serious. Just as employers hesitate to raise women to high positions lest they should suddenly throw up their career at marriage, so also the medical authorities must sometimes hesitate to train, and patients to consult, women who may cease to practise when they marry or who may be temporarily incapacitated by the exigencies of child-bearing. We shall see that this matter arises in other connections also.

In scientific research work, for example, the more prudent professors hesitate to encourage women students, however brilliant, to assist them in their work. Nothing is more exasperating than to find a series of experiments broken off in the middle, and the continuity of research broken, because a valued assistant has deserted the laboratory for the nursery. . . .

Teaching is a profession in which women in all Western countries have rightly taken a large place in modern times. I regard this, like nursing, as a projection of the maternal instinct in every woman. If she has no children of her own to rear and teach, she offers society her services to instruct and educate its youth. Since no people has ever been generous in its grants to education, the very smallness of her salary is an additional asset for the woman teacher. But here too we must note the inevitable problem which arises with marriage. . . .

The entry of women into politics has been a more sensational feature of recent years. There is hardly an important country today where women do not exercise the privilege of the vote, whether or not on equal terms with men, and few where they have not the right to enter the legislative assemblies. When I recall the claims made by feminists a few years ago of the vast access of strength and wisdom to the councils of nations, which would follow the extension of the franchise to include women, I cannot but feel that there is reason for a certain disillusionment.

Political wisdom has not, I gather, been justified of its women. Nowhere is it possible to say that a nation has shown a great political advance by reason of the women's vote. On the contrary, I can call to mind legislation—liquor legislation in Norway, for example—which has largely owed its existence to its appeal to the woman voter, but which has proved a prodigious and recognized failure. But in general women have not shown them-

selves especially influential at the polls. They tend to vote in accordance with the views of their husbands, with the result that the electorate has vastly increased in numbers but altered little in character. In short, the extension of votes to women has made small difference to the world; it certainly has not in the least justified the vehement and often violent arguments of the pre-war woman suffragist....

The active appearance of women in the political arena has equally failed to bear out the prophecies of the feminists. At no time have they shown even the promise of ripe statesmanship....

The appearance of exceptional women in any sphere of life is not to be an argument for the whole sex. The existence of special cases necessitating special treatment—whether these be due to the unusual good-fortune or unusual ill-fortune of the women concerned—ought not to decide our views. *It would be a thousand times better if the economic conditions of the world were so adjusted that women in the main did not have to compete with men, and to try to earn their own living. So also, I am confident, would the physiological conditions of Nature be better served.* It is Nature's law, not man's, that the duties of child-bearing and child-rearing shall be discharged by the female. In view of this I do not see how any thesis of "sex-equality" can be intelligently advanced, or any argument based upon it be upheld. *The incursion of women into industry and politics has failed, is failing, and must of necessity fail.*
—Lord Birkenhead, in the British edition of *Good Housekeeping*

MORALITY AND CULTURE

WHENEVER a really great or profound man talks of morals he does it with a certain sense of humor. Morality, though undoubtedly most necessary for society as a whole, is really the lowest part of life. One does not break moral laws, but at the same time one does not think of them, because they are taken as a matter of course. The great man never does immoral things, because, among other things, it is bad taste.

Morals are to life what harmony and counterpoint are to music, what grammar and syntax are to speech, or what versification is to poetry. The whole question is the deepening of the individual so that he becomes able to put up with higher and freer morals. It is not a question of new institutions or new laws.

In the United States it is thought that marrying as much and as early as possible is the ideal solution, but . . . certain spiritual growths are only possible if one remains single for a certain time. When a man enters into a marriage relation he inevitably loses something, because man is much more subject to women, and undergoes her influence much more than she his. The majority of the younger generation, it is true, are beginning to look upon sex, marriage and morals in a truer way, but they fail to see that what we understand in theory does not necessarily govern life in practice.

We must realize that life is made up of good and evil, beautiful and ugly, compassion and the instinct to kill. It is the great merit of psychology to have made clear that all human beings have a real hell within themselves, and that this part of us is just as important as any other.

The better way of life is always a synthesis of both good and evil. If you can face both the different aspects of life as they really are, in their right proportion, you can live a full life.

The more cultured a man is, the richer life becomes. Culture means a state of being by which the different parts of your body, your soul, your spirit and your mind have reached the right proportion and harmony. It has nothing to do with education or civilization. It is a state of being where life is ruled from within.—Count Hermann Keyserling, on returning to Germany after a sojourn in America.

"LLOYD'S"

THE new Lloyd's—the great building in Leadenhall Street and Lime Street, already a familiar sight to City men, which His Majesty the King opened in March—is merely the newest of Lloyd's. There have been a number of successive "new Lloyd's," for this most celebrated of all insurance concerns has grown from the most modest beginnings. If it ceased long ago to be merely a place of business significance only to certain little groups of sailors, shipowners and insurance brokers, and became a national institution, it is today not only a national institution, but something as universal as the North Star. . . . The mere name of the thing is part of the verbal coinage of the world. How did it become so?

To go back to origins: Lloyd's was a coffee-house, called after its owner, which, after a brief period elsewhere, was set up at the corner of Abchurch Lane, Lombard Street. A learned commentator of the past recalls the couplet—

> To Lloyd's Coffee-house he never fails
> To read the letters and attend the sales.

The lines were written in 1700.

The need for some such institution as Lloyd's was to become must have been perceived by the first merchant-adventurer who went down to the quay and watched the little vessel in which all his hopes were centered as she moved downstream on her perilous quest for fortune.

The noblest apology for the life of the ship-master undertaking the voyage, for the risks that he met, and for the hardships he endured, is still the speech made to the Merchant-Adventurers by Henry Sidney, brother of Philip, on the occasion of "the first voyage to Russia." Having extolled the leader, Chancelor, Sidney reminded them of his danger. . . .

But there were owners of ships present who, not ignobly, felt then and afterwards that, if this man perished, they too would be destroyed. As time passed they began to explore means of securing themselves against the total ruin in which defeat in the unequal battle against the "raging sea" must inevitably involve them. Slowly, then, there developed the great conception of a corporate responsibility by means of which the adventurer could, by the payment of a small premium, maintain solvency and purchase peace of mind.

> WE commit a little money to the chance and hazard of fortune: he commits his life [a thing to a man of all things most dear] to the raging sea. We shall here rest at home quietly: but he, in the meantime laboring to keep the ignorant and unruly mariners in good order and obedience, with how many troubles shall he break himself? We shall keep our own coasts and kingdom. He shall commit his safety to barbarous and cruel people, and shall hazard his life amongst the monstrous and terrible beasts of the sea.
>
> —From Henry Sidney's "apology" for the sea captain, made to the Merchant-Adventurers of London in the sixteenth century

It was to discuss their risks with men who were willing to cover them that shipping men of the eighteenth century began to make this City coffee-house of Lloyd's their rendezvous. To what extent the famous owner of that house was such a man as he was later to be portrayed is not clear. It is said that soon after he realized the special character of his *clientele* he began to publish a weekly paper for shippers and shipowners. This journal, however, could *not* have been the famous "List," which did not appear until several years after Lloyd's death. But it was provided with his name, and, two centuries after its first issue, *Lloyd's List* is known in places where even the *Times* is scarcely recog-

nized. It is the proud claim of Lloyd's that the *List* has been published without a single break from that day to this. . . .

Probably no institution of the kind is more remarkable than Lloyd's in its regard for traditions. There is a tradition even in names. A hundred years after the establishment of Lloyd's a majority of its members bore the names of founder-members. Lloyd's claims still to provide the best example of the principle of heredity in business to be found in the City of London. Tradition is observed also in the formalities. Until recently a man invariably did business wearing his hat. Only waiters were hatless, and if a hatless underwriter were seen he would be hailed as "Waiter!" Only at long last has the "no hat-ter" invaded the sacred "Room"; but now he is in possession there, as everywhere in the City.

But the most famous of Lloyd's traditions is the use of the Lutine Bell, the history of which is less well known than that voice of fortune itself. The *Lutine* was a captured French frigate put into British commission. In 1799 she was despatched to Hamburg with an extremely valuable cargo of gold and specie owned by London merchants and insured with Lloyd's. She ran ashore in the mouth of the Zuyder Zee, and became a total wreck. Lloyd's sustained the heaviest loss ever suffered up to that time. The Dutch fishermen, however, began to engage in salvage, and picked up a good deal of gold, a third of which they were permitted to keep. Then the sands shifted, and salvage had to cease. But in 1857 conditions were again favorable: Lloyd's, who had slept, woke up, and now the great underwriting institution itself took a hand. In the issue, considerable treasure was brought to the surface, and, with it, the ship's rudder and her 80-lb. bell. The rudder was fashioned into a chair and a table which for long have adorned the library at Lloyd's, and the bell became the magic instrument by which the fate of all ships is spoken. For when a vessel long overdue is reported safe, the bell sounds twice; when the ship is lost, the bell pauses in its strokes and then sounds a single note of doom.

Lloyd's agents are everywhere. There are over 1500 of them. Once they were unpaid, but now there are numbers of whole-time men. From all over the world reports are telegraphed to headquarters; and not only are records kept of every ship, but the history of every Master is duly recorded. Each error and every loss for which he is held responsible are noted, and his fate lies in the hands of Lloyd's. The "Black Book" contains the names of all ships lost. Lloyd's "Register of Shipping" appears annually, and is controlled by a committee. . . .—John Owen, in *The Illustrated London News*

IT WAS a joyous thing for me to discover that although the Irish in America in many instances are removed two and three generations from Ireland, they are as intense in their love of Ireland and as understanding of her aspirations as if they were still in Ireland itself. In fact, it has seemed to me, meeting the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren of the Irish who came here first, that they are more purely Irish in their ideals than were their sires, who were concerned with forgetting trouble and persecution and making a livelihood.

Now that their environment has become one of comfort and wealth, these descendants are afforded the opportunity to expand in their true natures. The Irish nature, like good wine, improves with each generation. That is how I found our Irish here in the United States.—George William Russell {AE}, on returning to Ireland from America

THE industrial problem is, in a sentence, an attempt to reconcile human happiness {the goal of all our politics} with the invention of machinery. And the vast problem of industrial relations was set for solution when the blind giants of the nineteenth century first set man to work at machines and then taught him to read and write.—Philip Guedalla

The English "Pub"

THE national Genius of a modern European country is very happily expressed in the manner and places in which its inhabitants meet to drink in company. The Frenchmen fraternize equally and at separate tables, enviably at liberty to drink until whatever hour they please; they sit there in brightly lighted cafes, at marble-topped tables, talking their brightly-lighted language delicately, clearly and from the front of the mouth; in the same way they drink, tasting their liqueurs with the lips and the tip of the tongue.

The Southern German chooses as his ideal drinking-place a flower-decorated terrace upon the banks of his well-loved stream, where he may sit with his friends, and, inspired by the sweet wines of his country, sing with them of flowers, Rhine Maidens, nightingales, and all the other pretty playthings of popular German verse.

The Scots, when on fire with religion or spirits, discover their true nature in these two means of escape from the sad dignity of their daily life. Their passion and love of abandonment to emotional speech or song often lie hidden from even the most observant foreigner until he has visited a Highland clachan-Inn or one of those sordid flaring bars that cluster round the great rock of Edinburgh, their walls continually echoing to the sound of wild song and still wilder argument. At such times, and in such places, the half superbly savage, half superbly civilized nature of Scotland is laid only too bare for all to see.

The Russian, the Southern Latin, the Dutchman, the American all have their own peculiar ways of drinking wine and you may detect the essential spirit of these nations in the manner in which each is in the habit of receiving and treating this most generous gift of God. . . .

In England, the ideal public-house is the free house, one which is owned by the resident, who is not bound down by a lease or contract to sell only the ale or wines of one particular company, but who is free to buy from whom he pleases. For that element in the English genius which is most obviously expressed by the public-house is the element of domesticity; and the one which the Englishman most demands from it. He looks to the proprietor to be his host and expects to be made to feel at home, or at least at someone else's home. And this is clearly most likely in a public-house in which the dispenser of the ale and hospitality feels himself to be on his own ground and behind his own "wood."

> SMALL tables dotted about the room and attended by a waiter are, and always will be, unpopular in the true public-house. The system of small separate tables may strengthen the individual liberty of the drinker, or group of drinkers, but it destroys the domestic quality of the place and divides the guests. Those who would drink at the English pub must sink their pride and take the sacrament of wine, though not kneeling, at least standing, and with their fellow-men, from the Communion Rail of the public bar.
>
> —Moray McLaren

There are very few free houses left in England now; but fortunately many of the companies which have bought up public-houses have had the good sense to keep on the old landlords now as lessees, or at least to choose people who have some root in the place and who are capable of preserving the old spirit. In many of these the proprietorship or lesseeship has passed from father to son as might an estate, and the quality of the hospitality has as fine a flavor as that of the ale. . . .

The best public-houses have all much the same appearance. The foundation is usually an old one; and there is an air

of solidity about the building, which, even from without, proclaims a promise of comfort within. The English quality of the architecture is obvious in the low ceiling and the deep sober-colored walls. If the pub be in the country the floor is often stone-flagged, and the bar is brown, not so much from varnishing as from the perpetual influence of spilt ale. As in all things native to our English air, the colors in these blend quietly and naturally, having moreover a further inducement to harmony in the general mellowness and darkness imposed by the smoke of many winter fires. Against the background of these older things there stand out in pleasing contrast the many colored bottles on the shelf and the rows of shining tankards hanging in ordered array. The floor is well swept and clean, and the well polished brass on the handles of the beer pumps gleam like the metal work on an English ship. Even the complete stranger receives the impression that in this house he may get safely drunk, knowing that here are walls to protect him from our English rain, fires to keep out our English cold and friends to see him home safe from our English police.

This kind of pub is, in London, usually to be found in the back streets and blind alleys of the town, in those parts which are unfrequented by the general crowd, and where the tide of modern commercial building has not swept away the old leases. The City shelters a few. Chelsea, Bloomsbury and Belgravia have each a fair number to their credit; while some of the most typical and charming are scattered about in the nearer suburbs. . . .

When the main room of one of these pubs is occupied by the communal drinking-table, there is sometimes an inner room reserved for dancing, in which the orchestra is either a penny-in-the-slot pianola or a barrel organ. Here you may see that which is left to us in London of the style of dancing which is still national and yet is not cultivated and preserved by the hothouse care of folk-dance societies. I say with care, what is left to us of the *style* of dancing. For let no one make the journey to this part of the town in the expectation of finding any real English *form* of the dance. The tunes of the cosmopolitan have here, just as much as in Mayfair, expelled the Viennese Waltz and the national figure dance. Here the latest fashionable melody does, as much as anywhere else in England, hold its universal sway. But, because of some superior vitality in them, these Cockneys seem to be able to dance to it in a style all their own. A jauntiness in their step, an unfeigned vivacity in their gestures announce their nationality and their citizenship as clearly as do their "Gorblimee" mufflers, violet suits, and absurd pointed shoes. There is this, also, which is peculiar about them and which links them to the days of the old waltz; they smile and look fairly happy while they are actually dancing. A feat which is {for those of us accustomed to the grim faces and tired eyes that are borne with such praiseworthy persistence round and round the *palais-de-danse*} so remarkable that it is well worth making a journey to the East End to see it performed.

The pubs are immortal and changeless. Their kind has existed always, and as long as there are English poor people in London and sailors who come to the Port of London, they will exist to satisfy the need that these people feel for drinking merrily and in company. The rich, however, have not been so fortunate or so deserving. The East End keeps its pubs but the West End is losing them. It is in the old pleasure center of Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square that the pub is being most completely conquered and its place taken by huge tea shops and cafes. It used to be the proud boast of a London pleasure-lover that though he might be absent from London for twenty years, yet on the first night of his return he was made to feel that his absence had lasted only a week, that he was indeed at home again in a place where he was known by and knew everyone. This welcoming capacity in the West End was induced by the innumerable little pubs which then besprinkled the place and in which

the nightly collection of flower-vendors, unsuccessful actors, singers, barmaids, commissionaires, drunkards, clerks, students and artists were all, to a certain extent, influenced by the public-house spirit and would welcome the amiable stranger as if they had known him all their lives. The decline of the West End pub has killed this boast, and though some of the less conspicuous ones still linger on, they are being rapidly absorbed and destroyed by the marble halls and gilt palaces which have arisen from their ruin, and in which it would be foolish to expect to be greeted noisily and impertinent to venture to exchange jests with the waitresses. . . .

The London pub was, at its best, one of the happiest places imaginable, the product of a happy and contented people. . . . Just now when so much that is essentially of England and the English character is disappearing beneath the rise of "internationalism," many Englishmen find in the public-house the most vital and clear expression of that spirit that remains to them.—Moray McLaren, in *The London Mercury*

GENIUS IN BIG FAMILIES

IT is of the utmost importance from the standpoint of the welfare of any race or nation that heredity should be given as many chances as are reasonably possible to achieve the best and happiest combination.

In a small family the chances are few, and the likelihood of the best possible child of which the parental and stock qualities are capable of being produced is therefore necessarily more remote than in a large family. And the consequence is that small families, by staking everything on the earliest three or four children—not to mention those of only one or two children—must be the cause every year of a very heavy loss in the best possible product of which each couple is capable.

The following people who came late in their families were not only more distinguished than any of the same family who preceded them, but would also never have seen the light if the birth-controller's rule of four children to each couple had been adopted by their parents:

Edward Lear, the youngest of twenty-one children.

Charles Wesley {eighteenth}.

Sir Thomas Lawrence {sixteenth}.

John Wesley {fifteenth}.

Albert Moore, the painter {fourteenth}.

Sir Richard Arkwright {inventor of cotton-spinning machine}, Josiah Wedgewood, and Pierre Prud'hon, famous French artist {thirteenth}.

Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer {twelfth}.

Thomas Campbell {poet}, Charles Reade {novelist} were eleventh children.

Benjamin Franklin {U. S. author and statesman}, John Hunter {physiologist and surgeon}, and Coleridge were tenth children.

Sir Walter Scott, Archbishop Richard Whately, Gainsborough, Archbishop A. C. Tait, Lord Cromer, Henry Moore {painter}, and Granville Sharpe were ninth sons.

Johann Sebastian Bach was an eighth child, and seventh children included Herrick, Mungo Park, Van Dyck, Huxley, Jane Austen, Grace Darling, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Emily Bronte, Darwin, De Quincey, Felicia Dorothea Hemans, Pepys, Voltaire, Oliver Goldsmith, Oliver Cromwell, Sir Walter Besant, Rembrandt, Cecil Rhodes, and Horace Walpole were fifth children.

The above lists, which are by no means exhaustive and were merely compiled at random, are significant enough. —Anthony M. Ludovici in *The Night-Hoers, or the Case Against Birth Control,* published by Herbert Jenkins

French Revolt Against Ugly Male Dress

I HAVE come to the conclusion that the costume of the French male is uglier than that of any other land and any other epoch—ugly with an ugliness that youth may be able to stand and opulence to modify, but which—when one is no longer young and by no means wealthy, as with the majority of humans — becomes a veritable caricature.

Now this caricature comes from England. I do not believe in the superiority of the Anglo-Americans; I believe simply that they are, with the Latins, the Germans and the Slavs, one of the four white civilizations —but that in particular the civilization known as Latin or Roman is largely their equal, and should not wear their livery when this livery does not become it.

And why should it? Costume is animated statuary. The Englishman gestures rarely, slowly and angularly. The Latin does so frequently, quickly, and gracefully. To attempt to run these two modes into the same mold is an esthetic heresy.

It has been said to me, But the Englishwomen, and all the women of the globe, whatever their manner of gesticulation, imitate the toilet of the Parisienne, and find it good. Why not admit that the London mode is right for men's fashions. as that of Paris is for women's fashions? Let us share the universe!

Ah, yes! But the Englishwoman adorns herself by imitation of Paris, while we uglify ourselves by aping London. The English have more money than we; at any rate, the London bourgeois spends more on his clothes. He has special garb for every sport and for each event of his life.

Our French citizens know only the coat and vest and the eternal pocketed trousers. A deputy making a speech before the Chamber looks like a big black thing with four sausages sticking out of it. Now this deputy is the French people, that is—in my opinion—the foremost people of the world; the most intelligent, the best educated. It does not deserve to be togged out in this way....To-day our northern weaves are the best made in the world. It is not true that the waters of the Scotch rivers have mysterious chemical virtues that our manufacturers can not imitate. The superiority of the English cloth lies particularly in the large number of available colors and weaves, which furnish it an immense clientele.

But two hundred millions of Latins, who look to Paris as the world's capital, should give an equally vast market. And if we know how to profit by the present rate of exchange by proposing to that market French models, we shall keep it

IT is wonderful that we Danes, who are so good-natured, have a derisive name for everybody.

"There is a Hollander," we say and think of a drowsy, stupid, indolent fellow. Yet how little the idea matches that breezy, energetic folk. No nation has more prejudice, I think, than the Danes. "German wind bag!" we say. The Swede is false, the Frenchman lecherous, the English are silly! For each and all we have an evil epithet. But *we*, the little island race with the tip of land called Jutland, we regard ourselves in the spirit of Pharisees. We strike our bosoms and say, "I thank You, God, that I am not like the others!" We consider ourselves so modest, so openhearted! It has become a saying among us: *We are the good people.* To deride and sneer, to watch for the weak points in our neighbor, that is our evil nature.

And that I have it and say so,—proves that I am Danish.

—From Hans Christian Andersen's recently published private notebook

even when the exchange falls. We have been able to profit by the four-cent franc in making countries like our North Africa popular with tourists. We may likewise profit by it in making fashionable the velveteen costume, which there is no reason to limit to foresters or huntsmen; also silk coats for evening wear. Velvet and silk, these thoroughly French primary materials, wear as well and take better colors than cloth.

Only when we shall have introduced a Latin costume made of French textiles, can we view without trembling the revalorization of the franc, having reconquered an industry that will never again be taken from us. The great Paris tailors who yesterday calmly waited for the London styles, to make English clothes, know that this handicap to change will not long endure. With this revolt in esthetics there will be the awakening of a whole trade that was French for centuries and that has been English only since Waterloo.

Finally, behind the French dress, after esthetics and after economics, there is politics!

Not of course the politics of reaction. On the contrary, breeches are democratic, because they do not lend themselves to rapid change. The actors who think trousers elegant are the ones who have three dozen pairs. If they had only one, like the workman or the small tenant, they would see little elegance at the end of a couple of weeks!

It is true, however, that breeches necessitate better-fitting stockings, better polished shoes, more exact attention to costume—a *tenue* that the French bourgeois no longer observes sufficiently. Here comes in the politics! It concerns our national rehabilitation in the eyes of the foreigner and especially of our African and Asiatic natives. The discouraged trousers that we now wear bring no prestige. They are not only ugly, they are vulgar. I have seen one of our most distinguished Presidents, in black coat and trousers, walking in Morocco between the Sultan and Marshal Lyautey. He looked like a hotel proprietor. When one wants to assume the proprietor's role, that is not the kind of proprietor we should prefer to resemble. . . .—Maurice de Waleffe, in *Les Cahiers de la Republique des Lettres, des Sciences et des Arts* {Paris}

NEW LIFE IN GERMANY

GERMANS were always good at tramping, and they are more eager than ever, carrying their whole kit, sometimes quite weighty, with them, women as well as men. Last autumn when I was on the German-Austrian frontier I came across more Germans on tramp in a day than I have done in the course of a year in England—and I do a good deal of tramping myself when at home. The German Touring Club has 140,000 members.

Then there is the Young Germany League, with a quarter of a million members, rather on the plan of our Boy Scouts, founded by the late Field-Marshal von der Goltz. One of the wonderful things is the way boys and girls, young men and young women, go off in groups of twenty or more to wander the countryside for several days at a time. They are plainly clad, well shod, invariably bareheaded, and they carry rucksacks. Away they go to the hills and the forests with a guide. I'm constantly coming across them, generally singing. . . .

It would be easy to pile up figures, running into hundreds of thousands, of Germans who belong to mountaineering, touring, motoring, swimming and other clubs. The great point is that Germany has "gone crazy" on athletics and out-of-door life. It is all very strenuous and serious. One gets the impression that behind it all is a recognition of national duty. Germany must not have a great army, but there is no clause in the Versailles Treaty of Peace prohibiting Germany's determination to be the healthiest, strongest, and most physically fit nation in the world.—Sir John Foster Fraser, in the *Sunday Times* {London}

Sir Arthur Sullivan in Light Opera

WHAT has been called the most famous partnership in the history of the musical stage broke up over the price of a new carpet for the Savoy Theater, where most of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas were first produced. The publication of Sir Arthur Sullivan's letters and diary reveals that the association was stormy. Before The Mikado *was written, for instance, the pair almost parted over the "magic lozenge" being in the plot. The differences between Gilbert and Sullivan were over trivial matters, made important by jangled nerves, but the underlying cause of difference was Sullivan's desire to concentrate on really "serious" music. He did write a good deal of "serious" music before his death, but it is his work with W. S. Gilbert that is considered immortal.*

WITH the coming of 1889 a definite change manifested itself in Sullivan's outlook, He wished to abandon light opera. It now gave him a sense of restraint. He had achieved, he felt, all that might be achieved in light opera, and within him an ambition, definite and demanding, clamored for opportunity. He was really tired of doing what he could do so well. That he created a style of music without compare, possibly never occurred to him. It if had, it could not have cooled his desire for more serious things. He had wished to break free many times, but the *Mikado* and its success had bound him with fresh links to what he termed "this slavery." Queen Victoria's remark about his power to write grand opera had not been forgotten. . . .

Gilbert desired more Savoy triumphs; Sullivan did not. . . . He wrote:

12th March, 1889.

"My dear Gilbert,—

"I confess that the indifference of the public to the *Yeomen of the Guard* has disappointed me greatly, as I looked upon its success as opening out a large field for works of a more serious and romantic character. If the result means a return to our former style of piece, I must say at once, and with deep regret that I cannot do it.

"I have lost the liking for writing comic opera, and entertain very grave doubts as to my power of doing it. You yourself have reproached me directly and indirectly with the seriousness of my music, fitted more for the Cathedral than the Comic Opera stage, and I cannot but feel that in very many cases the reproach is just. I have lost the necessary nerve for it, and it is not too much to say that it is distasteful to me. The types used over and over again {unavoidable in such a company as ours}, the Grossmith part, the middle-aged woman with fading charms, cannot again be clothed with music by me. Nor can I again write to any wildly impossible plot in which there is not some human interest. . . ."

To this letter Gilbert replied on the day following:

"13th March, '89.

"Dear Sullivan,—

"Your letter has filled me with amazement and regret.

"If you are really under the astounding impression that you have been effacing yourself during the last twelve years—and if you are in earnest when you say that you wish to write an opera with me in which 'the music shall be the first consideration' {by which I understand an opera in which the libretto,and consequently the librettist, must occupy a subordinate place} there is most certainly no 'modus vivendi' to be found that shall be satisfactory to both of us.

"You are an adept in your profession, and I am an adept in mine. If we meet, it must be as master and master—not as master and servant.

"Yours faithfully,

"W. S. Gilbert. . . ."

A few days later Sullivan wrote again:

"27th March, '89.

"My dear Gilbert,—

"I was so annoyed at your abrupt letter to me that I thought it wiser not to

answer it without a few days' delay. I wrote to Carte yesterday to mention some of the points on which I thought I had just grounds for dissatisfaction. As he will probably repeat them to you, I need not enter into particulars again. I write therefore only to say that it seems to me a silly and unnecessary thing for you and I to quarrel over a matter that can really be so easily arranged, and that I really don't think my requests are unreasonable. . . ."

"*31st March*, '89.
"Dear Sullivan, —

"The requirements contained in your letter of the 27th are just and reasonable in every way. . . . But unhappily the letter does not stand alone. It was preceded by a letter to Carte {avowedly written that its contents might be communicated to me} which teems with unreasonable demands and utterly groundless accusations—the very least of which, if it had the smallest bssis of truth, would suffice to disqualify me absolutely from collaboration with you. In that most cruelly unjust and ungenerous letter you say 'except during the vocal rehearsals and the two orchestral rehearsals, I am a cipher in the theater.' Have you no recollection of 'business' arranged and re-arranged to meet your reasonable objectives? Have you no recollection of any expressed wish of yours that was not acted upon, without expostulation, argument or demur, upon the spot?

"You say that our operas are Gilbert's pieces with music added by you, and that Carte can hardly wonder that 12 years of this has a little tired you. I say that when you deliberately assert that for 12 years you, uncomparably the greatest English musician of the age—a man whose genius is a proverb wherever the English tongue is spoken—a man who can deal *en prince* with operatic managers, singers, music publishers and musical societies—when you, who hold this unparalleled position, deliberately state that you have submitted silently and uncomplainingly for 12 years to be extinguished, ignored, set aside, rebuffed, and generally effaced by your librettist, you grievously reflect, not upon him, but upon yourself and the noble Art of which you are so eminent a professor.

"Yours faithfully,
"W. S. Gilbert."

MORE than a quarter of a century has passed over the dust of Sullivan. His music goes on, a lasting pillar in the whole structure of English composing. He created a form of English light music which the years have vainly striven to copy, and, just as the lapidary may strive to imitate a gem in vain, so will those who strive to imitate Sullivan eternally fail. Music of real creative genius can never be successfully copied; there is never a counterfeit strain in music which can be mistaken for the real. He represents a school—his school—as distinct as that of Wagner and Handel. It has become the standard school of English light music.

—Herbert Sullivan and Newman Flower

Throughout April a stream of letters passed between them — letters which, if not untinctured with acrimony, nevertheless bore unmistakable signs of friendship, and a desire on both sides to preserve the partnership. . . .

The unhappy episode concluded with Sullivan's diary note on May 9th:

"Long and frank explanation with Gilbert; free and unspoken on both sides. Shook hands and buried the hatchet."

A little later he wrote to Gilbert:

"I understood from Carte some time ago that you had some subject connected with Venice and Venetian life, and this seemed to me to hold out great chances of bright color and taking music. Can you not develop this with something we can both go into with warmth and enthusiasm, and thus give to me a subject in which {like the *Mikado* or *Patience*}

we can both of us be really interested?"

It was this letter that decided Gilbert on the plot of the opera now known as *The Gondoliers*. . . .

Gilbert did not complete the libretto until the beginning of October, but he sent the work piecemeal to Sullivan to set. . . .

With the coming of November, Sullivan adopted his customary habit of working by night. The opera had not been given a name. Although it was eventually produced on December 7th, it was not until five days before the first performance that it received its title. Meanwhile, number by number went into rehearsal as it was written. . . .

None of the operas had been composed at such terrific pressure as this one. Take only one of these days—November 8th—when, in addition to a long rehearsal he rewrote two songs, and composed two others, including that superb melody *Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes*. Carte, Gilbert—they all warned him that in working at this pace he was jeopardizing his health, possibly juggling with his life; indeed Gilbert urged that the piece should be postponed. Sullivan merely smiled, and all through the night the light in his study burned till dawn as regularly as before. It was as if the pressure opened some door in his brain through which melody poured like a tide. At times, after arduous rehearsals, the body rebelled, his eyes were heavy with fatigue, and sleep, which he had kept at a distance as if it had been some vicious enemy that would break in and stop his work, reasserted its demands. But directly he sat before the music-paper on his table he changed. His brain leapt as a horse to the spur. Fatigue fell aside before a mastering will, a new-found vigor.

At rehearsals his demeanor was the same. There was no irritability; only extreme patience. When difficulties occurred, he appeared to sense the tribulation of the singer almost before the singer was aware of it, and gave only sympathy and consideration.

At one of these rehearsals he was driven to caustic comment by the action of a singer who relied too much on singing by ear, and was decidedly acrobatic in his tune. At first the man's self-confidence and meandering methods amused Sullivan. For a while he allowed the singer to have his way. But presently he exclaimed:

"Bravo! That is really a very good tune of yours—capital. And now, if you don't mind, I will trouble you to sing mine!"

On Saturday, December 7th, *The Gondoliers* was produced to a crowded house and Sullivan wrote in his diary:

"December 7th.—Quiet all day. Went to the theater at 8. Began at 8.35. Of course crammed house—a great reception. Everything went splendidly with immense 'go' and spirit, right up to the

> HIS brother [Frederic Sullivan] appeared to have drifted into slumber. Arthur Sullivan drew together some odd sheets of paper and sketched out the complete setting from the first bar to the last of *The Lost Chord*. He drafted it from beginning to end while he sat beside the bed of the brother who was so soon to pass. . . .
>
> Just as his *In Memoriam* had been his tribute to the memory of his father in 1866, so was *The Lost Chord* his tribute to his brother in 1877. When it was published a few months later the song swept through England as an inspiration. . . .In later years the first phonograph record ever played in England was that of Mrs. Ronalds singing this song, and it was performed in Sullivan's drawing-room.
>
> —Herbert Sullivan and Newman Flower

end. Gilbert and I got a tremendous ovation—we have never had such a brilliant first night. It looks as if the Opera were going to have a long run, and be a great success."

His estimate of the piece was correct; one of the most profitable successes of the Savoy partnership had been launched. Full of enthusiasm Gilbert wrote to him the following day:

"I must thank you again for the magnificent work you have put into the piece. It gives one the chance of shining right through the twentieth century with a reflected light."

"Don't talk of reflected light," Sullivan wrote back. "In such a perfect book as *The Gondoliers* you shine with an individual brilliancy which no other writer can hope to attain. If any thanks are due anywhere, they should be from me to you for the patience, willingness, and unfailing good nature with which you have received my suggestions, and your readiness to help me by according to them."

The Gondoliers had started a run of 554 consecutive performances at the Savoy, and peace and accord seemed to govern the partnership. . . .

LATE in the afternoon of November 21st {1900} a curious change occurred in Sullivan's condition which, though serious, did not seem to premise the coming of death. . . .He complained of no pain, but as a precautionary measure it was arranged that Sir Thomas Barlow, the Royal Physician, should be called in for consultation in the morning.

He became drowsy, then he seemed to sleep. About six o'clock the next morning his bell was heard ringing violently, and when his housekeeper and his valet hurried into his room, dissolution had begun.

"My heart!" he exclaimed. "My heart!"

He lay quietly, breathing intermittently and with difficulty. His life appeared to slip away as his nephew held him in his arms. Presently his breathing ceased. . .

During his last hour of life a woman, frantic with fear, waited vainly for a cab. At the first warning that the end was approaching Mrs. Ronalds had risen and dressed quickly. The street was empty; no vehicle could be obtained to bear her to the death-chamber. When at last one was procured and she arrived at Queen's Mansions, the heavier footstep of Sir Thomas Barlow followed her up the stairs.

But both had come too late. Arthur Sullivan was dead.—From *Sir Arthur Sullivan's Life, Letters and Diaries,* edited by Herbert Sullivan and Newman Flower, by permission of George H. Doran Company

WHEN has the East ever learned religion from the West? In the East religions grow wild; in the West religion is an exotic, cultivated by trained gardeners in hothouses. India and China have been at work on religion for thousands of years. They have tried every variety of belief and cultus; our missionaries are as children among them.

Missions are necessary, if only because the East has not seen Christianity at its best. It was partly because Asia had devoted itself to the things of the mind and the spirit that it was impotent to defend itself against European conquest.

There have been two great prophets of pacifism—Christ and Buddha. The followers of Christ have forgotten His teachings; the followers of Buddha have sometimes remembered those of their master.—Dean W. R. Inge, of St. Paul's, London, in *The Forum.*

Many mothers complain that their children come sobbing home from school, after being called "war-baby," a term supposed to denote that children born during the World War are sub-normal or stupid. . . . No statement could be further from the truth. . . . Children born during periods of mental stress have, if anything, a shade more chance of being mentally alert.—George Verity, chairman of Charing Cross Hospital, London

Music and the Plain Man

LET the plain man shut his ears impenetrably to the people who try to give music a "meaning," who try to make a pattern of pure sound paint a picture, or tell a story, or convey information, or discuss moral problems. Music does and can do no such thing. Music is music; it is not poetry or painting or architecture or sculpture or metaphysics or theology or anything whatsoever but music. The more the plain man tries to give music a meaning, the less it will mean to him.—George Sampson

MUSIC is the plain man's art. It is the most instant and universal in its appeal. We are cradled in song, and pass onwards to "the sunset hour and music at the close" until we "hear no more at all." And, in a special sense, music is the rightful inheritance of Englishmen. A Merry England may have been a pleasant fancy; a Musical England was an indubitable fact. In the fullest age of our history, Elizabethan gentlemen sang in consort or listened to a chest of viols, as they mitigated piracy with piety on the grand scale. Let us call in evidence the greatest man of the time. The air of the Shakespearean world is as full of song as of light and life. The characters of Shakespeare make music or get it made for them as a normal activity of life. . . . What frightens the plain man away from "classical music" is the solemn humbug which has been accumulated around it by bad, incompetent, or insincere writers and talkers. Any person, in any class of society, possessing ordinary intelligence, and not suffering from the rare aural deformity called "no ear for music," can enjoy thoroughly and habitually the best works of Bach, Mozart and Beethoven, whom we may regard as the typical classics. That, as a general proposition, is simply and unquestionably true. In a very real sense there is no such thing as "classical music," save in chronology. Whatever meaning the term may have had is now lost in popular speech. . . .

> ART is concerned with results, not means. A picture is not a fraction better or worse because an armless artist has painted it with his feet. There is no weight for age handicap in art. To be concerned with the years or size or deformities or social rank of an artist is to leave the world of art for the different world of sport or journalism. What we have to look for is the beauty which is truth—that is, the beauty which succeeds in making itself believed.
>
> —George Sampson

But here the plain man may interpose a question: "Don't people have to be educated up to high-class music?" The answer {which should not be shirked or qualified} is, "Yes, certainly; all people, except those unusually gifted, have to be educated up to every sort of fine enjoyment." Nearly all true enjoyment is educated enjoyment. Analogy is not proof; but examples can be properly drawn from other regions of pleasure. A man cannot enjoy classical verse until he has been educated up to it. A man whose acquaintance with billiards is limited to a bare recognition of tables, balls, and cues has to be educated up to the enjoyment of a match between champions. A man who does not understand cricket has to be educated up to the enjoyment of a match at Lord's. A man who has smoked nothing but bad cigarettes has to be educated up to the enjoyment of a fine Havana. . . .

The intelligence of man is measured by his ability to co-operate in the natural activities of life. Let us declare, then, without apology or hesitation, that people have to be educated up to full enjoyment of the best music, and let us, for the moment, rule out the people who like to eat and talk to a noise, the name,

nature, and quality of the noise being of as little account to them as the name, nature, and quality of the food they consume. . . .

How, then, shall the plain man be "educated up" to the best music? He educates himself by listening intelligently. He learns to enjoy by the very act of enjoyment. But he must give music a chance. He gives games a chance. He is humble and patient with golf; he does not throw up tennis after his first set; he does not abandon billiards after failing with his first cannon. If he is willing to give games a chance he should at least give the arts a chance. Why should a man who knows he must take bridge seriously feel aggrieved if he is told he must take Brahms seriously? There is an athleticism in appreciation. Minds, like bodies, respond to practice. The plain man should give music a chance by listening to it sensibly and without prejudice. His main purpose should be simply to acquire a new enjoyment, and he should listen in that spirit. He need not tease himself with musical terms. The understanding of musical form is not necessary to a first enjoyment of music. Certainly music cannot be enjoyed as form unless it has been enjoyed as experience. . . .

If the plain man listens intelligently to a piece of well-written music, he will presently become aware of two main factors in its composition. These factors we may call, by analogy, pattern and texture; and upon the quality of pattern and texture the beauty of music depends. These factors, of course, do not exist separately—the pattern is expressed in texture and the texture embodies the pattern, just as in poetry, rhythm has no separate beauty apart from the words that embody it. Moreover, the terms pattern and texture imply something static, whereas the essence of music is movement—the patterned texture of sound being in living motion, the very motion making the pattern. Nevertheless, pattern and texture are there, and form the body of any piece of music, whether it is "pure," like Bach's Chaconne, or "applied" {i.e. dramatic}, like Wagner's Fire Music. No music, whether the most modern or the most ancient, can exist without pattern and texture.

The "expressionist" makes pattern of a sort in the very attempt to avoid it. The hearer, then, does not listen to arbitrary and unrelated noises; he traces the living "figure in the carpet" as the shimmering web of sound unrolls before him, and finds intellectual as well as spiritual pleasure in the artistic governance of the whole. But this intellectual and this spiritual pleasure are one, and their home is the imaginative reason. In music, singularly, the expression and the expressed are one. . . .

The plain man may ask, does not music

> Of all the mental and moral struggles men and women have to face, that with their inherited sexual impulses is the hardest. Psycho-analysts have much to say of the deep scars which this struggle leaves in human nature, but against such scars we must set the unmeasurable evils of unlicensed indulgence. We must have civilization; but we cannot have it unless the higher centers are placed in control. And yet the race which is to survive must retain its primal instincts unimpaired; the dictates of reason are insufficient to guarantee Nature's chief objective—the continuation of the race. This part of the beast has to be kept alive in us. The day man becomes a perfectly rational being marks his end.
>
> —Sir Arthur Keith, president of the British Society for the Advancement of Science

sometimes tell a story? Yes, it sometimes does; and always very badly. In fact, the fuller the story, the worse the music. . . . Music's powers of description are limited; its powers of suggestion are infinite. The feelings that lie too deep for words, do not lie too deep for sounds. The whole point for the plain man is this: listen to programme music for its story if you wish; but do not confuse its merits as fiction with its merits as music, and do not try to force a story on to music of pure pattern. . . .

A safe rule for the plain man is not to bother about musical terms until he encounters a form, an effect, a figure, or a chord that he wants to know how to describe. He will then naturally turn to the books or friends that can enlighten him. To put study of the language of music in this inferior position is not to minimize its importance. A knowledge of musical form adds greatly to the intelligent hearer's enjoyment. It enables him to take in more at once than the untaught hearer can. The untaught hearer may hear beauty in the mass; the instructed hearer will hear the fine shades as well. But the course of the plain man is clear. He must practice hearing by hearing; and by hearing he will learn what there is to hear. . . .

The plain man of the future will be in a happier position than his father. Music, once belittled as an accomplishment of unwashed foreigners or received, at the best, as an exotic, is now an integral part of education in schools of all grades and kinds. . . . The ability to hear music is part of the complete man's equipment; he is less a man by the extent to which he lacks that ability. It is not unfitting to remind ourselves that an ancient legend made music open the gates of hell. Hell has no music; music is the very air of Heaven.

The sensible teaching of music in schools, aided by such inventions as the player-piano, the gramophone, and wireless transmission, will soon make musical ignorance rare. The influence of musical festivals and competitions has been valuable in one direction; illustrated lessons in the appreciation of music {the art of music} and in the theory of music {the science or grammar of music} have been valuable in another direction. But the most valuable work done by school music is the undermining of the recent superstition that the enjoyment of good music is an affair of class or coterie. The new generation will know better than that. It will know that music is for all. It will have rediscovered the England which produced the folk-songs and the Tudor music now honored as great national treasures. It will understand that the simples and gentles of Shakespeare's world sang to each other and with each other because song is human and morose silence devilish. It will inherit by natural right all that has been sung and played in the world since the morning stars sang together. In short, it will know that the best music for the plain man is the best music.—George Sampson, in *The Quarterly Review* {London}.

MUSIC is being played for the first time in the prisons of France, and the results amaze the jailers. Within a week after the entertainment was introduced, thousands of letters were written by prisoners to neglected families and friends, and even the courts, confessing "the truth" and indicating repentance.

A test concert given for the children of La Roquette Prison was responsible for the innovation. When Louis Barthou, Minister of Justice, read letters written by the children about the concert, he wept and revoked an order that had stood for centuries prohibiting the entertainment of prisoners.

Now five concert artists of note play regularly in the penitentiaries in and around Paris, two violinists, a 'cellist, an organist with a portable organ and a woman singer. They play classical selections, but are unseen by their audience.—From *Le Matin,* Paris

The governments now ruling in most Western countries were formed under the fear of Bolshevism.—Gilbert Murray

UNEMPLOYMENT—A DIAGNOSIS

UNEMPLOYMENT is a problem common to every country. New countries with vast unpopulated areas and great undeveloped resources are troubled with this difficulty no less than the older countries with dense populations and limited natural resources.

Under every form of political government and under different economic systems the problem of unemployment baffles statesmen, economists and industrialists.

In countries like Denmark and Russia as well as the British Dominions, where agriculture is the principal industry, unemployment is persistent. It is not a new experience of the human race. It has existed in every age. The Old Testament makes many references to this problem and the spectacle of the unemployed workmen standing in the market place provided Christ with the material for the most remarkable of his parables.

> IT is a strange and discreditable reflection upon our boasted civilization that with all our scientific knowledge and mechanical devices we are not able to organize our resources in men and matters so as to provide all willing workers with the opportunity to earn a living.
>
> —Phillip Snowden, M. P.

But in these modern times the unemployment problem has assumed a far wider and more complex form. It may be described as a feature of mechanical development and of closer international association.

It is a curious paradox that with the increase of productive power and of transport facilities there should be in every country a vast number of persons whose labor power cannot be employed and who in consequence are unable to command the means to satisfy their needs.

The existence of unemployment in any one country is very largely due to external causes and international conditions. Most of the principal industrial nations are dependent for the employment of a large proportion of their population upon the demand of other countries. A bad harvest or a political convulsion in some country may cause widespread unemployment among people at the other end of the world.

"Finance is now the arbiter of the world's destiny," said an eminent banker. A change in the discount rate of a central bank in one country may have repercussions which will empty the cupboards of workmen thousands of miles away

It is only in recent years that attention has been directed to the importance of international financial policy in relation to trade conditions, price levels and unemployment.

There is always a tendency to exaggerate the importance of a new theory or discovery. Some of the advocates of a regulated currency, and of the control of credit seem to assume that by those means the trade cycle can be eliminated, the price level maintained constant and unemployment eliminated.

But there is no such easy and simple solution of the unemployment problem. Its causes are as many and as complex as the remedies must be various and comprehensive.

The unemployment which has prevailed since the war and which has persisted for so long, is not the depression of an ordinary trade cycle. If it had only been that, the movement of the wheel would have brought the boom long ere this time.

The war dislocated world trade and permanently altered its equilibrium. It brought new competitors into the world market and changed the relative strength of the former competitors.

During the war industrial plants were expanded to meet war needs, and these were afterward excessive for peace-time demands. Only a great increase of foreign demand could keep the larger works and the greater number of workmen employed. And that increased de-

mand has not been forthcoming.

It is estimated that the total of world production is now in excess of the total of the last pre-war year. It is often pointed out that, notwithstanding the abnormal number of unemployed in Great Britain, the number of persons in employment is higher than in 1913.

But that fact has little consolation to offer to the depressed industries and to the million of unemployed. The increased employment has been provided by the expansion of certain home industries, and particularly by the continued expansion of the distributive trades.

It is not a healthy condition of industry for the number of producers to decline and the number of middlemen and mere distributors to increase.

The unemployment problem in Great Britain and in all other manufacturing countries is mainly a question of international trade. No country can be permanently prosperous if its basic industries are the production of motor cars, gramophone records and artificial silk.

Countries will have to look to an expansion of foreign trade for the restoration and expansion of the great basic industries of shipbuilding, iron and steel and textiles. It is ridiculous to assert that the needs of the world's population have reached the saturation point. The world capacity for consumption is in its infancy. Nevertheless, the effective demand of the world population is being met by the present volume of production. The existence of unemployment proves that.

But the potential demand of the world population for goods is a very different matter. That is immeasurably short of satisfaction. In the more advanced countries a large part of the population has a low standard of living by comparison with the minority of the population. To raise the standard of living of the wage earners to that of the lower middle classes would vastly increase the effective demands for goods.

But when we turn to the hundreds of millions of the population of Asia and of Africa, whose consumption of manufactured goods per head is infinitesimal, we see possibilities of trade expansion, which make imagination reel.

Simply to double the purchasing power of those populations would create a demand which the present productive capacity of the manufacturing countries would be quite unable to supply.

The main factor in the world unemployment problem is that of effective demand of the masses. Unemployment will persist so long as the workers produce more than they are able to buy. Production will exceed demand. Markets will become congested. Prices will fall. Production will be curtailed. Unemployment will ensue. A period of depression will exist until the market is cleared by the people whose purchasing power has been maintained.

Then the boom sets in. Production becomes reckless. Prices rise, wages lag behind and general purchasing power cannot absorb the increased output. Depression comes round once more.

The problem of unemployment, therefore, is clearly to maintain purchasing power in relation to productive capacity. Wages must rise as production increases. The financial policy must be directed to maintaining a price level. Booms and depressions alike must be prevented.

A boom and a progressive expansion of trade are not the same things. A boom is an artificial stimulant applied to production without any regard to consumption. Solid trade expansion is the keeping of production and consumption in progressive equilibrium.

The interdependence of nations has now become so close that the full solution of the unemployment problem can be achieved only by international cooperation. Individual nations may do much to mitigate the problem in their own countries, by national development schemes and the raising of labor conditions.

The International Labor Office of the League of Nations is directing its attention to various ways of raising international labor standards. Its task is a difficult one, however, and progress will be slow.—Phillip Snowden, M. P., and former British Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the New York *Herald Tribune*

A French Estimate of Charlie Chaplin

THE most striking thing about Charlie Chaplin is the universality of his genius. He is probably more familiar to more people than any other man in the world. Millions of individuals of every nation, of every class, of every culture, know his face—not the face of the correct, taciturn gentleman he is in real life, but that other face his own fancy has fashioned. This triumph can be laid to the miraculous diffusion of the cinema, with which neither the theater nor literature itself can compete. But the cinema has served Charlie Chaplin as it has served nobody else, and he therefore carries the mystery of his attraction within himself. Though he is a comic figure, laughter may well be said to be one of the most circumscribed aspects of the collective soul. It varies with times, traditions and surroundings. It rarely unifies the crowd and the elect. It is communicated with difficulty from one people to another. Here it is coarseness, there humor, elsewhere irony. Charlie Chaplin ignores these distinctions: he has imposed himself on all peoples. He ravishes the populace and the intellectuals, the middle classes and the advance guards of art or of snobbishness. What exceptional manner of man is this?

> I BELIEVE that the American literature of the future will be of the type represented by Emerson and Thoreau. I have talked with many young writers during my visit here. They are beginning to acquire the art of introspection, the instinct of seeing America as a nation of grandeur and of world-wide influence in the field of culture.
>
> —George W. Russell (A E), after his American sojourn

Charles Spencer Chaplin was born on the sixteenth of April, 1889. Was it in London or, as he pretends, in Fontainebleau? His father was an eccentric comedian and his mother was Spanish and a singer. At the age of eight he appeared on the stage in a dancing number. He possessed an innate gift of imitation and parody, and people were vastly amused at the way he copied the intonations and peculiarities of the great English actors. When he lost his father, poverty followed. His mother, without an engagement, did sewing in her room while Charlie and his young brother Sydney acted as messenger boys in the gloomy Whitechapel and Limehouse quarters. Here were ineffaceable childhood impressions.

But all the time Charlie was destined for the theater. For fourteen months he played the part of the groom, Billy, in *Sherlock Holmes;* and then he sang and danced in vaudeville. Finally, at the age of seventeen, he joined Fred Karno's pantomime troupe. English pantomime is a special genre. It demands the interpretive skill of an actor as well as dancing, singing, and clowning ability. It develops with the stark coldness that is the essence of its drollery, simple themes animated by personal improvisation: *The Drunkard's Return, The Clumsy Magician, The Boxing Lesson, A Night in a London Club.* The last-named sketch was Charlie Chaplin's triumph. He had always specialized in drunkards' roles, but since he had leisure during the day he would study medicine in his shabby room and read Schopenhauer.

Karno's company traveled frequently, and Charlie Chaplin followed it to the Continent and to America. In France he saw several of Max Linder's films, which awoke his interest in the cinema. Early in 1910 he was in New York. The Biograph comedies confirmed him in the plan that he had been meditating upon for some time—to film one of the pantomimes in his repertory. He ingeniously thought that he merely had to act it out in the open air in front of a camera that would take the scene from one end to the

other. At this time he did not even know that reels had to be cut and mounted. But he did not have time to realize his project, for he had to go to Canada, and then back to Europe.

These beginnings remind one of Moliere's early days, when he traveled the length and breadth of France acting buffoon parts in Italian comedies. Charlie Chaplin resembles Moliere in another respect. He observes life in the same way that Moliere contemplated it from Pezenas's barber shop. From daily life he demands the stuff and substance to put into his comedies, transposed and stylized. An amusing scene in which fate participates, a grotesque character met in the street or some public place, haunts his imagination until he discovers the means of reproducing it in his own way. He tells, for example, how he once saw a man, a few yards away from him in a restaurant, beginning to smile and wave. Believing that these salutations were intended for him, he responded as best he could, when suddenly he perceived that they were addressed to a pretty girl seated behind him. This scene was reproduced in one of his first comedies, *The Cure*, and was repeated in *The Gold Rush* to gain an almost pathetic effect. The departure of a fire engine, the difficulty of ascending a moving stairway in a big store, a prize fight, and hundreds of other similar incidents, provided him with the makings of a comic idea that he would endeavor to realize.

At the close of 1912 he visited the United States a second time, and it was then that his music-hall success suggested to the Keystone studios the idea of engaging him for a year. Under the lofty direction of Mack Sennett, who had from the first declared that Charlie Chaplin would never amount to anything in the movies, he was made to appear in forty films during these twelve months. He began by seeking for his physical type. After acquiring a long overcoat and a high hat, he thought of all those little Englishmen he had seen with tiny black moustaches, tight fitting clothes, and bamboo canes, and he decided to take one of them as his model. At this time he was far from being his own master, but he soon obtained permission to apply his own conceptions. His exploiters had no ground for complaint. . . .

From this time on Charlie Chaplin had, by astounding intuition, discovered the elements of his technique. They are, in brief, the eternal laws of laughter just as the philosopher Henri Bergson has defined them in his celebrated study of that subject. They are surprise, contrast, sudden loss of equilibrium, repetition. Charlot—to give Charlie Chaplin the name that he does not like much but that evokes for us the character we knew in these first productions—is a piteous, calamitous wretch. That is why he plays opposite colossal figures, and preserves, under all circumstances, the meticulous habits of a dandy. See him pulling at his coat, arranging his tie, sticking a flower in his buttonhole, dusting off with his handkerchief the bench where he is going to sit, rubbing his hat after it has fallen in the mud, and playing with his little cane. . . .

Originally what he had transported to the screen was the music-hall clown or eccentric, but in divesting this character of its theatrical accoutrement he reintegrated it and invested it with the uncertain fantasy of life itself. This insistence on realism inevitably led him further afield, and at length brought him to the discovery of that wandering soul lost in the innumerable crowd. That character, fused from thousands of different types, he always more or less resembled. America, a new country that still attracted those in search of adventure, was pitiless to the unadaptable person who could not find a place for himself in the business man's struggle for life or who got caught in the wheels of the machine. This unlucky creature, this pariah, was generally the immigrant, cast by the vicissitudes of existence on these suspicious and inhospitable shores. Charlie Chaplin was this man. He gave him a soul. He won for him a magnificent revenge against hostile fate. He passes through life at hazard because experience has taught him that premeditated designs go wrong, and he travels

alone because his dislike of others arises from their unfailing insensibility. He is timid and aggressive, servile and insolent; he rebels against laws but submits to fate; he is lazy and industrious, humble and proud, cynical and ingenious. Thwarted and oppressed, he always clings to two sentiments that he will never lose, two sentiments that represent his defiance of the world—imperturbable dignity and irreducible optimism.

Charlie Chaplin was already celebrated when, in September 1917, the First National offered him a million dollars for eight pictures, to be delivered within eighteen months. These were magnificent terms, although by this time each of his productions would bring in about three million dollars. More and more, Chaplin was ceasing to be merely an interpreter. He was imposing on his work his own authority as director, his own conception of moving-picture art, and his own technique. His search for perfection abolished all other contingencies, such as time and money. He would take the same scene twenty or thirty times so that he could choose from all this length of film the best pieces, and these he would then piece together. That is why, instead of taking eighteen months, he put in five years—from September 1917 to September 1922—making these eight films. Meanwhile, in 1921, he paid a triumphal visit to Europe, and while he was in Paris a Minister, thinking to honor him, gave him *la rosette de l'Instruction publique.* Governments often do not know. . . .

In this First National series the social type, whose personal exactitude had already been established, was raised to a symbolic significance. Let us forget America. We have before us Society, and, in opposition to it, the individual. Is Charlie Chaplin an anarchist, or, as some people maintain, is he a Bolshevik? Those are big words. He does not try to upset public order; he is not in violent or indignant revolt against institutions or conventions, for his irony is transcendent. Three films attest to this attitude: the gay buffoonery of *Shoulder Arms!* ridicules war, *The Kid* satirizes official philanthropy, and *The Pilgrim*, the most audacious of all, transforms a convict into a respectable clergyman, as if there were no differences between them but their clothes. Montaigne had signified as much, and the world is indeed a vast comedy for those who think; but it is a tragedy for those who feel. When we see the poor tramp, spurned by his own kind, finding affection only in his dog or trying to rescue little Jackie Coogan from a public charity, it draws real tears from our eyes. Chaplin's mask has taken on a pathetic immobility, and only his eyes of a beaten animal reflect the immeasurable distress of living. . . .

People who have met him describe him as a sensitive artist, musical and cultivated, a virtuoso on the piano, the organ and the violin, a man who reads, meditates, and writes unceasingly, but also a solitary, restless type. This is the almost invariable mark that distinguishes great souls. Only in the intimacy of a few chosen friends like Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford does he expand, and then he appears as the most charming of companions. But these care-free moments are rare. Like all great comics, Chaplin is sad. He confided one day to one of his intimates: 'Do you understand the mortal anguish that seizes me every morning when, among ruined walls and pitiful surroundings, I find myself leaning back in a straw chair that I know is going to give way, and again come face to face with my implacable, crushing duty to be funny?'

He has also written of himself: 'I have studied man, because if I did not know him I could do nothing in my chosen line of work. The knowledge of man lies at the basis of all success. . . .'—Robert de Beauplan, in *L'Illustration,* {Paris} translated for *The Living Age*

The sweet young thing gazed pensively at the peaceful rural scene

"Why are you running that steam-roller thing over that field?" she asked at last.

"I'm raising mashed potatoes this year," replied the farmer.—London *Tit-Bits*

The Changing Theater

HERE are the conclusions of the distinguished dramatist St. John Ervine, one-time manager of the Abbey Theater, Dublin, and author of John Ferguson *and other notable plays.*

The author is disposed to question whether the British stage can recover the "poise and dignity it lost as a result of the post-war hysteria, which forced sound drama into the background."

I ONCE asserted that the majority of motion pictures were written by the half-educated for the half-witted; and, substantially, that statement was true. It is not so true now as it was when I first made it, but it remains truer than it ought to be. Technical excellence is desirable, but it is not of the first importance, and where it is given the first importance, degeneration must follow....

Both acting and the drama in France have achieved a skill that has become ruinous to them, because it is separated from any mental or spiritual conviction. The very excellence with which the French play is constructed serves to make its intellectual bankruptcy more apparent than it might otherwise be. Acting in that country is now a succession of highly developed tricks, rather than a sincere interpretation of human feeling.

If we consider acting alone, we soon find ourselves in trouble when we attempt to estimate whether the changes in it are for the better or the worse. . . .

Henry Irving was not popular when he first acted. On the contrary, he was hissed off the stage. So was Sarah Bernhardt when she began her career. Duse had to win fame in foreign countries before people of her own country would consent to regard her as an actress at all. My readers, therefore, must pardon me if I refuse to assert either that the theater has improved or that it has deteriorated during the time that I have been connected with it. I think that it has very definitely deteriorated in certain respects, but I think, too, that it has very definitely improved in other respects. Whether the balance between improvement and deterioration is great enough to prove that there has been a change for the good I cannot say.

I BELIEVE there are more Shakespeare enthusiasts in Czechoslovakia, small as it is, than in England, and surely more of his plays have been interpreted. *Cymbeline, Troilus and Cressida,* and others have, for instance, been performed most satisfactorily in Prague.

—Karel Capek, Hungarian playwright

I am certain that there is one change in the conditions of the theater which cannot be considered to be anything else but a cause of deterioration; and that is the great increase in the cost of production. When the practice of any art becomes complicated by questions of large sums of money, then the tendency of that art is to sink to its lowest level.

There are in every community only a certain number of really civilized people. Generally, these civilized people are neither rich nor poor; they are what in England we call middle-class people; and it is they who maintain the poise and balance of the community. One has only to search the records of life to discover that the overwhelming majority of men and women of ability and genius are born in this class.

It is clear, is it not, that if the conditions of life are made so oppressive that the class which contributes three out of every five of the distinguished men and women to the community is obliged to withdraw from the practice or the patronage of certain forms of art, those forms must be altered to suit the powers of appreciation possessed by the people who are still able to patronize them? In

short, if the theater is made too expensive for the production of plays to please the small body of civilized people in the community, then it must pay its way by attracting to it the large body of persons who are not, in any reasonable sense of the word, civilized at all.

That, in general, is what has happened in the theater in the English-speaking world today. The situation is the same in America as it is in England: the theater has been made too costly, and it cannot live unless it can draw into it large crowds. The result is that the civilized man and woman less and less often visit the theater, and the entertainment provided becomes increasingly suitable for boobs, hicks, rubes and hayseeds.

If this degeneracy continues, the end of the English-speaking theater will be that of the theater in Rome during the decadence, when, as in the days of Terrence and Pliny, men of quality could not obtain any performance for their plays, and were obliged to read them to the more devoted of their friends in the seclusion of their attics. In that time the theater was exclusively occupied by spectacular and musical pieces, to which, generally speaking, the contemporary musical comedy and motion picture correspond. That, however, is a change in the theater which may be temporary, and it does not prevent or preclude the production of fine drama. Indeed, it may actually cause fine drama to be produced, since the high cost of production in the ordinary commercial theater may cause civilized people to found theaters of their own in which they may witness the performance of reputable plays.—St. John Ervine, in the New York *Herald Tribune Magazine*

JAPAN may well be called the Paradise of Children. No country in the world has so many toy shops as Japan has, or so many fairs for the sale of things that delight children. Even in the small villages of that country there are always one or more children's bazaars. As we thread the thoroughfares of the cities and towns, we see scores and even hundreds of people who make their living by entertaining children. Peep-showmen, dancers, boy and girl actors in street theatricals and charades, flute players, singers, conjurers, toy makers, and sellers of sweets, all swarm the streets and spend their busy, colorful days in bringing joy to Japanese little folks.

And do the children of Japan respond graciously to all this happiness-making in their behalf? They certainly do. A crying or quarreling child is one of the rarest of sights in Japan. Never are cross or unkind words spoken in the home, and spanking is a thing unheard of. . . .

The oblique-eyed little girl of Japan comes into her own each year on the third of March, of course, when the famous three-day Festival of Dolls is held all over the country. It is like the gentle, chivalrous spirit of Japan to pay such respect to the well-loved puppets of childhood. Dolls, even to the third and fourth generation, will be brought out and displayed in each home. They will be gorgeously robed, and mimic feasts will be spread before them. There is no festival at all like this in any nation except Japan, where it has for ages been teaching little girls in a delightful way to respect the customs of their ancestors and to be loyal to family and to country.

And so, Japan, we salute you, beautiful mother of the world's most courteous, most joyous children! May we ot the rougher western nations learn of you how to dry the tears of childhood. . .
—Molly Winston Pearson, in *Good Health*

Jimmy was invited to a children's party, and on the table among other good things stood a glistening strawberry jelly. The vibration of passing traffic caused it to quiver and shake.

Presently, when Jimmy's turn came to be served, the hostess said:—

"Will you have some jelly, Jimmy?"

"No, thank you," said Jimmy, promptly, "it's not dead yet!"—London *Tit-Bits*

WOMAN — THE AMERICAN COMPLEX

HERE is what an English society woman, who is also a novelist of distinction, thinks of what she regards as the typical American society woman. Following it is her opinion of the American business man, with whom she frankly sympathizes. These articles are based upon the observations of the writer, the wife of Brigadier General Edward Lewis Spears of the British Army, during a recent extended visit to America. Under the pen name of Mary Borden, she is best known as the author of The Romantic Woman, *a novel dealing with the adventures of an American heiress who marries an English nobleman in India preliminary to a social career in England.*

SHE is soft and small-boned. She has pretty feet, slim ankles, a thin voice with a lilt in it. It rises and falls, as she tips her head this way and that, and waves her hands. She is never still, but always graceful. She understands movement but not repose. She dances beautifully. She talks incessantly. When her dancing days are over she takes to a rocking chair, or to bridge, or to reforming the world. She fears silence and solitude. Child of skyscrapers, cinemas, prairies, motor cars, steam whistles, and saxophones, she has a craving for noise, activity and crowds. Her idea of a good time is a whirl. If things round her are moving fast enough, if her husband is getting rich quick enough, if they are asked to enough parties, can go to enough theaters, can get about rapidly in a car, if there is always something different to look forward to, she is happy, or at any rate not too discontented, for she is really the least happy of women.

Her main craving is variety. She must have change. Everything round her must change or be changed often, if she is to feel alive. Change is in the air she breathes. In her country it means growth. In herself it means the opposite, but she has not yet learned to stand still and develop as a plant does, naturally, in the turmoil of her world. On the contrary, she automatically reacts to the ceaseless pressure, changes houses, friends, husbands, clothes, religion, and ideas for new ones, and reflects in herself the element of hysteria in American progress.

Things must be new to be interesting to her. Antiques must be new antiques, new that is to her, just arrived from the other side of the Atlantic, otherwise she won't look at them. And they are new. And there are always new ones to be seen, coveted, bought, new Chinese potteries, Ming or Tang, new Chippendale chairs, signed, new Rembrandts, new Romneys. It is the same with cathedrals. The charm of the Cathedral of Chartres lies in its newness, for her. She will go a long way to see it, but once she has seen it it becomes an old story. She doen't want to see it again. . . .

The society woman of America is a definite and peculiar type. She is not a Great Lady yet, or at any rate very rarely. Some great ladies there are in the country, but they do not stand out as Englishwomen of the same type do in the public eye. It is the Society women who occupy the public eye in America, and what the American public asks of them is that they should be decorative, and they are decorative. They are more decorative than any women in the world.

They have a great sense for clothes. This question of clothes is very important to them, also that of houses. The American society woman's background is almost entirely made up of beautiful houses full of beautiful clothes. You cannot separate her from her clothes and her house. If you do she has no social position left. She is recognized by the street she lives in and the clothes she wears. If either becomes shabby, she drops out of society.

Suppose you strip her of her house, her clothes, her motor, and all her expensive paraphernalia, what is left that is peculiar to her among women, and proves her to be akin to those others, the workers? Surely there is something that is her real self? Not her ideas, no. Those she purchases in tabloid form. They are standardized ideas, circulating

like the Ford car by the million. Not her moral principles. These are equally conventional. Not her passions. They are thin and fleeting. Yet there is something. Inside this dazzling kaleidoscopic creature there is a vivid spark, a great sizzling vitality. It is this that makes her brilliance and her monotony. Frail though she may appear, she has the energy of a dynamo. Soft as she may look, she can, at any rate in her youth, ride, swim, play games as well as a man and dance a man off his legs. It is this that is surprising. She does not look what she is. She looks a sprite, a fairy, a doll, a porcelain goddess. She is an engine. She appears languid, indifferent, dainty. She is eager, insatiable, tireless, and devoured with ambition.

Trace her life for a moment from youth to old age and see what happens to her, and remember that she lives at high speed and with great intensity.

She begins life equipped with an immense optimism, a puritanical outfit of ideas as to right and wrong, and a great sense of her own value. She is filled with romance, beautiful unrealizable ideals, and all manner of happy beliefs. She believes in a loving God and a kind Providence, she believes in happiness and in love, in the essential goodness of human beings and in the great rosy future. Being very ignorant and intensely emotional, she acts quickly on her beliefs, marries for love at first sight, dashes into every adventure, espouses lost causes, takes up with intensity every new fad, and when she is disillusioned breaks down. She doen't wear well, for she is undisciplined. At the age of forty she probably becomes peevish and has nerves, and towards fifty, her life frustrated, she turns, as I have said, to religion or bridge, becomes either a colorless individual or a fanatic. It is as if the great hungry life of her country sucked her dry, drained the blood from her veins, and cast her aside, a disappointed, insignificant old woman. . . .

—Mary Borden, in the London *Spectator*

THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

THE American world . . . stands gorgeous and terrible on the horizon of the twentieth century, a grinding, glittering, roaring edifice. The skyscraper is its emblem. Its sharp strident tower pierces the sky, but can you distinguish the American man in the panorama of the American world? Truly he is barely distinguishable. He is so tiny that he has no face, no shape, no voice. You can only pick him out with your spy glass because he moves spasmodically and not as the machinery round him moves, smoothly, relentlessly, faultlessly, with beautiful and cruel precision. The American man is an insect swarming over the machine. He is scrambling and struggling, balancing dizzily, falling, perhaps to pick himself up and struggle on again, perhaps to be crushed underfoot in the teeth of the machine. One of a swarm fighting and tussling, in a desperate jubilant frenzy of enthusiasm.

What is he fighting for and what is he fighting against? He thinks that he is fighting for success, for money, to win out in the greatest game on earth. At first he takes it all as a great game. He finds himself playing with oil, steel, wheat, motor cars, and railways as a boy would play with miniature trains in a schoolroom. But as the excitement increases his nerves get jumpy. His digestion goes back on him. He feels very tired. He thinks he would like to get out of the game. He finds that he can't. Suddenly he becomes aware that he has been caught up in the grip of something terriffic, monstrous and inimical to himself, to his health, to his family life, to his morals, to his very identity. He is really fighting the machine that he has created for the right to live, and at forty

or so he finds it out to his cost.

The future of the human race is being tried out in America. There you have the clash of forces that have been let loose on the earth by modern inventions and that are slowly bringing about the same transformation of life and the same problem in every country in Europe.

The American man's position is peculiar because everything has happened to him so quickly. He didn't have time to get ready to be the richest man on earth. He was taken unawares by prosperity. The American nation is like a farm hand who has suddenly come into a business worth a million pounds. . . .

His upbringing and education have been quite different from that of his sisters. . . .His wife has made a study of being agreeable, decorative, social and adaptable. He has paid no attention to any of these things. He has had no time for them and secretly despises them. He slaves for his wife but almost everything that his wife does strikes him as rather silly, and the foreigners whose company she prefers to his own appear to him as wasters, adventurers, and scarcely more human than giraffes. Nothing round him seems very human, nothing human continues to engage his attention. . . .His wife and children fade to shadows. He himself becomes a shadow. The wonder is that in the turbulent onrush of his country's incredible material progress he has survived as an individual with any character at all. . . .

The faith of the Pilgrim Fathers and their moral code remain his faith and his code. This is the strange thing about him. Even when his steel mills and oil wells and railways involve him in the frenzied immoral game of doubtful finance and corrupt politics, even though they leave him no time to cultivate his mind, love his children, or enjoy his friends . . . he still secretly believes in the God of the pioneer Pilgrims who sent men out to work with their hands in the wilderness, and he remains at heart a child and an idealist whose ideal of life is one of spartan simplicity. So that I see him standing in his palatial office in a skyscraper, or in his more palatial house on some Fifth Avenue, looking wearily round him with bewilderment, boredom, and contempt, and I hear him asking himself what it all means. "What is the good of this?" he says to himself. "This isn't what I've been working for. . . ." And his expression is a little ashamed and a little wistful. He has worked all his life for something and he doesn't know quite what it was. He only remembers dimly that it was for something splendid and fine. He only knows it wasn't for this. How could it have been for this? This house of his is a strange place and he is a stranger in it. It is empty. Where is his wife? Where are his children? He hasn't an idea. He seems to have lost track of them. They too are strangers. There remains his office. Weary to exhaustion, he goes back to it. He has nowhere else to go. . . .—Mary Borden, in the London *Spectator*

THE American Government has put forward its proposals {for the outlawry of war} as a means whereby it thinks America can do its part in promoting the ideal of the League of Nations. It seems inconceivable that the very beneficent initiative which the United States has taken in world politics should be rebuffed by a refusal, and the great opportunity offered of securing world peace should be without fruition.

Let us clear away all possibility of misunderstanding regarding the relation of the American proposals to the League. Nothing that the United States Government has done since it declined to enter the League has shown any spirit of hostility to the League. The American proposals now are something which, by a road separate from yet parallel to to the League, is advancing in the same direction.—Viscount Grey of Fallodon

Englishmen could probably secure the defeat of any candidate for the Presidency of the United States, whether Republican or Democrat, by convincing the American people that they desired his election.—L. J. Maxse

An Epoch-Making Book in Turkey

In Turkish literature of recent years no book shows so clearly as The Book of Mustapha Kemal *the ideas that are shaping the destiny of the New Turkey. The author deals first with the old Moslem mentality of the Turks and rejects it totally. Then he dilates on the modern European mentality, which he presents as a desirable model for Turkey today and tomorrow.*

THE West has the aim to live as men perfectly in the world. The East believes that man belongs to God, and aims to make the next life sure. The two are incompatible. . . .

The nations who live at the present time are all of the West, whereas the East represents a series of nations whose rights to live have not been recognized. The West represents the happiest life, the strongest State organization and the truest human life. We must learn their art of living.

America was humanized through the science of the West. Japan was modernized with the mentality of the West. The Balkan States learned this art and accepted all its points, and got ahead of us. It is clear that this art has been tested and found true.

The Asiatic people have never been saved from poverty and misery by the habit of deducting judgments from the divine laws. One cannot see anything else in the history of Egypt, India, Persia, Ancient Japan, China, Turan and Arabia. These people, by sheer ignorance, have ascribed to sultans, or other opportunists, sometimes a divinity, or the authority of a revelation, and this mentality has been the chief cause of the misery of all Asiatic nations.

The present struggle is against this Asiatic mentality. In Europe there is no literate or illiterate person acting on "revelation," whereas in Asia there is nothing else but prophets and saints and divine rulers. Besides, these prophets have not only forced their religion but their character upon the people. . . .

Open the gates of any Asiatic palace, and you will find there a group of adulterers and adulteresses. This is the condition of the Caliph, the Imam and the Sheikhs. These men who have ordered the people to fast, to worship and to abstain from a good many things, have followed in their personal lives nothing else but material pleasure. This contradiction between life and word has caused the domination of hypocrisy and insincerity in the administration of the governments. In all the various strata of the official circles deceits have been considered legal for the sake of private interests.

Can you show any Asiatic history or civilization where there is a family organization and civic life and government based on right, and where we do not see family life impure and woman a slave, polygamy consecrated, poverty encouraged, nationality despised, oppression made a principle, and bribery, forced labor and plunder legalized?

Christianity went to Rome as an idea, and did not carry over with itself the social life of its Jewish environment. On the contrary, Christianity was lost in the social life of Rome which represented the Europe of those times. If Christianity had marched on from Jerusalem with a powerful army like Islam, and had occupied Europe, the family life of Europe would have been abolished and the Arabic desert laws would have upset those countries. The modern Europe would not have been existent today. Salvation can be secured only by the vaccine of European mentality. This is the secret of the amazing progress of Japan within the last half century in contrast to China.

The Turks are an Asiatic people. We purpose to examine our life and history and understand the great obligations which this Revolution-mentality has put upon us. . . .

European civilization is based on three great foundations: 1. The rights of man; 2. National culture; 3. National economy or finance. The Turkish Revolution also must be based on these three foundations.—From *The Book of Mustapha Kemal*, translated for *The Moslem World*

Published by Messrs. Frost & Reed (London).

GRIM SPAIN

From the Etching by Oliver Hall, R. A.

In this depiction of the Alcantara Bridge at Toledo is reflected something of the grim, intolerant spirit which inspired the Inquisition in the past and which now prompts the Spanish Dictator, Primo de Rivera, to declare that "the freedom of the press must constantly be watched over and controlled by the Government." (*See* Curbing the Press in Spain. *Page* 377.)

CREATING A NEW TURKISH NATION

THIS is a portion of the Turkish President's memorable six-day speech delivered before the new Parliament in Angora. In it Mustapha Kemal retraces the steps he took to bring about a new order of government in Turkey.

Having been elected President of the Assembly and Commander-in-Chief, in1921, and re-elected, in 1923, for four years, Mustapha Kemal gave this report of his stewardship, in October, 1927, when he was again elected to the highest office in the gift of the Turks.

ON May 19, 1919, I landed in Samsun. At that time the Central Powers to which the Ottoman regime was allied had been defeated in the World War. The Ottoman army had completely disintegrated. A harsh Armistice had been decided upon, and years of war had left the nation poverty-stricken and exhausted. . . .The Allied Powers did not consider it necessary to respect the terms of the Armistice. Foreign officers and officials, as well as their agents, extended their powers unduly.

Faced with this determination on the part of the foreign Powers to destroy and annihilate the Ottoman Empire, our country found itself in a state of dark uncertainty. We lived in a condition of perpetual apprehension. Those of us who endeavored to understand how frightful a catastrophe had befallen us did all we could to take measures that would rescue us from out plight. . . .

I came to Eastern Anatolia as the inspector of the Third Army, and first of all I examined the Third Corps at Sivas and the Fifteenth Corps at Erzerum. I was at once struck by the pathetic condition of my countrymen, and my thoughts took an entirely new direction. It was obvious to me that the Ottoman kingdom, embodying the Sultanate and the Caliphate as we had known them, had become preposterous. Only one course was open to us—the shaping of an entirely new Turkish State founded on national independence. . . .It was a tremendous task. People had to be persuaded to rebel against the Ottoman regime, against the Ottoman Sultan, against the Caliph, and against everything Mohammedan. The whole Turkish nation and the whole Turkish army had to be won over to the idea of revolution.

It was clear that I should soon find myself in conflict with the Constantinople Government. . . .Ali Kemal Bey, Minister of the Interior, announced, in a circular distributed in Anatolia, that he condemned the activities of Kemal Pasha and forbade him to continue his work. My civil and military supporters, however, remained true to the Nationalist cause. After a month of futile attempts to block my activities and to bring me back to Constantinople, the Sultan broke off relations with me, and notified me of my dismissal. . . .

The Congress of Erzerum opened. It lasted fourteen days, and outlined a policy demanding that the country should refuse to submit to foreign occupation, and that it should make this determination clear. . . .The proceedings were broadcast through the entire country, and the resolutions were thus brought to the attention of the foreign Powers. At the same time I wrote to the Grand Vizier in Constantinople, pointing out that he could not control the activities of the National Assembly, but that he would have to form the policy of the nation in accordance with the will of the people. The nation would be bound to go its own way under any circumstances, and it demanded that a Parliament be summoned at the earliest possible moment in order to express its desires.

On the fourth of September, 1919, the Congress of Sivas opened and presently the Ministry at Constantinople . . . endeavored to suppress our Assembly by force. As soon as this danger became apparent I took control, and all members of the military forces of the Nationalist Government who had been guilty of treason were expelled, and sought shelter with the Allied Powers. In the name of the Congress of Sivas I sent another telegraphic communication to the Sultan, asking him to dismiss his present cabinet because of treason and to give

ear to the wishes of the nation. When the Grand Vizier, Damaad Ferid, prevented this dispatch from passing through the Stamboul telegraph office, the Nationalist Government issued its ultimatum of the twelfth of September, 1919, breaking off relations with Constantinople. Instructions were given that all telegraphic or other information from Constantinople should be refused and returned. This made an open break. . . .

The Constantinople Government, alarmed at the growing Nationalist agitation, attempted to negotiate with the Sivas Government. For eight hours. . . . I stood at the telegraph office communicating with Constantinople. On this point I was adamant: the nation would not give way. The traitorous cabinet of Damaad Ferid Pasha must resign. The Sultan must listen to the nation. That must be accepted as the preliminary to any common understanding.

Three days later Damaad Ferid Pasha received his dismissal, and the Sultan summoned Ali Risa Pasha, a general and senator, to the post of Grand Vizier. The new official and his cabinet differed considerably from Damaad Ferid Pasha's cabinet. Open hostility gave place to a conciliatory tone—or at any rate the new cabinet presented this appearance. The Nationalist Government at Sivas got in touch with Ali Risa Pasha's cabinet, and I made the following demands:—

First, if the new cabinet is willing to defend the cause of the whole nation, the Sivas Government will support it. Second, the new cabinet must not decide any matter of national importance until the proposed National Assembly has been gathered together and has assumed control of the Government in complete freedom. Third, the delegates to the Peace Conference must represent the desires of the nation and be worthy of its trust.

The Constantinople Government begged for a clear statement of these principles. In the meanwhile all the public works, and especially the telegraphic communications with Constantinople, were under the protection of the Nationalist Government. Negotiations continued for days. The new cabinet showed itself inclined to accept the demands of the Nationalist movement but this attitude was not so much the result of a real desire for understanding as it was a form of tactics designed to curb the Nationalist movement while it was still weak. But the Sivas Government showed itself as tactically skillful as Constantinople, and refused to give way an inch. The Sultan's Government and the nation faced each other as bitterly as two hostile Powers preparing for future strife.—Mustapha Kemal Pasha, historic speech reported in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*

I BELIEVE that it will be possible to fly around the world in a day, for all that it requires is the ability to travel at 1,000 miles an hour, the circumference of the earth being about 24,000 miles on any great circle.

If we fly against the rotation of the earth, and start at noon on the Equator, going westward, the sun will remain directly above us all the time, and it will be noon at every place we pass over. Today, after less than twenty years of practical aviation, we can fly at 300 miles an hour, so I do not consider the possibility of flying at 1,000 miles an hour in any way a wild dream. As everybody knows, the greater the altitude, the less dense becomes the atmosphere, and the thing which retards forward speed is wind or air resistance. That is why a racing machine is streamlined.

We have machines today that could fly at 1,000 miles an hour, providing we could get them to develop full power at an altitude of twelve miles. It requires as much power to drive a machine at 228 miles an hour at sea-level as it does at 1,000 miles an hour at twelve miles altitude.

I believe that young people living today will in time be able to fly from America to Australia in a day, and that they will be able to journey from New York to London overnight.—Sir Alan Cobham, Britain's premier airman, in London *Tit-Bits.*

RETROSPECTIONS OF A GREAT JOURNALIST

OF living English journalists the author of these pen sketches probably has been in closer touch with men and affairs than any other member of his profession. Editing The Westminster Gazette *for many years, he stated, on rejecting an offer of knighthood, that "in the peculiar relations in which he stands to the Government, the working political journalist does better not to put himself in a position in which he seems either to be receiving a reward for past 'service' or to be placing himself under an obligation to render future ones."*

Curiously enough, in view of his journalistic achievements over a period of thirty years, this great molder of public opinion missed his class at Oxford; an uncle who tried him on his paper dismissed him after enumerating his defects with a precision unusual even in a relative; a great London daily told him frankly that he was not good enough; and when he was beginning to make headway his health broke down.

GEORGE MEREDITH

ONE day in the early summer of 1898 I found among my letters at the office of *The Westminster Gazette* one which instantly attracted me by the beautiful architectural handwriting on the envelope. It was from George Meredith, addressed to the editor, and he said that he had been greatly impressed by both the form and the substance of a leading article two days previously, and that, if it were according to the etiquette of the trade, he would like to become acquainted with the writer. The article was on the Greco-Turkish war, and I was the author. I blushed with pride and pleasure at this unsolicited compliment from one of the heroes whom I had worshipped afar off, and in a few days a meeting was arranged and was followed by others. I once asked Morley who, among the famous men he had known, most corresponded to the general idea of a man of genius, and he answered without hesitation "Meredith"—with a correcting afterword, "always, of course, saving Mr. Gladstone." I cannot imagine any other answer. With his beautiful face, his piercing eyes, his grand manner and his torrential talk, Meredith remains on my mind as *the* man of genius of all I have seen, and in outward semblance unapproached by any other. To be with him was a delight, which was never in any degree marred by that uncomfortable sense of the common clay and its infirmities which attends intercourse with some of the great.

A few months later he was very ill and had come to London for an operation. He asked me to come and see him when he was convalescing, and joyfully I went. He described himself as a man who had been hurled over a torrent and been caught first on one ledge and then on another. Now he was on the third ledge, awaiting the final plunge into "the great deep pool of all-being." He said it with a sort of enthusiasm, and it was clear that the final adventure had no terror for him. Happily he lived for several years after that and I went again, this time with my wife, to see him at Box Hill. Then he was very deaf, but his talk was as wonderful as ever. You had only to mention a subject and he flew away with it at a breakneck gallop, leaving the listener in a breathless scurry to keep pace with him. Somehow we got talking of the sensations of the condemned criminal on the morning of his hanging. "I *know*," he cried, "I *know*, for I have been through it all, and I tell you, he is dead before he is hanged." Swift character sketches came from him at the mention of individuals—this of John Morley, "Cut him open and you will find a clergyman inside"; and of someone else I have forgotten, "He is plaster without laths."

Some writers surprise one by their unlikeness to their writing selves, but Meredith was the Meredith of the novels and poems, only more so. Hearing his talk was to realize that his style was not a wilful obscurity, but a breathless effort to capture his own thoughts, which never could be quite run down. He saw

everything in a vivid imagery which was never for a moment still. The commonest things gleamed and glittered in his mind, and he seemed to be under a compelling necessity to express in words their unceasing motion and everlasting changeableness and variety. Nothing but metaphor would serve, and when one failed, he picked up another and yet another, till he dropped the inexhaustible theme in a comic despair. Never have I seen the normal consciousness so multiplied in one man. Other writers in old age gave the impression of having written themselves out; Meredith at eighty left you with the feeling that he had not written a tithe of what was in him. . . .

HOW can we harness opinion to knowledge and steady the emotions of the multitude with experience and science? This, it seems to me, is the master problem of our time.

—J. A. Spender

LORD ROSEBERY

I HAD made the acquaintance of Lord Rosebery in October, 1895, and after my appointment as editor of *The Westminster Gazette* he treated me with great kindness and confidence. The relations of public men and journalists are liable to the suspicion of motive on both sides, but Lord Rosebery was as nearly perfect in that relation as any public man I was ever thrown in with. . . .

He was supposed to be sensitive to newspaper criticism, but if so, he concealed it with admirable fortitude, so far as I was concerned. The charm of being in his company was that he was so much more than a politician. He ranged over all subjects, books, history, art, life, and the simplest of human things, and to all he brought a delicate play of wit and irony. I have never known anyone whose talk was so finished and clean-cut and yet so spontaneous. His epigrams came to him on the spur of the moment, and were hardly ever repeated.

He was entirely without the tiresome habit of hugging his own good things, and had the perfect courtesy which knows how to follow, instead of dominating the stream of talk. With all his brilliance he scarcely ever said anything malicious even about people who were unfriendly to him, and was impatient of the slightest disparagement of anyone whom he counted a friend. Any hint of inadequacy in anyone whom he really liked put him instantly on the defensive, and sometimes brought a reminder that he owed the person criticized too much to be able to see his faults. . . .

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

I SAW little of Lloyd George personally in his early years and my first serious talk with him was in September, 1902, or thereabouts. . . .I cannot remember exactly what we talked about, but I remember the impression that he was much less of a wild man than he was supposed to be, that he measured forces and personalities in politics with a cool eye, and had a craftsman's appreciation of good work, whether done by a friend or an opponent; also charm, friendliness, vivacity and a rather deceptive appearance of simplicity. . . .

In 1907 he asked me to join a Departmental Committee of the Board of Trade on the question of the railways, which, apparently, he intended to be the principal subject of his activities as President. He, himself, presided and with the exception of myself, who was a sort of *amicus curiae*, all the members of this Committee were either railway managers, representative traders and men of business, or officials. He was a first-class chairman, and nothing could have been more skilful than his handling of these diverse elements. He always got up his subject beforehand, and though he knew exactly what he was driving at, he generally kept his intention veiled until

opponents had been drawn three-quarters of the way he wanted them to go, then he cut off their retreat. He had an almost uncanny way of persuading men in opposite camps that they really meant the same thing—which was the thing he wanted them to mean—and before a few weeks were over, the supposed irreconcilable differences of railways and traders were dissolving into an incredible unity. . . .

I brought away a new and interesting impression of Lloyd George which long remained with me. Less than ever did he seem a zealot of impracticable ideas. I saw him as a man of business, conciliator, moderator, with a touch which made my own modest efforts at smoothing seem crude. Indeed, in these respects he was almost too good to be true. On the other hand I got a strong impression that it was extremely imprudent to begin going anywhere with him unless you were prepared to go the whole way; otherwise you would assuredly find your retreat cut off. . . .

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

TO the end of his days Northcliffe always had an attraction for me. There was a time when I knew him intimately, and {William T.} Stead used to say that to convert him {I never knew quite to what} was one of my missions in life. He was stubborn material for any kind of gospeller, and used to leave one breathless and disarmed by a bland denial of what one thought to be first principles. The ease with which he made money, the extraordinary *flair* that he had for the things that would catch on, and his instant retreats from the things that did not, were a perpetual astonishment to me. We often discussed our respective abilities and disabilities, and he said that money-making was "a mug's game" and wondered that I couldn't do it. . . .

A good deal in Northcliffe's character was, I think, explained by his Irish strain. One half of him was an Irish romantic, the other a scheming, ambitious, ruthless Anglo-Saxon. The two were always fighting, and neither won. He had an insatiable appetite for power, but never could make up his mind what to do with it when he got it. This made him the most restless and discontented of all the successful men of his time, but it also redeemed him from the mere commercialism which is the professed creed of other men of his kind.

A candid study of Northcliffe's mind and method would be of enormous value to the psychologist of these times. He was immensely important, however much solemn people might try to blink or evade the fact. He and his imitators influenced the common mind more than all the Education Ministers put together; of all the influences that destroyed the old politics and put the three-decker journalist out of action, his was by far the most powerful. In a sense he was the only completely convinced democrat I ever knew. He did really believe that things ought to be decided by the mass opinion about them, and to find out what that was or what it was going to be, and to express it powerfully, seemed to him not only profitable but right and wise. . . .

WOODROW WILSON AND GEORGE V

I WAS honored with an invitation to the State Banquet to President Wilson at Buckingham Palace. . . . For this occasion the usual list of official and ex-official persons had been enlarged to include men of note in science, art and the professions, and there can seldom have been brought together a more interesting gathering from all walks of life. The wear was ordinary evening dress, in deference to the Republican simplicity of the chief guest, but all the other accessories, including the gold plate from Windsor, were there. I was struck by the perfect mastery of the occasion by both King and Queen. The King introduced each of his guests separately to the President, with an appropriate word about each; his speech at the Banquet was direct and simple and admirably delivered, striking just the

right note of contrast with the polished fluency of the President. Wilson spoke for about half an hour without looking at a note, and never dropped a word or hesitated for a moment between one sentence and another. The King, talking afterwards to his guests, commented on the extraordinary accomplishment of this performance. "But then," he added modestly, "I am no orator, which is perhaps a good thing for a constitutional ruler. My cousin, the German Emperor, was a great orator."

I was introduced to the President afterwards and had ten minutes' talk with him. I saw in him a certain resemblance to Joseph Chamberlain; he had the same immobility of face, the same penetrating quality in his look and voice. He spoke of the burden which had been laid upon him in the past years, and his regret that there were so few people with whom he had been able to have a "real talk." Then he flattered me by saying that I was one of the English "publicists" whose views he should like to know, and he hoped he would have another opportunity of "laying his mind alongside mine." If or when I came to Paris I was to be sure to let him know. This sounded hopeful, but nothing came of it. When I submitted my name in Paris a few weeks later, the President was ill and unable to see anyone.—From J. A. Spender's *Life, Journalism and Politics,* by permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company

A NEWSPAPER DATED JANUARY 1, 2,000 A. D.

A FINE piece of imaginative reporting has been accomplished by the London *Daily Mail* with the publication of a full sized twenty-four-page newspaper dated January 1, 2,000.

The paper constitutes an interesting guess of what will be news at the turn of the next century. Television, death rays, super-speedy buses, ten-miles-a-minute airplanes, crash-proof lingerie for air travel and scores of other extraordinary things make up the news, a la Jules Verne, in the *Daily Mail* of the first day of the twenty-first century.

There was a fire in Regent street in the afternoon of December 31, 1999, and the reporter covering it writes:—"The air fire squad {No. 2-B Section} flew from its quarters in Hyde Park and poured down anti-fire from its chemical extinguishers. Little damage was done."

The paper announces:—"Registered readers of the *Daily Mail* will shortly be offered a special service in connection with their televisors, which will be modified to transmit seaside scenes, sounds and ozone."

One of the reporters visited the high-speed college in Sutherlandshire and saw the students playing games during their school hours and learning their lessons while they slept. "What used to be a term's work 100 years ago," the reporter writes, "is now the matter of a single night. While the pupils sleep a silent battery of memory impressors is storing the brain cells with the knowledge which was so hardly won in the early days of the old century." Scotland Yard detectives are investigating the case of a man murdered by "suggestion."

The war in China is still news. So is crime. Twenty-two alleged air bandits are about to be tried for a series of bank robberies, and one extraordinary murder {from the twentieth century viewpoint} gets only passing mention. Among the list of cases pending is "the notorious case of a German woman who shot her Irish husband at Tiflis with a beam fired from some place unknown."

Some 6,000 persons gathered in Trafalgar Square to watch the closing scenes of a cricket match at Sydney, Australia—some 12,000 miles away—which was being shown on the newspaper's television bulletin board {which is not so terribly imaginative, considering that it merely combines the idea of baseball scoreboards and radio, put together by television, now in existence}.

The best news story of the day, and the one getting the biggest space, recounts Captain Ralph Girdlestone's flight around the world in twenty-four hours, the time remaining noon throughout the flight.—*United Press*

Curbing the Press in Spain

GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA has found it necessary to keep the Spanish newspapers under control since he took over the Government. The Premier of Spain ascribes the peaceful state of the country to his "preventive censorship, without which it is certain many newspapers would have published articles or items which must have rendered necessary their temporary or definitive suspension." Despite his reactionary attitude toward freedom of speech and of the press, the Spanish Dictator is proud of being "an old journalist." He has simply felt "compelled to place the interests of Spain before those of the press."

THE freedom of the press cannot be a dogma, not even an axiom; it must be examined from the point of view of its utility with regard to the national cause. If the absolute freedom of the press, without the slightest restriction, is useful to the national cause, if it contributes to raise the moral and cultural level of a nation, if it helps the Government to comply with its duty, the freedom of the press must not only be respected but even acknowledged by the laws as an unshakable dogma. . . .

Unfortunately this is not the case in Spain. . . .We are still very far from the perfect State. Consequently I frankly declare that the press must constantly be watched over and controlled by the Government.

When one studies history it is clearly to be seen that the press has played a preponderant part in the revolutions during the last century and a half. For example, the French Revolution of 1830, which upset the traditional monarchy of the Bourbons, did not have any economic causes; it was the work of a certain number of intellectual scoffers and of some newspapers who together succeeded in representing the Government as a lot of imbeciles and corrupt men.

I must frankly state that in some sections of the Spanish press there still exist similar irresponsible inclinations to the censorious and evil spirit of the French newspapers of a century ago, and I will add that so long as I am empowered I shall not permit this spirit to manifest itself and to imperil the public order—and with the order the marvelous economic and financial progress which we have achieved.

I consider that political differences, the sterile discussions about political problems, are a real gnawing worm in the life of the nations. It will be understood that I strive to eliminate it from the Spanish people. What, above all, imparts a difference between the National Assembly and the old Parliament is the total absence of politics in the former. We discuss only economic problems. I should like the newspapers to arrive at a similar result and that, instead of mean political quarrels, they should offerto the nation economic, social cultural studies, &c.; in short, that they should contribute to raise the moral and cultural level instead of sharpening the lowest passions.

The newspapers must not be the propagators of dangerous ideas; and as the immense majority of the nation is opposed to the entrance of agitators into our country, we must proceed against the newspapers which strive to embitter our existence. As it is the duty of the Government firmly to suppress agitation, it must also do likewise with agitation fomented by means of the printed word. The National Assembly is soon to vote a press statute which shall clearly establish the rights, the duties and the responsibilities of the newspapers and the journalists.

I am convinced that a good newspaper is more useful than half a dozen schools, but also that a bad newspaper can produce more destruction than a cyclone. Consequently it is absurd to suggest that the Government should treat with the same impartiality or indifference these two sorts of newspapers. The duty of the Government is to use all the means and resources of the national activity to raise the material well-being and the moral and cultural standard of the people.
—General Primo de Rivera, in the New York *Times*

TARKA THE OTTER

HERE are the closing passages of a story of animal life, the author of which has been awarded the Hawthornden prize of £100 for the best work of imaginative literature by an English writer under 41 years of age. Its author, Henry Williamson, is a modest young man whose books have hitherto attracted so little attention that he describes them as "the world's worst sellers." Preliminary to writing this story, the author left London with little money and few prospects and rented at £5 a year a cottage in a Devon village, where he set himself to studying the ways of animals and writing about them. He wrote the whole of Tarka the Otter *seventeen times and one chapter of it thirty-six times before he satisfied his own literary conscience.*

. . . TARKA felt neither fear nor rage against the hound. He wanted to be left alone. After several hidden swims from bank to bank, and finding no holding where he might lie up and sleep until evening, he walked out by a cattle-trodden groove in the right bank, and ran away over land. He followed the otter-path across a quarter of a mile of meadow, and came to the river again by the third oak above Canal Bridge.

Tarka drifted under the high lime-spiky arches of the bridge, and the white owl, roosting on a ledge below the parapet, beside the briars of a dog-rose growing there with hawkweeds, saw him going downstream.

Bees came to the wild roses, crammed more pollen into their laden thigh-bags, and burred away over the bridge. A petal dropped, a swallow played with it as it fell, clipping it with first one wing and then the other, until it dropped into the water, and was carried away, past the gap in the bank where the Owlery Oak, Tarka's birthplace, had been held by its roots two years before. . . .

Then Pitiful swam under Canal Bridge, and after her the pack came down, and many men, and the owl was driven into wavy flight down the river. It pitched in the tree of Leaning Willow Island, as a dull clamor broke out half a mile up the river. Hounds had marked the otter under a hover, and driven him out.

The water of the pool was swimming-deep from the shallow above Canal Bridge to the shallow above Leaning Willow Island. The surface above Tarka mirrored the bed of the river—the dark rocks, the weed, the sodden branches, with the legs and bodies of hounds—until ripples broke the mirror into shards of light. In this underwater realm, where sounds were so distinct—the crush of nailed boots on stones, the tip-tap of poles, the thresh of hounds' legs, and even the flip of cyclops and water-flea—Tarka swam until he was forced to vent, which he did at the river verge, under the banks, or by clumps of yellow flags. Sometimes he crept on the stones, hiding himself under overhanging roots as he sought a refuge, until dreading the nearness of hounds he slipped into the river again, covered with a silver skin of air. As he swam, twin streams of bubbles came out of his nostrils, raced over his head and neck, and shook off his back to lie on the surface in a chain, watched by many eyes. Up and down the pool he went, swimming in midstream or near the banks, crossing from side to side and varying his depth of swimming as he tried to get away from his pursuers. Passing under the legs of hounds, he saw them joined to their broken surface-images. From under water he saw men and women, pointing with hand and pole, as palsied and distorted shapes on the bank.

However hard he swam with his three and a half webs, always he heard the hounds, as they spoke to his scent lying in burst bubble, in seal on muddy scour, on leaf and twig. Once in mid-river, while on his way to a clump of flags, his breath gave out, and he bobbed up to breathe a yard from Deadlock. He stared into the eyes of his old enemy; and dived. During forty seconds he swam a distance of seventy yards, to a bed of reeds, where he breathed and rested. . . .

Tarka turned and swam upstream again, leaving hounds behind. For five

minutes he rested under a thorn bush. Deadlock found him, and on he went, to Canal Bridge once more, where he lay in the water, weary after the long chase. At the beginning of the sixth hour he tried to pass the higher stickle, but his enemies stood firm on the stones. The tongues swelled under the bridge. He was nearly picked up by Hurricane, the Irish staghound, but the blunted canine teeth could not hold him.

The chain became shorter. Tarka was too weary to seek a holding in the banks. He breathed in view of his enemies. Seven and a half couples of hounds swam in the pool, their sterns throwing behind them arc-lines of drops on the surface. Others splashed in the shallows under the banks. The huntsman let them work by themselves.

> HE {the otter} rolled, shook himself, and set off again, roaming round the fen until he heard again the cry of running water. The cry came out of a hollow whose sides were scarred by the sliding of broken hummocks, *the faint cry of a river new born.*
>
> —Henry Williamson

During the sixth hour the otter disappeared. The river grew quiet. People not in uniform sat down on the grass. The huntsman was wading slowly upstream, feeling foothold with his pole and keeping an eye on Deadlock. Stickles stood slack, but ready to bar the way with pole-strokes. Look-outs gazed at the water before them. It was known that the otter might leave the river at any moment. The boy with the warped pole, on whose cheeks were two patches of dried otter-blood, was already opening his knife, ready to cut another notch on the handle, in the form of a cross.

But more than an hour the sun-thongs flickered across the placid water; and in softening light the owl returned, flying high over the bridge, to the mouse runs in the quiet meadow beyond. . . .

At the beginning of the eighth hour a scarlet dragonfly whirred and darted over the willow snag, watched by a girl sitting on the bank. Her father, an old man lank and humped as a heron, was looking out near her. She watched the dragonfly settle on what looked like a piece of snag; she heard a sneeze, and saw the bark beside the otter's whiskers scratch the water. Glancing round, she realized that she alone had seen the otter. She flushed, and hid her grey eyes with her lashes. Since childhood she had walked the Devon rivers with her father, looking for flowers and the nests of birds, passing some rocks and trees as old friends, seeing a Spirit everywhere, gentle in thought to all her eyes beheld.

For two minutes the maid sat silent, hardly daring to look at the river. The dragonfly flew over the pool, seizing flies and tearing them apart in its horny jaws. Her father watched it as it settled on the snag, rose up, circled, and lit on the water, it seemed. Tarka sneezed again, and the dragonfly flew away. A grunt of satisfaction from the old man, a brown hand and wrist holding aloft a hat, a slow intaken breath, and,

Tally Ho!

Tarka dived when the hounds came down, and the chain showed where he had swum. Many saw his dark sleek form as he walked by the edge of a grassy islet by the twelve trees. The hounds ran to him, and Tarka turned and faced them, squatting on his short hindlegs, his paws close against his round and sturdy chest. He bit Render in the nose, making his teeth meet. In an instant he drew back, tissing, and bit Deadlock in the flews. The narrow lower jaw snapped again and again, until the press of hounds hid him from sight.

He squirmed away through legs and under bellies, biting and writhing a way to the water; and the chain drew out on the surface of the pool while hounds

were still seeking him on the stones where he had sat and faced them.

Leu-on, then! Leu-on! Ov-ov-ov-ov-over!

Tarka's pace was slow, and his dives were short. . . .Up and down he swam, slower and slower.

At the beginning of the ninth hour an immense fatigue came over him, greater than his fatigue when in the long hard winter he had lived for over a month on seaweed and shellfish in the estuary. He was swimming up from the lower stickle when the water seemed to thicken at each thrust of his webs. He ceased to swim, and drifted backwards. Barbrook touched his neck as he dived. He reappeared two poles' length away, and lay still, looking at the huntsman wading nearer.

For ten minutes he rested, between dives of a few yards only, and then went downstream. He swam with his last strength, for upon him had come the penultimate desire of the hunted otter, the desire that comes when water ceases to be a refuge, the desire to tread again the land-tracks of his ancestors. He crawled half up the bank, but turned back at the thudding of many feet, and swam down to the stickle! The sideway ply of a pole in a turmoil of water struck him on the head. He pushed past the iron point, but it was brought down on his shoulder to hold him against the shillets. Hounds were fifteen yards away, urged on by hat and horn and the yarring cheers of the whippers-in. Thrice Tarka's teeth clicked on the iron pressing his shoulder as he strove against the weight of the sportsman trying to lift him back. A second pole was brought down from the other flank, crossing with the first. The wooden pincers held him; he twisted like an eel and bit into a leg. With furious strength he writhed from the crossed poles, and through the stickle, as Deadlock bore down upon him and pulled him back by the rudder. Amidst the harsh cries of men and women and the heavy tongues of hounds Tarka was overborne by the pack. The Master looked at his watch—eight hours and forty-five minutes from the find in the Dark Pool. Then the screeching, yarring yell of one of the honorary whips.

Yaa-aa-ee-io! Leu-in on 'im! Yaa-ee-oo! for again Tarka had escaped from the worry, and had merged into the narrow stream of water that hurried to Leaning Willow Island.

Below the island the river widened, smooth with the sky. Tarka swam down slowly, bleeding from many wounds. Sometimes he paddled with three legs, sometimes with one, in the water darkening so strangely before his eyes. Not always did he hear the hounds baying around him. At the beginning of the tenth hour he passed the banks faced with stone to keep the sea from the village, and drifted into deeper water. Hounds were called off by the horn, for the tide was at flood. But as they were about to leave, Tarka was seen again, moving with the tide, his mouth open. The flow took him near the bank; he kicked feebly, and rolled over.

Tally Ho!

Deadlock saw the small brown head, and threw his tongue in triumph as he jumped down the bank. He seized it, and lifted the otter high, flung him about, and fell into the water with him. They saw the broken head look up beside Deadlock, heard the cry of *Ic-yang!* as Tarka bit into his throat, and then the hound was sinking with the otter into the deep water. Oak-leaves, black and rotting in the mud of the unseen bed, arose and swirled and sank again. And the tide slowed still, and began to move back, and they waited and watched, until the body of Deadlock arose, drowned and heavy, and floated away.

They pulled the body out of the river and carried it to the bank, laying it on the grass, and looking down at the dead hound in sad wonder. And while they stood there silently, a great bubble rose out of the depths, and broke, and as they watched, another bubble shook to the surface, and broke; and there was a third bubble in the sea-going waters, and nothing more.—From Henry Williamson's *Tarka the Otter,* by permission of E. P. Dutton & Company

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